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THE

CAMBRIAN MIRROR,

OR

NORTH WALES TOURIST;

COMPREHENDING

THE HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION

OF THE

TOWNS, VILLAGES, CASTLES, MANSIONS, ABBEYS, CHURCHES, MOUNTAINS, VALLEYS, WATERFALLS, LAKES, CATARACTS AND BRIDGES,

IN THAT

INTERESTING AND ROMANTIC COUNTRY,

TOGETHER WITH

VARIOUS ROUTES

TO THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PLACES, AND A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY, CHARACTER, AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE;

BY EDWARD PARRY:

Also,

A STEAM PACKET COMPANION

From Liverpool to the Menai Bridge,

DESCRIBING THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND OBJECTS ON

THE WELSH COAST.

CHESTER:

Published by Edward Parry; Simpkin, Marshall and Co., and H. Hughes, London; Wm. Curry, jun, and Co, Dublin.

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PREFACE.

It may be enquired, what necessity is there for another edition of the Tourist's Companion through North Wales, while there are similar publications already in circulation on the same subject. To this may be replied—

1st. That the objects which present themselves for admiration in North Wales, are so extended, and multifarious, that it is impossible for an author, however talented or industrious he may be, to develope all her varied beauties in one book; hence the latest tourists, in addition to their own researches, are enabled to add those of their predecessors, and thus is produced a condensed epitome of the labours of all.

2ndly. The general improvements that are daily taking place in the principality, the increased facilities of travelling by railroad from all parts of England, to Chester and Liverpool, the Coaching and Steam Navigattion from thence to North Wales, and consequent augmentation of trade, manufacture, and commerce, are all circumstances which render a recent description necessary to convey accurate information.

3rdly. The form and price of several of the publications intended as guides for the tourist in North Wales, are likewise objectionable on account of their *expense* or their *unweildy bulk* (many of them being only fit for amusement in the closet,) while the traveller is desirous to furnish him-

self with a portable volume, which without incumbrance he may carry in his waistcoat pocket: one that will without the trouble of reference, point out the route to the most attractive places, in the shortest time, and at the least expense.

With a view to obviate these disadvantages, and at the same time to afford an accurate and amusing companion to the Welsh Tourist, this little work is respectfully submitted to the public. The limits of this book will not permit of an elaborate account of each place, but it will be found to contain a well-digested, condensed, and faithful description of the leading features and beauties of Cambria, presented in a form convenient to the stranger who leaves the busy scenes of life, and constant care of business for a few days' ramble among the rocks, hills, and vallies of the principality.

The compiler informs the reader that, with very few exceptions, he has repeatedly visited every town, village, and place mentioned in this Tour; and being well acquainted with the language, habits, and manners of his countrymen, he has been enabled to draw his observations from sources inaccessible to a mere compiler.

The interesting scenes described by Pennant, Aikin, Littleton, Barber, Bingley, Evans, Hutton, Malkin, Skrine, Warren, and Wyndham, are carefully preserved, with considerable additions, the result of various excursions. The distances from each station to the circumjacent towns and objects of attraction are accurately marked—the characters of the inns for the accommodation of travellers impartially described—the angling stations in each district pointed out—the mansions of the nobility and gentry deliniated, and the whole interspersed with interesting historical and biographical notices.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCIPALITY; WITH THE CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.

"Câs gwr ni charo, y wlad ai maco."

Hated be the man that loves not the country that gave him birth.

THE principality of Wales partly delineated and described in the following pages, is in a variety of views peculiarly interesting to the tourist; whether the nature of the country, its prominent geographical features, rare productions, and picturesque scenery be considered, or the characteristics of the inhabitants; a people whose circumstances, actions and fate, stand singly in the annals of the world! Wales, naturally prolific in multifarious substances conducive to the welfare of the arts, is of vast importance to trade, and from its maritime situation, must eventually become so in a commercial point of view. The varied face of the country, diversified as it is, by mountains and vallies, woods, rivers, lakes and cataracts, is particularly interesting to the tourist, whether he be a man of business, an artist, or a lover of the picturesque. The mountains whose surfaces are covered with rare and uncommon plants, have their bowels replete with the most valuable and useful minerals; yet for centuries was this rich source of wealth disregarded, and be-

cause the casket appeared rough and uninviting, no enquiries were made after the jewels which it contained.

Reflection on the scenes and transactions of remote periods are calculated strongly to arrest the attention of the antiquary and historian to a country long famed for being the asylum of freedom and religion; the residence of a people who from the earliest period of their existence were distinguished by independency of spirit; for ages defended the rights of nature, and hurled defiance against the oppressors of mankind! The Romans on their arrival in this country, did not find our ancestors "hordes of ignorant savages," as Hume and others would have us believe, but a people, though widely differing from their invaders in temper, customs, and manners, having all the necessaries, and some of the conveniences of life; and what is the most invaluable of all possessions, contentment in their condition. It will also appear that, so early as their actions furnished materials for history, the Britons breathed a spirit of genuine freedom; had imbibed rational notions of its political advantages, and the miseries resulting from despotic power. Upon this principle, therefore, they always studied to preserve their liberty, and when they were deprived of it, by any undue extention of arbitrary power, they never ceased struggling until the galling yoke of despotism was removed. The same spirit animated their minds when their country was invaded by the Romans. Excited by a patriotism, never exceeded in the annals of man, and stimulated by a noble ambition, never satis-

fied, but by victory, nor extinguished but in death, they fought with a degree of bravery that astonished the legionary troops; performing prodigies of valour that earned for them the character of "Invincible," and disputing every inch of ground with a tenacity and obstinacy that extorted from their enemies the tribute of admiration and esteem!*

In early times Britain was divided into several independent states, each governed by its king or chief; when danger threatened, these little states united to oppose the common enemy; and to effect their glorious purpose, they elected as their commander-in-chief, the bravest among them:—

"Un pen ar Gymru wen wedd,
Ac un enaid gan Wynedd."

One head let hoary Cambria lead,
One soul let Gwynedd's son's pervade.

In accordance with this system, Cassivellaunus and Caractacus were elected to oppose the Romans; Arthur to oppose the Saxons, and Owen Gwynedd and Llywelyn to oppose the Normans.

The revolt of Glyndwr was one of the last efforts of the ancient Britons to recover their independence. From this period their indomitable spirit, and high ambition, in attempting to recover their lost territories, became a subject of grave consideration. The blood of their

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* For the authorities on which these facts are founded, see Cæsar, de Bello Gallico, lib. I, IV, V, et VI. Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. XV. Diodorus Siculus, lib. VI. Tacitus in vita Agricolæ and Stillingfleet's Origines Britanicæ.

princes was nearly exhausted, and their patriotic feelings gradually declining; but had it not been for the cruel and oppressive enactments of Henry the Fourth, they would have been in some measure satisfied with their condition. No opportunity, however, was offered them to shake off the despotic yoke which had so long galled them, until their gallant countryman, Henry, Earl of Richmond, grandson of Sir Owen Tudor, of Penmynydd, Anglesey, having overcome that sanguinary tyrant, Richard the Third, on the field of Bosworth, in which conflict he was principally assisted by them, ascended the throne as Henry the Seventh.*

By Henry's marriage with the heiress of York, he united the two rival houses, and by that of his daughter with James the Fourth of Scotland, were united the two rival nations! The house of Tudor thus amicably united the houses of York and Lancaster, and added to this realm without the shedding of blood the kingdom of Scotland! From Henry's loins, in the female line, has sprung her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Thus the three nations are united together, and the British Isles are eventually placed under one head; and in that head aboriginal rights—the claims of connexion—and the pretensions of conquest, are happily concentred:

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* "I saw," says Lelande, "the chambre whir Kinge Henry the Seventh was borne at Pembroke Castle, in knowledge of which a chymney is made with the arms and badges of Henry the Seventh."

" No more our long lost Arthur we bewail :
All hail Britannia's issue, hail ! "

The ancient Britons not only bravely withstood the armies of imperial Rome, but ably resisted the utmost efforts of the Picts, Scots, and Saxons, and through various changes of fortune, afterwards successfully resisted the Norman princes ! The following honourable testimony from Henry the Second, after having been defeated three different times by the Welsh, is to the point. In a letter written by Henry, to Emanuel, the Greek Emperor, he says, " the Welsh are not afraid to fight unarmed, with enemies armed at all points ; willingly shedding their blood in the cause of their country, and purchasing glory at the expense of their lives ! " —*Lyttleton's Henry II.*

The sovereignty of the ancient British empire, according to the Cambrian records, continued from 1136 before Christ, to 1282 after Christ : a period extending over not less than two thousand four hundred and eighteen years ! When we consider this, we cannot be surprised at the resolute courage with which they rallied round the standard of their independence ; a reflection on such patriotic perseverance, even at this distant period, is enough to awaken in our breasts the emotions of sympathy and regret.

But it is not to their valorous spirit alone, that we would call the attention of the reader ; there are other circumstances which claim our admiration. The virtues and hospitality of the people ; the simple and unsophisticated manners by which they are distinguished ; and an enthusiastic fondness for their national music,

are in themselves sufficient testimonies of the nobility of their character. Though they had no ambition to add to their own territory by aggressions upon those of their neighbours, they were forced by the ambition of others into a long and unequal contest in defence of their native rights.

THEIR LANGUAGE.

The Welsh language has undeniable claim to very high antiquity, as a dialect of the Hebrew. Pezron remarks, as a very singular fact, that so very ancient a language should now be spoken by the Armorican Britons in France, and by the Ancient Britons in Wales; for these are the people, says he, who have the honour of preserving the language of the posterity of Gomer, Japhet's eldest son.

Both in its synonyms as well as in its grammatical construction, it has a near resemblance to the original tongue. It is, perhaps without exception, the most primitive, and least corrupted living language in the western world. It abounds with original words, and is more especially rich in technical terms, which other languages usually borrow from the Greek.

Its copiousness is without a rival; principally arising from the various combinations of its verbs: each of them have about twenty combinations, by means of qualifying prefixes, and in every form they can each be conjugated, either by inflexions, like the Latin, or by auxiliaries, as in the English language. Remarkable coincidences have been pointed out to shew that it bears a close affinity to the Hebrew; that it

possesses the softness and harmony of the Italian, and the copiousness and strength of the Greek. The following specimens, from the poems of Dewi Wyn, express the softness of the one, as well as the guttural strength of the other :—

"Am un Elen mae 'nolur
Am hon i'm calon mae cur
Elen wen o lan wyneb
Yw f' eilun i o flaen neb!"

"Llymion eryron oll mewn aerwriaeth,
Teirw 'n hwylio, anturio 'n helaeth
Llarpio rhwygo rhywogaeth—plant estron
Baeddu gâlon mewn buddugoliaeth!"

The energy and force of the language is peculiarly exemplified in the visible emotion of an auditory, when addressed by public speakers; particularly when they are descanting on the beauties of their beloved hills and vallies, the fame and glory of their ancient bards, and on the bravery of their heroes; but especially when dwelling on the superior excellence of their native language: then you will perceive the mass of the audience actuated as by one soul; their countenances lighted up into ecstacy and delight; their voices audibly responding to the vivid representation; and the spontaneous clapping of hands, indicative of applause.

Judging of the future from the past, there is every reason to believe that, for generations yet to come, the ancient British language will be throughout the principality the language of the domestic circle, of the public mart, of the Sunday schools, and of the solemn assembly.

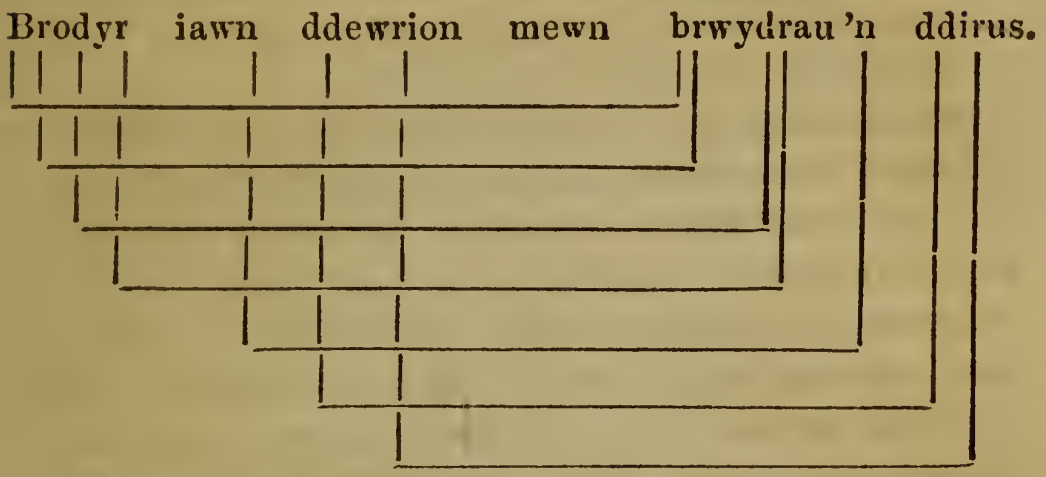
POETRY.

The ancient Britons inherited with their language a strong aptitude for metrical composition. Wales, their place of refuge, was early the seat of the muses, and modern effusions of poetical genius evince that the soul-inspiring goddess of song has not deserted her favourite mountains. The laws of composition, however, were so strict that they must have cramped the genius of their bards, had it not been for the copiousness of the language, and its aptitude for alliteration: a quality considered by all northern nations, until a comparatively late period, as a peculiar beauty. This consonancy, or cynghanedd, is very imperfectly seen in the English compositions, compared with the regular system by which it is governed in the Welsh language. To give a proper analysis, it would require more room than is here admissible. The following verse, by Dewi Wyn, on the spreading of the Gospel, may serve as a specimen :—

" Od aeth y fendith, hyd eithaf India,
O'i da ewyllys hi a'u diwalla:
Llwybr i'w chyniwair lle bu arch Noah;
Aed o'r Ararat i dir Aurora;
O'r Ynys, moried i'r hen Samaria;
Dychwel hi 'n dawel i hen Iudea;
Ys llafur hon nis llwfrha;—adnebydd
Y cu leferydd ochrau Calfaria!

The Welsh, in the structure of its poetry, is widely different from all other languages; for herein we may observe such peculiar ingenuity in the selection and arrangement of words, as to produce a rythmical concatenation of sounds

in every line. The following will give the reader some idea of such ingenuity:—



The works of Mr. D. Owen, alias Dewi Wyn o Eifion, lately published in one handsome volume, is a perfect specimen of the strength and beauty of the Welsh language and poetry, when wielded by a masterly hand. It has been well observed that the gift of the Awen has not shone so resplendently for generations amongst the Cymry, as in the person of Dewi Wyn. It may be safely asserted that in exuberance of thought, fertility of imagination, strength and beauty of language, as well as a complete command over the confined rules of Welsh versification, called cynghanedd, he stood without a rival among either ancient or modern poets.

"Sain ei gain odlau synai genedloedd;
Hir fydd llewyrch ei ryfedd alluoedd!
Oeswr a phen Seraph oedd!—pen campwr,
Ac Amherawdwr beirdd Cymru ydoedd."

"Oes y Byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg," "The world's duration to the Welsh language," is a favourite sentiment among them to this day; and they still believe with undiminished faith in the truth of the old prophecy of the great Taliesin, who flourished in the sixth century:

"Which tells them that for ever shall live the lofty tongue
By which the harp of Mona's wood by freedom's hand
was strung."

THEIR MUSIC.*

A great simplicity pervades the Welsh melodies, yet they are distinguished by features as varied as the country. Invented by an enthusiastic, and impassioned people, they partake of all the wildness of unrestrained originality; sprightly and vivacious, plaintive and energetic. Most of their tunes are very ancient, and preserved in the traditional recollections of the country. They shew their composers to have possessed genuine skill in music, and that they knew how to warm the imagination, and to interest the heart. Whether the muse delights in gay or mournful numbers, the expressive vibrations of that noble instrument, the harp, increases the pathos and solemnity. The vivacity of Hela 'r Ysgyfarnog, "Hunting the Hare," or Codiad yr Hedydd, "The Rising of the Lark," form a fine contrast with the plaintive air of Morfa Rhuddlan, or the solemn dirge of Davydd y Garreg Wen.

The harp is recorded in holy writ to be the most ancient, and we may justly add, the most expressive and elegant, of all musical instruments:

"Mae mil o leisiau melusion
Mae mel o hyd ym mola hon."

Within the concave of its womb is found
The magic scale of soul enchanting sound.

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* Mr. Parry, of London, has performed a work deserving the praise of all amateurs in music, by composing and collecting a number of Welsh tunes, and adapting them to English words.—*See his Welsh Melodies and Welsh Harper.*

Among the eastern nations it was esteemed the symbol of concord, and probably it was the the first instrument attuned to counterpoint or harmony. Its tunes are so sweet, that one of our poets has aptly sung—

"Nid oes nag angel, na dyn,
Nad wyl pan gano'r delyn."

There is neither man nor angel
Who is not effected by the sweet tones of the harp.

In the time of the Welsh princes, a hereditary harp was preserved with great care and veneration in the household of every chieftain and lord, to be bestowed successively on the bards of the family; and was as indispensable among the possessions of a gentleman, as a coat of arms.

THEIR LITERARY CHARACTER.

Very considerable activity exists in the department of literature; the Welsh press pours forth its publications in various forms; independently of its works on history, music, and divinity, there are no less than fifteen monthly periodicals regularly issued from the press; and, what is an anomaly in the history of literature, to the pages of these the peasantry are almost the only contributors! And what has been the result? Look to our cottages: there is scarcely a shelf without its Bible and its magazine! Indeed, says a late rev. gentleman, "were I requested to point out the striking feature of the principality, I would not speak of the wooded glen that echoes the sounding cataract, or the blue lake that chequers the mountain scenery; I would mention none of nature's beauties, nor

would I allude to the stupendous works that link our shores; I would fix my finger upon a bold, virtuous, and intelligent peasantry, who love their God, and honour their Queen! A peasantry with whom Justice has sometimes to adjust her balance, but seldom to exert her sword!"

THEIR RELIGION.

If the inhabitants of the principality excel in any duty more than another, it is in that of religion. The Welsh are pre-eminently a religious people: the christian education of the present generation has been most particularly attended to. The inhabitants generally are exceedingly well versed in scripture: they devote a great portion of their leisure hours to reading their Bibles, and learning chapters by heart. The Sunday schools belonging to the different denominations of dissenters are thronged with pupils of all ages, and are admirably conducted. The English traveller will find a corroboration of the above statement in the strictly pious manner in which the Sabbath is universally kept by them. On that day they are seen in groups wending their way three or four times a day to a place of worship. The women and men carrying their Bibles, and observing with fidelity the custom of the country. Strangers are struck with the truly devotional manner in which this sacred day is kept in the principality.

THEIR LOYALTY.

From the annexation of the principality of Wales to the crown and realm of England, the ancient Britons, even in the most turbulent times, have

been as remarkable for their allegiance, as they had before been tenacious of their rights and liberties.

A proof of this will be found in the following historical facts :—"No less than 6,700 Cambro-Britons joined the Black Prince at Portsmouth, in his expedition to France; and he commanded 3,800 of them at the battle of Cressy. The success of that day was entirely owing to this corp of Britons," See Carte, vol. 2, p. 462. Again: at the battle of Poictiers, in 1356, the majority of the forces were Welsh, at which battle " Sir Howel y Fwyall took the French king prisoner, and did great acts of prowess with his battle axe," &c.

The Black Prince, Edward the Third, seems to have been so sensible of Howel's services, that he knighted him on the field of battle, gave him the rent of the Dee mills at Chester for life, and the constableship of the castle at Criccieth, where he afterwards resided; added his battle-axe to his coat of arms, and ordered that a mess of meat should be served before it daily, for ever, to preserve in memory the uncommon prowess of its master. The king appointed eight yeomen at eight pence a day each, to guard the mess, and see it regularly served before the axe; after the death of Howel, the mess was given to the poor for his soul's sake, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the establishment was abolished.

When the plausible, yet delusive tenets of republicanism were overrunning the land, we find them uniformly attached to the throne; and in the perilous times of Charles the First, im-

penetrable to its importunities, brave in defence of that unhappy monarch; ever loyal, ever sincere. In a more recent revolution, in which Great Britain was necessitated to act a most conspicuous and successful part; when politics and levelling principles had rendered Europe mad with insubordination, Wales still remained true to her post, and shed her best blood in crushing democracy. It furnished England with courageous soldiers to fight her battles, and brave generals to command her armies: need we mention a few of our gallant heroes? Our Picton! our Anglesea!! and our Combermere!!! In these days of Indian warfare we still claim a portion of the brilliant and glorious victories of our armies in China, Hyderabad, and Scinde. Our Lloyd, our Nott, and the better half of the brave and distinguished Napier!*

Neither our present excellent and beloved monarch, nor her predecessors, could boast of more truly loyal and devoted subjects throughout their extensive empires, than the men of North Wales.

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* When General Napier resided in Chester, he was in the habit of calling at the writer's establishment very often, and finding that he was acquainted with the Welsh language, the General said that Lady Napier was a native of Wales. The next time the General came that way, he brought his lady with him, who entered into a long conversation with the publisher in the ancient British language. Her ladyship spoke fluently and humorously. While on this topic, we may as well state that the heroic Lady Sale, of Indian celebrity, is a native of Carmarthen. Her ladyship's work on the Indian war, during which she was taken prisoner, is just published, and full of interesting events.

THEIR HONESTY.

The inhabitants of the principality may well lay claim to the character of "honest Welshmen." Theft and fraud will always be practiced to a certain extent, in every country; but in Wales these vices are comparatively of rare occurrence, and are generally confined to the worst portion of society. The very few cases of this kind, which have to be tried at our assizes, attest the honesty of the Welsh population. Often, very often, are our prison doors thrown open: there being no malefactors within, when the judges go on their circuit. The following result of one of our late assizes will justify these assertions.

At the Montgomeryshire assizes there was not a single prisoner for trial, and only two civil causes; at the Merionethshire assizes only two prisoners, and two civil causes; at the Carnarvonshire assizes there was not a single case of any kind to be tried; at the Anglesea assizes, only one prisoner, and one civil cause; at the Denbighshire assizes only two prisoners and a few civil causes; and at the Flintshire assizes only one prisoner and one civil cause!

No wonder then that the judge, Baron Vaughan, should congratulate the grand juries in each of the six counties in North Wales, upon the happy and peaceful state of the country. The following extract is from the Baron's charge to the grand jury at Ruthin, held July 28, 1834:

"It was particularly gratifying to him, who had travelled all the circuits in England, and who had seen crime abounding to an extent so frightful in many districts there, that last win-

ter he alone tried nearly three hundred prisoners. It was most gratifying to him, to reflect, that he had hitherto tried only three prisoners on this circuit. In travelling through this beautiful principality, he had been delighted to observe the religion, morality, and loyalty of its inhabitants, and those happy results which flowed from them: peace, contentment, and good order."

The following gratifying result of an investigation which took place into the mendicity of London, by a committee of the House of Commons, and some benevolent individuals, is in a great degree owing to their honest, frugal, and industrious deportment. It appeared that there were at least 15,249 individuals, consisting of Irish, Scotch, parochial, and some foreign beggars, which daily infest the vast capital, "seeking whom they may deceive;" but in this mass of profligacy and deception, hear it, ye natives of Cambria, and rejoice, not a Welshman was found!

THE WIVES OF WALES.

"Gwir degwch y greadigaeth,—i'r dyn
Er daionus driniaeth,
Yw ei wraig, o'i rywogaeth;
O law Duw, i'w elw daeth!

Wm. Edwards.

LITERAL TRANSLATION:

The essential beauty of creation, for man
A goodly solace—is his wife,
And of his kind,—and whom the hand of God
In blessing did produce.

In the character of wives, the women of Wales are laborious, industrious, and chaste. In that

of mothers, they nurture their robust offspring, not in sloth and inactivity, but inure them early to undergo hardships and fatigues. Let the fair daughters of indolence and ease contemplate the characters of these patterns of industry, who are happily unacquainted with the gay follies of life; who enjoy health, without medicine, and happiness without affluence. Equally remote from the grandeur and the miseries of life, they participate of the secret blessings of content, under the homely dwelling of a straw-thatched cottage:

"Whose little store, their well taught mind does please,
Not pinched with want, nor cloy'd with wanton ease!
Who free from storms, which on the great ones fall,
Make but few wishes, and enjoy them all!"

Roscommon.

There is no portion in the whole history of Wales of deeper interest than that which records the subjugation of our country by England; nor is there any circumstance more likely to excite the feeling of the Welsh patriot, than a reflection upon the sturdy and unyielding valour with which his ancestors maintained so long and unequal a struggle in defence of their country. But we shall now endeavour to throw a veil over the hostile warfare that took place between the ancient Britons and their oppressors; who, by their superior physical resources, subdued the glowing patriotism of Cambrian courage.

We, however, acknowledge with gratitude, "that we were conquered to our gain, and undone to our advantage." When English gene-

rosity appeared, Welsh loyalty increased; and our countrymen soon found out that the change was beneficial. Instead of precarious liberty, they began to enjoy a permanent and solid freedom, secured by equal and fixed laws, and established under one august monarch. We now find the remnant of the ancient British nation, after being the victim of ambition for so many centuries now rivalling their conquerors in their duties as loyal subjects, and uniting in interest and mingling in friendship with their former foes: at last both nations are cemented together and become one. Now the highest point of ambition is, who shall be the most useful to the arts and best affected to the British crown!

"May Great Britain appreciate her own prosperity, and learn wisdom from the fall of other nations! Let civil and religious liberty be her boast; universal justice her pride!" and may the inhabitants of the principality of Wales, now incorporated with England under one august and gracious monarch, rapturously and unanimously sing:—

"Long may old Cambria share,
Her love and royal care:
God save the Queen!
May she attune the lyre,
And every heart inspire,
To sing with soul of fire,
God save our Queen!"

GENERAL INFORMATION.

MODE OF TRAVELLING.

The tourist will find excellent accommodation for "Man and Horse," at all the hotels and inns mentioned in this work, and there are plenty of vehicles of every description, to be procured at moderate prices; the charge being for a one-horse car, which will hold four, one shilling per mile; and for an open or close carriage, with two horses, eighteen-pence per mile But the most economical plan for a party of three or four, is to hire a car and driver for a few days, the charge being one guinea per day; this sum will defray all expenses in the conveying department, except the turnpike gates, and the amount when divided amongst a party will be but a trifle. Tourists will find this mode of travelling very convenient, they may start when they please, go as far as they please, and halt when they feel disposed. There is another advantage in so doing; the driver, who generally knows the country well, can direct attention to many interesting places, which otherwise strangers might pass by unnoticed.

LIST OF EXCURSIONS.

As the leisure of some visitors will necessarily be limited, we have laid down a list of routes of from three to fourteen days duration, the latter

being the grand route which we have adopted, commencing at Chester, and which we have given in full. The three, four, and six days excursions commence and end at Liverpool.

Three days excursion—Liverpool to Beaumaris, 60, Bangor, via Menai Bridge, 6½, first day. Nant Francon Slate Quarries, Capel Curig, 15, Dolbadarn, Llanberis, 10, Carnarvon 10 : back next day.

Four days excursion—Liverpool to Carnarvon, 73 miles, first day. Beddgelert, 13, Pont Aberglaslyn and back 2 ; ascend Snowdon and descend to Dolbadarn, 10, the second day. Pass of Llanberis, 4, Capel Curig 6, Rhaidr-y-Wennol and back, 6, Slate Quarries, 8, Penrhyn Castle and Bangor, the third day. Liverpool the fourth day.

Six days excursion—Liverpool to Carnarvon, first day. Clynog, 10, Pwllheli, 10, Cricceth, 8, Tremadoc, 6, the second day. Port Madoc, 2, Tan-y-Bwlch, 7, Maentwrog and Ffestiniog, 3, Beddgelert, 12, the third day. Nant Gwynan, or Vale of Waters, Capel Curig, 12 ; ascend Moel Siabod, and back, 6, Rhaiadr-y-Wennol, 3, Bettws-y-Coed, 3, Llanrwst, 4½, the fourth day. Conway, 12, Llandidno, Ormes Head, and back, 8, Penmaen Mawr, Aber, 9, Penrhyn Castle, Bangor, 5, the fifth day. Liverpool the sixth day.

Nine days tour—Chester to Eaton Hall, 4, Pulford and Wrexham, 8, Rhuabon, Wynstay, 8, Chirk Castle, Pont Cyssylltiau and Llangollen, 13, first day. Visit Crow Castle, Valle Crucis and Plas Newydd, Corwen, 10, Vale of Edeirnion, Bala, 14, the second day. Dolgelle, 17, Cader

Idris and back, 6, Barmouth, 10, the third day. Harlech, 10, Maentwrog, Tan-y-Bwlch, 10, Ffestiniog and back, fourth day. Port Madoc, 7, Tremadoc, 2, Pont Aberglaslyn, Beddgelert, 7, Capel Curig, 12, the fifth day. Dolbadarn, Victoria Hotel, 10, ascend Snowdon and back, 7, Carnarvon, 10, the sixth day. Menai Bridge, 7, Bangor, 3½, Aber, 5, Conway, 9, the seventh day. Abergele, 12, St. Asaph, 7, Denbigh, 6, the eighth day. Caerwys and Holywell, 14, Bagillt and Flint, 4½, Chester, 11, the ninth day.

THE PRINCIPAL ROUTE.

The route which is taken in this tour, embraces the most romantic, attractive, and interesting objects, which are to be found in North Wales. Commencing with Hawarden, Mold, Northop, Flint, Holywell, Newmarket, Rhyl, Rhuddlan, and St. Asaph, in Flintshire; Denbigh, Ruthin, Abergele, and Llanrwst, in Denbighshire; Conway, Ormeshead, Aber, Bangor, Carnarvon, Llanberis, Snowdon, Capel Curig, Rhaiadr y Wennol, Bettws y Coed, Beddgelert, Tremadoc, and Port Madoc, in Carnarvonshire; Beaumaris, Llangefni, Llanerchymedd, Amlwch, Menai Bridge, Holyhead, and Aberffraw, in Anglesea; Tan-y-Bwlch, Maentwrog, Ffestiniog, Harlech, Barmouth, Dolgelle, Cader Idris, Bala, and Corwen, in Merionethshire; Llangollen, Chirk, Ruabon, Wynstay, and Wrexham, in Denbighshire, ending in Chester.

The plan of the route may be seen, by an examination of the following table wherein the distance from place to place, with the market days and principal inns, are exhibited at one view.

PLACES.	MILES.	MARKET DAYS.	HOTELS AND INNS.
Chester		w.s.	The Royal and Albion hotels; the Feathers, Blossoms, Green Dragon, Hop Pole, Pied Bull, King's Head, & White Lion inns
Hawarden ...	7	s.	Glynn Arms and Nag's Head inns.
Mold	5	w s.	Black Lion and Leeswood Arms hotels; the Dolphin and Royal Oak inns.
Northop.....	3	s.	Red Lion and Yacht inns
Flint	3	s.	Royal Oak, Ship, & Raven inns.
Holywell ...	4½	f.	White Horse, King's Arms and King's Head hotels; Red Lion inn.
Newmarket...	7	s.	The Cross Keys inn.
Rhyl	5	s.	The Royal, Mostyn Arms, and Bellvue hotels; the New, Manchester Arms, and Britannia inns
Rhudlan.....	2½	s.	The Black and New inn.
St. Asaph ...	2	s.	The White Lion and Mostyn Arms hotels: the Plough, Ship, & Bull inns
Denbigh ...	6	w.	The Crown, Bull, Hawk and Buckle, and Boar's Head inns.
Ruthin	8	t.s.	The Lion, Wynstay Arms, and the Cross Keys inns.
St. George...	18½		Dinorben Arms.

Abergele ...	2	s.	Bee hotel; the Harp and Bodelwyddan Arms inns.
Conway	14	f.	Castle hotel; the Harp, and Liverpool Arms inns
Llandidno ...	4		King's Head inn.
Llanrwst ...	16	s.	Eagles and King's Head.
Llan st.Ffraid	10	s.	Red Lion.
Aber	9½		Bull's Head.
Bangor	5	t.s.	Penrhyn Arms hotel; the Castle, Liverpool Arms, and Royal Oak inns.
Menai Bridge	3		The Anglesea and Bulkeley Arms inns.
Beaumaris ...	5	s.	The Williams Bulkeley Arms hotel; the Liverpool Arms and Commercial inns.
Carnarvon ...	12	s.	The Uxbridge and Sportsman hotels; the Castle and Harp inns.
Llanberis ...	10		Royal Victoria and Snowdonia hotels.
Capel Curig..	10		Capel Curig hotel.
Beddgelert...	12		The Goat hotel.
Tremadoc ...	7		The Madoc Arms.
Port Madoc..	2	s.	The Ship inn.
Tan-y-Bwlch	7		The Oakley Arms hotel.
Maentwrog...	1		Grapes Inn.
Ffestiniog ...	2½		Pengwern & Newborough Arms inns.
Harlech	12		The Blue Lion inn.
Barmouth ...	10	s.	Cors-y-Gedol Arms and Commercial inn.
Dolgelle.....	10	s.	The Golden Lion hotel; the Ship and Commercial inns.

Drws-y-Nant	7		Howel Dda Inn.
Bala	11	s.	The White Lion and Bull inns.
Corwen	14	w.s	The Glyndwr hotel; the Harp inn.
Llangollen...	10	s.	The Hand & King's Head hotels.
Chirk	7		Chirk Castle Arms.
Ruabon	6		Wynstay Arms.
Wrexham ...	6	w.s.	The Eagle and Lion inns.

When occasion requires to diverge from the main road to make excursions to any remarkable places, we shall always return to the place from whence the deviation was made, in order to proceed according to the principal route.

Appended to the work is a new map, which will be found to contain, beside the route here laid down, not only the roads completed since the publication of the last "Tourist's Companion," but also the contemplated improvements; including the line of the projected railway between London and Holyhead, by Chester.

WELSH ALPHABET.

For the assistance and gratification of the English reader, we give the Welsh alphabet, with the similar sound, or English pronunciation of each character in a collateral column. Those who have any desire to learn the Welsh language have only to learn this alphabet, and the power of its letters perfectly, and they will need no further aid nor assistance, for then the labour is over.

WELSH ALPHABET WITH ENGLISH PRONUNCIATIONS.

Welsh.	English.	How Pronounced.
A	As A in *Man, Pan.*	
C	K	*Can, Come;* never soft as *cease, city*
Ch	A strong guttural sound, similar to the Greek X when properly uttered.	
Dd	Th	*This, Them.*
E	E	*Men, Then.*
F	V	*Very, Vine, Venison.*
Ff	F	*Fan, Five, Fight,* &c.
G	G	*Got, Grow,* and not soft as in *Gin.*
Ng	Ng	*Ring, Sing.*
H	H	*Hen, How, Hand, House.*
I	I	*Ink,* circumflexed as *ee.*
L	L	*Long, Look, Like.*
Ll	L	articulated by fixing the tip of the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and breathing forcibly through the jaw-teeth, as *lh,* or *llh.*
M	M	*Em.*
N	N	*En.*
Ng	Ng	As in *King, Long, Song.*
O	O	In *Got, Lot.*
P	P	*Peter, Paul.*
Ph	Ph	In *Phrase, Phrensy, Physic.*
R	R	In *Arrogant.*
Rh	Rh	*Rh,* in *Rhetoric, Rheum,* &c.
S	S	*Sense, Sound.*
T	T	*Ton, Temper.*
Th	Th	*Think, Youth, Thank,* &c.
U	I	*This, Bliss.*
W	O	*to, do,* or *oo* in *Good, Book.*
Y	U	*Hunt, Blunt.*

WELSH VOCABULARY.

The English tourist will find the following directions and queries useful in travelling through the interior of the principality; but he will find no inconvenience from his ignorance of the Welsh language at the principal inns on the main roads, where English is generally understood by nearly all the household.

Good morning to you.	Bore da i chwi.
How do you do?	Sut yr ydych chwi?
How are they at home?	Sut y mae nhw gartref?
Can you speak English?	A fedrwch chwi Saesneg?
Bring in my luggage.	Dowch a'm luggage i mewn.
Put up my horse.	Rhowch fy ngheffyl yn y stabal.
Give my horse some water.	Rhowch ddŵr i'm ceffyl.
Feed my horse.	Ffidiwch fy ngheffyl.
Clean my horse.	Glanhewch fy ngheffyl.
Is dinner ready?	Ydyw 'r cinio yn barod?
Bring the dinner in.	Dowch a'r cinio i mewn.
I'll take tea.	Mi gymeraf dê.
Some toast.	Tipyn o doast.
Bread and butter.	Bara a 'menyn.
Is supper ready?	A ydyw y swper yn barod?
Can I sleep here to-night?	Allaf fi gysgu yma heno?
I will stop here to-night.	Myfi a arosaf yma heno.
A pair of slippers.	Pâr o esgidiau esmwyth.
Bring me a candle.	Dowch a chanwyll i mi.
A bedroom candle.	Canwyll ystavell wely.
Shew me my room.	Dangoswch i mi fy ystafell.
I wish to go to bed.	Ewyllysiwn fyned i'm gwely.
Call me early in the morning.	Gelwch arnaf yn forau.
I want to be shaved.	Mae arnaf eisio fy shavio.
I want some soap.	Mae arnaf eisio sebon.
What o'clock is it?	Faint ydyw hi o'r gloch?
Is breakfast ready?	Ydyw y breakffast yn barod?
I'll take coffee.	Myfi a gymeraf goffi.
Bring the bill.	Dowch a'r bill.
What have I to pay?	Pa faint sydd arnaf i dalu?
Where is the Post Office?	P'le mae 'r Post Office?
Can you give me change?	Fedrwch chwi ro'i newid imi?

The following is a comparative statement of the population in 1801—11—21—31 and 41 of the Welsh counties respectively, showing the Increase and Decrease in each county.

COUNTIES.	1801	Increase per cent.	1811	Increase per cent.	1821	Increase per cent.	1831	Increase or Decrease per cent. 1841		1841
								Inc.	Dec.	
Anglesey	33,806	10	37,045	21	45,063	7	48,325	5.3	....	50,890
Brecon	31,633	19	37,735	16	43,603	10	47,763	11 5	....	53,295
Cardigan	42,956	17	50,260	15	57,784	10	64,780	5.5	....	68,380
Carmarthen	67,317	15	77,217	17	90,239	12	100,740	6.	....	106,482
Carnarvon.....	41,521	19	49,336	17	57,784	15	66,448	22.	....	81,068
Denbigh	60,352	6	64,240	19	76,511	8	83,629	6.7	....	89,291
Flint	39,622	17	46,518	15	53,784	11	60,012	10.8	....	66,547
Glamorgan	71,525	19	85,067	19	101,737	24	126,612	37.	....	173,462
Merioneth	27,506	4	30,924	11	34,382	0	35,315	11.1	....	39,238
Montgomery	47.978	8	51,931	15	59,899	9	66,482	4.1	....	69,220
Pembroke	56,280	7	60,615	22	74,009	9	81,425	7.9	....	88,262
Radnor	19,050	9	20,900	7	22,459	9	24,651	2.1	....	25,186
Total....	541,546	13	611,788	17	717,438	12	806,182	13.	....	911,321
Monmouth.....	45,582	36	62,127	15	71,833	36	93,130	36 9	....	134,349

DISTANCES FROM TOWN TO TOWN IN NORTH WALES.

The names of the respective [illegible] are on the top and side, and the square where both meet gives the distance.

Distance from Chester.																						*Distance from London.*
46	Aberconway																					236
31	Abergele	12	Abergele																			224
39	Bala	32	40	Bala																		203
61	Bangor	14	26	13	Bangor																	251
68	Beaumaris	22	32	17	7	Beaumaris																251
70	Caernarvon	24	36	11	9	14	Caernarvon															244
33	Corwen	35	32	13	42	47	58	Corwen														202
28	Denbigh	23	14	32	37	38	47	18	Denbigh													213
57	Dolgelly	50	58	18	47	52	48	31	50	Dolgelly												212
12	Flint	33	24	40	50	51	60	27	17	58	Flint											203
86	Holyhead	39	51	68	25	28	34	67	62	72	75	Holyhead										278
17	Holywell	29	19	36	45	46	54	28	12	62	5	70	Holywell									207
23	Llangollen	46	38	23	52	57	61	10	22	41	32	77	36	Llangollen								192
51	Llanrwst	12	24	21	26	27	35	24	26	39	42	51	38	34	Llanrwst							226
70	Machynlleth	65	72	31	62	67	53	45	64	15	72	87	76	55	53	Machynlleth						206
12	Mold	36	29	30	55	56	65	20	13	48	7	80	10	24	39	61	Mold					189
55	Newtown	78	79	44	87	92	79	51	63	41	63	117	66	41	65	28	56	Newtown				175
93	Pwllheli	44	56	43	30	35	21	56	63	37	77	55	75	66	37	54	69	78	Pwllheli			243
21	Ruthin	31	22	18	45	46	54	10	8	36	16	70	18	14	34	49	9	55	59	Ruthin		205
28	St. Asaph	19	7	38	33	34	42	24	6	56	15	58	10	28	31	70	20	69	69	14	St. Asaph	218
41	Welshpool	67	65	35	69	74	81	37	49	36	49	104	52	27	61	42	42	14	73	41	75	Welshpool 176
11	Wrexham	49	39	34	62	63	71	22	25	62	19	87	22	12	46	67	12	44	78	16	31	30 Wrexham 177

THE CAMBRIAN MIRROR;

OR THE

TOURIST'S COMPANION

THROUGH NORTH WALES.

CHESTER

Hawarden	7	Flint	12
Mold.....	12	Holywell	17
Wrexham.....	12	Ruthin	22
Denbigh	28	St. Asaph	28

HAVING always been considered the metropolis of North Wales, we shall naturally commence our tour from that ancient city, and it being now connected by railroad with the metropolis, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and all the manufacturing districts in the kingdom, we shall have a considerable advantage in so doing.

Chester is, perhaps, the most curious, and unique town in Great Britain, or indeed in Europe. It was founded by the Britons, and erected into a city and military station by the Romans. The British name is "Caerlleon ar Ddyfrddwy," which it retains to this day, and which implies "the City of the Giant Legion on the Dee." It was the

head quarters of the Twentieth Legion, which came to Britain previous to A.D. 61, having assisted in the defeat of Boadicea by Suetonius. The City of Chester, called Caerlleon, was repaired, walled, and fortified by Marius, son of Arviragus, A.D. 73. Few strangers visit this city who do not procure a small publication descriptive of the place, containing an account of its antiquities,* curiosities, &c., therefore, any observation here would be superfluous. But before we dismiss the stranger from this antique town, we would recommend him to visit the Castle, the Cathedral, take a walk round the Walls, and a stroll through the Rows; the two latter are unique, and of very great antiquity. Grosvenor Bridge is the largest arch of masonry in the world. There are several places well worthy the attention of strangers in the town and neighbourhood, particularly Eaton Hall, the princely mansion of the Most Noble the Marquis of Westminster. Access to the Hall may be obtained on certain days through the innkeepers, and the d ive over the Grosvenor Bridge, through the New Lodge, and the well wooded park, is exceedingly pleasing.—On the right of the New Bridge is the mailroad to

HAWARDEN.

Chester.....	7	Holywell.....	11
Flint.....	8	Mold	5

This Town is situated on an eminence above the River Dee. It is considered one of the largest parishes, and richest livings in the kingdom. Hawarden Castle, the seat of Sir S. R. Glynne, Bart., M.P. for the county, is a castellated mansion of modern erection, in the gothic style of the thirteenth century. In the park are the ruins of a castle of very ancient date, built by the Britons; the earliest account we have of it is in 790, when Offa, King of Mercia, made his celebrated Dyke (called *Clawdd Offa*), as a boundary between his kingdom and that of Wales; Hawarden was then in his dominions.

Hawarden Castle is connected with a very singular and curious piece of history, arising from those contingencies of warfare which no sagacity can foresee nor limited power

* A new edition of the Panorama of Chester, with a Visit to Eaton Hall, has just been issued from the press by the publisher of this work.

prevent. Some time during the rebellion, the potent earl of Leicester took prisoners at the battle of Lewes, King Henry the Third and his son Prince Edward; the former he carried about as a state pageant, and the latter he committed to close custody in Hereford! In order to further his insurrection, the earl, in 1264, held a political conference at this castle with Llywelyn, Prince of Wales, when both entered into an iniquitous league, by which each pledged his honour to promote the execution of their respective designs. By this compact, peace was made between the Welsh frontiers and the Marches of Cheshire. In the month of June, the year following, the captive monarch was, under existing circumstances, necessitated to renounce his assumed rights to several of his unjustly acquired possessions; among others he was compelled to give up this fortress, and, what was still more mortifying to Henry's feelings, he was obliged to make an absolute cession of the whole sovereignty of Wales and its baronial suffrages. By this treaty the barons were compelled to make their submission for their tenure to Llywelyn, the Prince of Wales, instead of to Henry, King of England!

This fortress was for centuries in the possession of the house of Stanley, until after the demise of James, Earl of Derby, who being taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, was beheaded, and the estate sequestrated in 1651.

It was then purchased under the ever memorable and commemorative Sequestration Act, by Mr. Sergeant Glynne, a character highly celebrated through the various politics of his day, so much so, that the crafty Cromwell made him one of his councillors. Butler in his "Hudibras" notices his conduct while impeaching the character of the Earl of Stratford, and the arraignment of the twelve Bishops, in the following singular couplet:—

"Did not the learned Glynne and Maynard,
To make *good* subjects *traitors*, strain hard?"

The view of the Vale Royal of Chester, from the top of the ruins, is exceedingly fine; and access is easily obtained by asking permission at the castle. Here is a large iron foundry, which gives employment to a vast number of mechanics; the name of the proprietor, Mr. Rigby,

stands deservedly high as an engineer, particularly as a manufacturer of steam engines on an improved principle, for which he has obtained a patent. The population is somewhat above 5,000; extensive collieries are worked here. It has a weekly market, and an excellent grammar school. The Glynne Arms and the Nag's Head are good inns, where the traveller may be comfortably accommodated.—Two miles from thence is

BUCKLEY MOUNTAIN:

A place very much increased in population, by the employment afforded in the collieries, and the earthenware manufacture, such as tiles, fire bricks, &c., which are shipped at Queen's Ferry, in large quantities, and exported to different parts of the world.—Four miles from hence we come to the town of

MOLD.

(Flintshire.)

Chester.....	12	London.....	200
Denbigh	16	Ruthin	10
Flint.....	6	Wrexham.....	11
Holywell	10	Northop	3

This town is delightfully situated in a pleasant valley, watered by the river Alen. The township contains from 9,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are employed in the mines. There are large fairs held here, and excellent weekly markets. The principal inns are the Black Lion, and Leeswood Arms, where the tourist will find every accommodation. In the church yard are deposited the remains of Wilson, the celebrated painter, deservedly styled "the English Claude." By the late Reform Act, Mold has been constituted one of the contributary boroughs of Flint, to return a member to parliament. This parish abounds in mineral wealth, and the whole district is especially rich in lead ore. In the neighbourhood are various works for smelting lead, and adjoining the town is an extensive cotton mill. The county assizes are held in this town; a new County Hall has been erected, from a design of Thomas Jones, Esq., of Chester, at the cost of £3,000. Numerous tumulii are seen in this neighbourhood. In October, 1823, a skeleton was discovered in a field, by some men ploughing; at its feet an

earthen pot was found, containing ashes, and on the breast a large plate of gold, richly ornamented, which was valued at £70, and was purchased by the trustees of the British Museum.

The Church is a handsome structure, and dedicated to St. Mary. There are also chapels and places of worship for all denominations of dissenters.

At the top of High Street, there is a lofty and conspicuous hill, called Bailey Hill, partly natural, and partly artificial, upon which formerly stood a fortification, originally built by the Britons.

Mold is surrounded with gentlemen's seats, viz:—Hartsheath Park, Leeswood Hall, Nerquis Hall, Plas-hen, Clomendy, Gwssanau, Rhual, Coed-du, Plas-issa, Penbedw, Nannerch Hall, &c., &c.—About a mile from hence we come to

MAESGARMON,

Or Garmon's Field; on which is erected a monument called the Halleluia Monument, to commemorate a victory obtained by the Britons over the combined forces of the pagan Saxons and Picts, who were spreading desolation through the country. The Britons, who were even at that period, established in Christianity, awaited the appearance of the enemy at this place; they were commanded by their Christian leaders Bishops Garmon and Lupus, the former of whom having given the troops orders to repeat after him the word "HALLELUIA," led them on to battle. The effect of this triumphant shout, uttered at once by the whole army, vibrated through the adjacent woods, and struck such terror into the hearts of their pagan opponents that they fled on all sides in great confusion; numbers perished by the sword, and in attempting to escape, the flower of their army was drowned in the river Alen, which is close by. This event took place in Easter week, A.D. 440, and is to this day called the "Halleluia Victory." Nehemiah Griffith, Esq., of Rhual, erected an obelisk 1736, with an inscription to commemorate the event.—In the neighbourhood is an old mansion called

THE TOWER,

Celebrated for being the residence of Rinallt ap Gryfydd, who during the wars of York and Lancaster, was constantly

engaged in feuds with the citizens of Chester. In 1495 a considerable number of the latter came to Mold fair, when an affray took place between the hostile parties, and great slaughter ensued, in which Rinallt proved victorious! He took the mayor of Chester prisoner, conveyed him to this mansion, and hung him on the staple in the hall which is shown as such to this day. On leaving Mold the stranger will perceive a very conspicuous eminence called

MOEL FAMMAU,

Or the Mother of Hills; on the apex of this mountain, which is 1845 feet above the level of the sea. The gentlemen of the counties of Flint and Denbigh, erected by public subscription, in 1810, a Jubilee Column, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of George the Third. It is a rough stone pyramidal mass of masonry, 150 feet in height, and 60 feet in diameter at the base. The monument was executed from a design by Thos. Harrison, Esq., of Chester; and the first stone was laid by Lord Kenyon, on the 25th of October, 1810, in the presence of upwards of 3,000 people. The view from this elevated spot is most varied and extensive; the celebrated Vale of Clwyd is seen from one end to the other, and appears as a map laid out before the spectator: the Derbyshire Hills, the Wrekin in Shropshire, Snowdon and Cader Idris in Wales, as well as the Cumberland hills, and even the Isle of Man, are seen from this elevated spot. The traveller who delights in romantic scenery may here gratify his taste without any of the inconveniences which attend more elevated stations: he will not have a tedious ascent, nor be incommoded by excessive cold nor the intervention of cloudy vapours, such as are frequently experienced at the top of Snowdon and Cader Idris. The village of

KILKAIN,

Which is close by, is considered remarkable for the carved roof of its Church, which at the dissolution was brought from the Abbey of Basingwerk.—We again return to Mold, and proceed from thence to

NORTHOP.

Chester.....	12	Holywell.....	6
Flint.....	3	London	194
Hawarden	5	Mold.....	3

In ancient records this place is called "North Hope," to distinguish it from "East Hope," in the neighbourhood of Caergwrle. This village is pleasantly situated, in a plentiful part of the country, and surrounded with gentlemen's seats. The church is a fine old building, of very ancient date, and the steeple is the finest and loftiest in North Wales, excepting that of Wrexham. The parish is about six miles in length, and contains about 6,000 acres of land; the population is about 3,400. The principal inns are the Red Lion and the Yacht. Between Northop and Hawarden are the ruins of

EWLOE CASTLE:

It is situated above a deep dingle, covered with wood. It must have been in a demolished state for some years past, for Leland in his "Itinerary," represents it as a "ruinous castle, or pile, belonging to Hoel." Adjoining the castle there is a wood called Coed Ewloe, "the woods of Ewloe," celebrated for the memorable defeat which a part of the flower of Henry the Second's army received in 1157, from David and Conan, sons of our gallant hero, Owen Gwynedd. Lord Lyttleton, the historian of Henry the Second, says that the "cries of the English were terrible, and the slaughter equally dreadful." The remaining part of the English were routed in all directions, and followed even to Henry's camp, which then lay on Saltney Marsh, near Chester.—About three and a half miles will take us to the town of

FLINT.

Chester.....	12	Holywell.....	4½
Mold.....	6	London	200

This town is a seaport, a market town, and one of the contributary boroughs which sends a member to parliament. It is the ancient capital of the county, and contains about 2,300 inhabitants.

Extensive collieries are carried on here by the Messrs. Eyton, which give employment to 800 men; about 150 tons of coals are raised weekly. Railroads have been constructed to convey the coals to the wharf, whence it is sent to Liverpool, Ireland, and various parts of North Wales.

There are very extensive leadworks carried on here by George Roskell, Esq., which give employment to a vast number of men. In these works 6,000 tons of lead ore are

annually smelted, and from which 40,000 ounces of silver are extracted; the manufactures consist of lead in pigs, bars, sheets, and patent pipes; also red lead, litharge, and silver.

Flint is situated on the estuary of the Dee, opposite Parkgate and Neston, between which places boats ply daily, also between Flint and Chester, which is a very pleasant sail of twelve miles, for the small sum of sixpence. The boats go up with the flood, and remain at Chester about an hour, returning with the ebb. A great number of the Cestrians avail themselves of this opportunity, to take their families to Flint during the bathing season, where lodgings and every accommodation may be had at very reasonable rates. For the convenience of persons who visit Flint for the benefit of the waters, hot and cold baths have been constructed on an extensive scale, and visitors are provided at the shortest notice with every requisite accommodation. The air is salubrious and the surrounding scenery beautiful. The walks in the neighbourhood, particularly the one down the cop to meet the tide, are invigorating. A new and splendid Town Hall has lately been erected, from a design of J. Welch, Esq.; and in one of the rooms there is a billiard table for the amusement of strangers.

The government of the town is vested in a mayor, alderman, and town council. The church is a perpetual curacy, in the gift of the bishop of St. Asaph; the services are alternately Welsh and English every other Sunday. There are also dissenting places of worship, both Welsh and English.

The principal inns are the Royal Oak and Ship, where every attention and accommodation is afforded.

THE CASTLE.

The ruins of this fortress is situated on a rock which jets out towards the sea, a little N.E. of the town; formerly the channel of the Dee ran immediately under the base of its towers; and even now at high water, the waves wash its walls.

The building was originally square, strengthened by large circular towers at each angle, one of which was insulated, but had a communication with the other part by means of a draw bridge: this is called the double tower, and is much larger than the others. This is the strongest part of the

castle, and is denominated by Froissart, "*le Donjon*," to which the same historian informs us, the unfortunate monarch, Richard the Second, retired, as the place of greatest security, when he was in danger of being taken by his rival Bolingbroke.

The period when this castle was founded is uncertain: Camden and Lord Littleton were of opinion that it was founded by Henry the Second, 1157; but Leland, Fabian, and Stowe, ascribe its foundation to Edward the First, 1277.

Edward the First resided here in 1278, and in 1281, he issued an order for the custody of the gate, when the constable, as the governor, was appointed, with an annual salary of £10 per annum. The same year prince Llywelyn and his brother David, wearied by a long series of oppression, took this castle by surprise. Carter's England, vol. 2.

In 1290, an order was issued for repairing this fortress; and in 1311, "the infatuated" and impotent Edward the Second, received here the haughty, but insidious favourite Piers Gaveston, who, a little before was banished from this country for his ill deeds. In 1333, Edward made a grant of the castle, to his son the Black Prince, and his heirs the Kings of England.

Two years afterwards, 1335, the Black Prince was ordered as earl of Chester, to take into custody the castle of Flint, and furnish it with men and provisions.

The inhabitants of Flint will probably be surprised to find the following among the favours and privileges granted to their ancestors by Edward the Fourth:

"That they shall have a free prison in the castle."

"That no Jews shall dwell there."

"That if any of the said burgesses die, testate or intestate, their goods shall not be confiscated to the king, but their heirs shall have the same."

Richard the Second, in 1385, granted this fortress, together with the chief justiciary of Chester, to the infamous Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford. Fourteen years after it was surrendered to Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who basely deserted and treacherously inveigled his sovereign. In this "dolorous castell," as Hall styles it, was deposed the unfortunate, because inefficient, monarch, Richard the Second. Through the hypocritical management of Percy, he was betrayed and put under the power of his rival Bolingbroke, who insidiously intimated that he only wanted an interview

with the monarch for two exclusive purposes, which were to give the nation a parliament, and to have his own land restored to him.

Richard's conduct on that occasion clearly shewed his weakness, as well as the wanton and deceitful villainy of the earl. The king, on his return from Ireland, was met by Percy at Conway; when he delivered the purport of his message, the king doubted much the sincerity of the earl, but to remove all doubt, and to quiet the apprehension of his royal master, the earl accompanied him to church, attended high mass, and at the altar took the oath of allegiance and fidelity. This being done, the king proceeded with the earl, but, to his sorrow, he soon perceived that a snare had been laid for him, and likewise the error that he had fallen into by placing his confidence in a sacramental oath! In a defile, near the top of Penmaen Rhôs, he saw a numerous band of soldiers, bearing upon their standard the Northumberland arms! He was shocked at the appearance, and would have escaped from the decoy, but the earl sprang forward, caught hold of the bridle, and forcibly directed his course onwards. In this dilemma the poor deluded prince had only just time to reproach the vile wretch for his perjury, by observing, that the God he had sworn to that morning, would, at the day of judgment, amply retaliate the atrocious and blasphemous deed he had perpetrated that day. Percy caused his royal prisoner to stop at Rhuddlan for refreshment, and conveyed him with promptitude that evening to the castle of Flint.

The following morning Richard was greatly astonished at seeing a numerous army marching along the beach, and commanded by his rival the duke of Lancaster, who, after surrounding the castle, received the king with that mock appearance of respect which can only be necessary when the last act of cruelty is to be completed. After dinner the king came down from the keep to meet Bolingbroke, who, on the appearance of his sovereign, fell on his knees, with his cap in his hand; this ceremony he repeated, and for some time assumed a dutiful and respectful conduct. The king, on seeing this apparent act of submission, took off his hood, and spoke first: "Fair cousin of Lancaster, you are right welcome." The duke, who very courteously was still bowing, said, "My liege lord, I am come before you sent for me, the reason why I will shew you; the

common fame among our people is such, that ye have for the space of twenty years ruled them very rigorously, but if it please our lord, I will help you to govern better." Then the king answered and said, "Sith it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me much." The duke immediately threw off the mask, and adding insolence to infamy, "with a high sharp voice badde bring forth the king's horses; and then two little naggs, not worth forty francs, were brought forth." The king was set on the one, and the earl of Salisbury on the other, and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucester's son, who led him straight to the castle. Stowe's Annals.

As the immortal Shakspere observed, "Kings are but elevated men," and, if the testimony of Froissart may be credited, Richard did not experience the ingratitude of man alone, but he received an additional sting from that portion of the brute creation which is supposed to be incapable of caprice: his favourite dog deserted him on this occasion, and, as if endued with the knowledge of his approaching fate, after he was let loose, he went and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke!

The follwing story is very singular, and as it relates to the transactions of this fortress, I shall here insert it, as translated by that friend and furtherer of literature, Thomas Johns, Esq., M.P., Havod-uchdryd:—

"King Richard had a greyhound called Math, beautiful beyond measure, who would not notice nor follow any one beside the king. Whenever the king rode abroad, the greyhound* was loosed by the person who had him in keep, and ran instantly to caress him, by placing his two fore-feet on his shoulders. It fell out that as the king and the duke of Lancaster were conversing in the court of Flint castle, their horses being ready for them to mount, the greyhound was untied, but instead of running as usual to the king, he left him, and leaped to the duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court as he used to caress the king. The duke, not acquainted with this

* The greyhound seems to have been a famous prognosticator in these times, for when the armies of the two rivals, John of Montford and Charles de Blois, were on the point of engaging, Lord Charles's greyhound left him and caressed Montford, who won the battle!

greyhound, asked the king the meaning of all this fondness, saying 'What does this mean?' 'Cousin,' replied the king, 'it means a great deal for you, and very little for me.' 'How!' said the duke, 'pray explain it.' 'I understand by it' replied the king, 'that this greyhound fondles and pays his court to you this day as king of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed; for the natural instinct of the dog shews it to you; keep him therefore by your side, for he will now leave me and follow you.' The Duke of Lancaster treasured up what the king had said, and paid attention to the greyhound, who would never more follow Richard of Bourdeaux, but kept by the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as witnessed by 30,000 men!"

Henry the Sixth, in 1422, granted to his mother, lady Catharine, Queen of England, the crown fees of several villages and fortresses; among the rest she had the fees of the castle and town of Flint, then worth £46 3s. 4d. per annum.

It appears from a M.S. account in the Harleian collection, that although this castle did not suffer during Owain Glyndwr's insurrection, yet several of the Flintshire men took up arms and joined their gallant countryman. Henry, Prince of Wales, added a jewel to the crown by procuring a pardon from his father for his tenants in these parts, who, under their patriotic delusion of ideal independence, had forfeited their allegiance by joining the rebellion.

From this period nothing appears in any of our historic records respecting this fortress, until the civil wars in the reign of Charles the First, when this county took an active part in behalf of royalty. Sir Roger Mostyn was one of the first that took up arms in defence of his sovereign, against the rebellion of his subjects; he was appointed governor of Flint castle, and after repairing and putting it in a defensible state, at his own expense, he garrisoned the same for the king. Whitelock, in his memoirs, makes this honourable mention of Sir Roger;—"This colonel Mostyn is my sister's son, a gentleman of good parts and mettle, of a very ancient family, large possessions, and great interest in that county; so that in twelve hours he raised 1,500 men for the king!" With these forces he took the castle of Hawarden, and afterwards marched with his regiment into the city of Chester, then besieged by the rebel

forces: but, I may add, like many others who joined their sovereign at that time, Sir Roger Mostyn suffered such privations as displayed much more real patriotism than ever was exhibited on the parliamentary side; * however justifiable the right of resistance might have been on one part, or the corrupt system of the existing government on the other.

This castle was besieged in 1643, under the command of Sir William Brereton, and Sir Thomas Myddleton, but was nobly and ably defended by Sir Roger Mostyn, during a long siege of great hardships.

In 1645, it was retaken by the royalists; in 1646, it was surrendered to General Mytton, and the following year ordered to be dismantled; the present governor is the Honourable Thomas Pryce Lloyd.—Close to Flint is

COLESHILL,

Where Owen Gwynedd met Henry the Second in battle a second time, when the latter was again defeated; and Eustace Fitz John, and Robert de Courci, two of his barons, high in rank and courage were slain; Henry de Essex, standard bearer of England, also was "seized with a panic;" he threw the standard down, and with vehemence cried out "the king is slain!" The alarm flew with electric rapidity through the English ranks; and the Welsh profiting by this incident defeated the enemy.

Henry finding himself unable to accomplish his favourite design of "conquering Wales," was compelled to abandon an enterprise by which he had gained neither glory to himself nor any profitable possessions for his kingdom.—From hence we proceed to

BAGILLT,

A long scattered village, containing a large population. Several very extensive leadworks are carried on here and

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* He spent about £60,000 in the service of his country! His house at Mostyn, which was garrisoned for the royal cause, was stripped of all its valuables; he was himself taken prisoner, confined for some time at Conway castle, and after being released, was obliged to desert his family mansion, and retire for several years to a small farm-house, called Plâs Ucha, one mile from Mostyn.

in the neighbourhood; also large collieries and copper works, which give employment to thousands of industrious men. A new church has lately been erected here, and several large dissenting chapels.—We continue our route along the coast, and shortly reach

BASINGWERK ABBEY.

This venerable ruin is beautifully situated just above the road, and commands an extensive view of the river Dee, Hilbree Island, and Parkgate. The scanty ruins left are scarcely sufficient to shew of what form the abbey has formerly been, the refectory however is less dilapidated. It has on one side a great recess with two Saxon arches; above were the cells for the lodgings of the monks, with a small window to each. The chapel of knights templars, founded here by Henry the Second, is spacious and elegant. The brick building which joins the abbey is conjectured to have been the granary; the architecture is mixed, being partly Saxon and partly gothic: the round arches and short massy columns shewing the Saxon, and the narrow pointed windows the gothic parts.

Near this spot was the termination of Offa's Dyke, an entrenchment cast up by a Saxon king of that name, to defend England from the incursions of the Welsh. It extended through Herefordshire, Shropshire, Montgomeryshire, Denbighshire, and Flintshire; was carried over rivers, rocks, mountains, and vallies, for nearly one hundred miles, reaching from the Wye to the Dee.—About half a mile from hence we arrive at

ST. WINIFREDE'S WELL.

The fame of this font is sure to attract the particular attention of all travellers. It is considered one of the most extraordinary and powerful springs in the kingdom, and is enumerated as one of the "seven wonders of Wales." The well is approached by a flight of steps, descending to a beautiful polygonal fountain, six feet deep. The water is so clear that a pin may be seen at the bottom, and is considered to be possessed of medicinal qualities. the leading properties of which are said to be unequalled. The bason is calculated to contain about 240 tons of water, which when emptied is filled again in less than two minutes! This experiment was tried on the 12th of July, 1731, by Dr. Taylor and several

other persons, which proves that the spring then raised more than 100 tons of water in a minute! Our famed historian Mr. Pennant, however, underrates this calculation: he says that, by two different trials made for his information, it was found to force out about 21 tons of water a minute; it never freezes, and scarcely ever varies in quantity either from continued draughts or after the greatest rains.

The well is twelve feet by seven in width, surrounded by a stone wall, with pillars supporting the roof, forming a walk all round.

The roof of this elegant gothic building is beautifully carved with the legend of St. Winifrede, and sculptures alluding to the house of Stanley, by the members of which, both it and the chapel above were erected in the reign of Henry the Seventh.

This amazing body of water is now converted to purposes of commerce: in the short course of a mile to the river Dee, it works several manufactories of cotton, corn, wire, and copper, with smelting works, forges, and other machinery. As a cold bath, perhaps it is unequalled. Small cabins are built for the convenience of persons wishing to bathe, for which purpose, persons are always at hand with bathing dresses, and drinking glasses for those whose curiosity may induce them to taste this pure and wholesome beverage.

Pope Martin the Fifth, in the time of Henry the Fifth, encouraged pilgrims to frequent this fountain, and furnished the abbey of Basingwerk with pardons and indulgences to sell to the devotees frequenting it; these privileges were renewed in the reign of queen Mary.

King James the Second visited this well in 1686, and in 1819 it was visited by the King of Belgium, (then Prince Leopold) accompanied by Earl Grosvenor, &c. In 1828 it was visited by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans; and in 1829 by the Duke de Chartres and suite. The "Legendary Life and Miracles of St. Winifrede," may be seen in Pennant's Wales, vol. I, p. 44.

HOLYWELL.

Chester.....	18	Mold	10
Denbigh	14	Rhuddlan	11
Flint.....	5	St. Asaph	10

The town of Holywell is pleasantly situated on the estuary

of the Dee ; it is built on the declivity of a hill gradually extending to the sea, the surrounding hills forming a kind of amphitheatre. The streets are much improved of late; the houses are well built, and in High-street there are many good shops. The town is lighted with gas, and well supplied with water. Holywell ranks among the first towns in Wales in a commercial and manufacturing point of view. Its inhabitants are intelligent and enterprizing. There are two banking establishments ; it has reading rooms, libraries, and most excellent inns: the White Horse, the King's Arms, and the King's Head are the best. The market is held on Friday, and is considered one of the largest and best in the principality. The church is well filled, and the services are alternately in Welsh and English ; in the dissenting chapels the congregations are numerous; an elegant Roman Catholic chapel has lately been erected in Well-street. The population of the town and parish is not far short of 10,000. The Chester and Holyhead Mail goes to and fro twice a day ; there is also a coach from the King's Head to the Sutton station in the morning, which returns in the evening; also an omnibus from the White Horse to Mostyn Quay, to meet the packet which regularly plies between there and Liverpool. The neighbourhood is enlivened with gentlemen's seats, viz.—Panton Hall, Pistill Hall, Pen-y-pylle Hall, Calcott Hall, Greenfield Hall, Saithaelwyd, Llanerchymor, Talacre Hall, Gyrn Castle, Goldengrove, Downing, and Mostyn: the two latter deserve particular notice. Three miles from hence, in the parish of Whitford, is

DOWNING,

the seat of Thomas Pennant, Esq., to whose indefatigable labours the literary world are under great obligations for his numerous and valuable publications in natural history and topography. The house is a handsome building, pleasantly situated in a well wooded spot, and the interior is extremely rich in specimens of natural history of every class, original paintings, prints and drawings. The library contains a collection of the most valuable and curious books in every branch of literature, besides several volumes of manuscripts, enriched in the most costly manner, with illustrations and decorations: a mere catalogue of the various curiosities would require volumes to enumerate.

In the same neighbourhood, is a small house once the humble residence of that excellent and unassuming artist Moses Griffiths: the self-taught genius who attended Mr. Pennant in his scientific excursions, and from whose accurate delineations the plates in the various works of that writer were engraved.—About a mile and a half from Downing, lies the venerable mansion of

MOSTYN HALL,

The property and residence of the family of Mostyn from time immemorial. The present proprietor is the Hon. Edward Mostyn Lloyd Mostyn, whose generosity and hospitality is known throughout Wales, and whose friendship is much esteemed by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. The house is approached by an ancient gateway, called "Porth Mawr," erected at the termination of a venerable avenue of forest trees, leading to one vestibule of the mansion, which stands in a beautiful park, well supplied with deer. It is supposed to have been erected as early as the time of Henry the Sixth, but additions and alterations have nearly obliterated its original character. The old mansion, however, has a venerable appearance, situate about half a mile from the estuary of the Dee; the park is beautifully broken, and clothed in various parts with fine oaks and magnificent beeches of unknown date; the ground slopes gradually to the sea, facing to the north-east, where trees grow close to the water's edge. The mansion is worthy the attention of the tourist and antiquary; it is in the Elizabethan style. In the spacious hall are several specimens of armour and implements of warfare, previous to the introduction of fire arms. The rooms are literally covered with family portraits, by the old masters, the principal of which are Sir Roger and Lady Mostyn; there are several fine portraits by Vandyke and other celebrated masters. In the dining room the sideboard is formed of one piece of plank, quite a curiosity; it is nearly six feet wide, twelve feet long, and is hewn, not sawn. The tapestry in Lady Harriet's room was worked by the nuns, and is exceedingly antique and beautiful. During the time that Henry, Earl of Richmond, was secretly arranging the overthrow of the house of York, he passed concealed from place, to place in order to form an interest among the Welsh, who favoured his cause on account of their respect

to his grandfather, Owen Tudor, their countryman. While at Mostyn, a party attached to Richard the Third, arrived there to apprehend him; he was then about to dine, but had just time to leap out of a back window, and made his escape through a hole, which is to this day called the "King's Window." Richard ap Howel, then Lord of Mostyn, joined Henry at the battle of Bosworth, and after the victory received from the king, in token of gratitude for his preservation, the belt and sword he wore on that day. Henry the Seventh, when quietly fixed on the throne, sent a gracious message to the lord of Mostyn, to invite him to dwell with him at court; but listen, ye sons of ambition, to his reply from holy writ: "I LOVE TO DWELL AMONG MINE OWN PEOPLE!"

There are several very curious objects of antiquity at Mostyn. Speaking of the library, Mr. Pennant, our famed historian says, "at the end of this building is the library: "a room most unworthy of the manuscripts and books it "contains. Few if any can boast of such numbers of MSS. or "of such beauty; of the first especially; the illuminated, and "I suspect that the number, rarity, and value of the ancient "classics, medallic histories, gems, and variety of every "species of polite literature is without parallel." To these antique gems the hon. proprietor of Mostyn has added the celebrated old library from Gloddaeth, consisting chiefly of old English history, and very valuable Welsh MSS.; collected by his great grandfather. A catalogue of which the writer recently had the great pleasure and gratification of compiling. The MSS. were in a very deplorable state of dilapidation; they have, however, since been repaired and rebound in the antique style. Before leaving Mostyn the tourist should ask permission from the housekeeper to see the silver harp and the golden torque.

THE GOLDEN TORQUE.

This ancient insignia is of pure gold, and was found in the neighbourhood of Harlech, in 1692; the privilege of wearing them was limited to those only who were distinguished by the highest rank or valour. Aneurin, who flourished in 540, bore a conspicuous part at the battle of Cattraeth, with others who wore them on that occasion; and we learn from Dion Cassius that such an ornament was worn by Boadicea four centuries earlier. Nor was the practice confined to

the ancient inhabitants of this country, they were worn by the chieftains of Gaul. The custom was also common to other nations; we find by the prophet Daniel that a chain of gold was a mark of high rank in Babylon; it is also alluded to in the "Song of Solomon." Only three more are known to exist in this country, one of which was found at Bryn Sion, near Caerwys, on the estate of the late Mr. Thomas, of Downing, and was purchased some years back for £400 by the present Marquis of Westminster, and is now carefully preserved at Eaton Hall.

The Silver Harp.

Here also is preserved the silver harp, a badge of honour which has been from time immemorial in the gift of the family, to bestow on the chief of the faculty on that instrument, as well as on poets. This badge is about five or six inches long, and furnished with strings equal to those of the muses. The harp is purely British, both as to the metal and the use, and has been in the possession of the family since 1568.

Before we leave Mostyn it is but right to say that it is one of the few ancestral mansions in Wales where the ancient baronial hospitality is still kept up with undiminished liberality. The stranger who passes the threshold of the munificent proprietor would be considered most uncourteous should he refuse to partake of the cup and viands which are ever ready on the board, and which are offered with every demonstration of welcomness. He that has partaken of the cheerful cup of "Hufen y cwrw melyn," the cream of the yellow ale at Mostyn Hall, will remember the warmth with which an attached tenantry and grateful friends respond to that well known standing toast—

* "*Y Gwr y bia'r Nenbren*,"

which is daily quaffed in potations of old October by every domestic in this family. The friends and admirers of the Hon. Mr. Mostyn are about to present him with a splendid piece of plate of the candelabra character, in testimony of

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* Y Gwr y biau'r Nenbren, is an old and appropriate toast: nenbren is the main beam in the building; figuratively, it is the father of the family—the founder of the feast!

the high regard they entertain towards him, as an enlightened and liberal statesman, a kind and considerate landlord, and for his generous, humane, and sterling value as a country gentleman. Upwards of £1,100 has been already subscribed; a sum far exceeding in amount all others of a similar character in this part of the country.—On a lofty eminence, a mile from hence, stands

GARREG,

An ancient building of great height, in form not much unlike a windmill. This is a Roman pharos or lighthouse, erected by that people to conduct navigators to and from the Deva: it is tolerably entire but partially obscured by Mr. Mostyn's plantations. The keen antiquary will not begrudge a walk to examine this ancient relique, bequeathed to us by the conquerors of the world. In this township, and close to Garreg, stands a very curious cross, called

MAEN ACHWYNFAN,

Or the "Stone of Lamentation;" because penances were often finished before such sacred pillars, and concluded with weeping and the usual marks of contrition. This stone cross is of an elegant form: it is twelve feet high, two feet four inches wide at the bottom, and ten inches thick. Neither Mr. Pennant nor the annotator to Camden were able to state the period in which it was erected.—About two miles on the right is the pleasant village of

LLANASA,

The well known and much respected vicar of which is the the Rev. Henry Parry, whom the late Mr. Pennant, the historian, speaks of in his tour in Wales: "Mr. Parry," says he, "is an amiable and cheerful companion, endowed with much knowledge of the history of his country, and much classical learning; one, who by his mirthful turn and innocent conviviality, often soothed the waning evening of my life."

In this parish is situated Talacre, the elegant and lately erected mansion of Sir Pyers Mostyn, Bart.; Gyrn Castle, built by John Douglas, Esq., and Golden Grove, the admired residence of Edward Morgan, Esq., built in 1578.—On the left, about a mile and a half distant, is the

TRAVELLER'S INN,

Where the Chester and Holyhead mail changes horses, and passes to and fro twice a day.—A mile and a half further is the antiquated town of

CAERWYS,

Celebrated for its extensive fairs for cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses, and which is the largest in the county; it is attended by a number of agriculturists from England. The following verse, which is according to the alliteration of a Welsh englyn, commemorates a transaction that once took place here:

"A silly man went to sell a mare,—of value
To a villain from Wor'ster;
After chatting he proved a cheater,
A curious fool at CAERWYS FAIR!"

Caerwys is also celebrated for its being the Athens of North Wales, the theatre where the ancient British bards held their meetings:

"Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and informed my youth."

Here, in honourable contention, they tried their skill, poured forth their extemporaneous effusions, and awakened their harps to melody.

Under the British princes, the bards were patronised and rewarded according to their skill in the respective sciences, before proper judges appointed to preside on the occasion, under a formal commission from the princes of Wales.

An Eisteddfod was held by royal commission on the second of July, in the fifteenth year of Henry the Eighth.

The last legal commission for opening an Eisteddfod, was granted by Queen Elizabeth, in 1568, and commences in due form thus:

"By the Queene."

"Elizabeth, by the grace of God of England, France, and Ireland, Queene, defender of the fayth, &c., &c." It is addressed to Sir Richard Bulkeley, Knt., William Mostyn, Esq., Piers Mostyn, Esq., and about twenty others of the nobility of Wales. It concluded, after recounting that William Mostyn, Esq., hath promised to see furniture and

things necessary provided for that assembly, at the places aforesaid, in these words: "Given under or signet, at or citie of Chester, the 23rd of October, the nynth yeare of or raigne."

"Signed by Her Higness's Counsaill, in
"the Marches of Wales.*"

These ancient and useful meetings had fallen into disuse until within this last century, when the Gwyneddigion or Venedotion Society, in London, under the presidency of Owen Jones, Myfyr, patronised an Eisteddfod here in 1798, under the same roof as the one held in the time of Queen Elizabeth. One of the themes for competition was "the love of country." The productions were very numerous and animated. The judge decided in favour of Mr. Robert Davies, of Nantglyn, or the Bard of Nantglyn, for the best; and Mr. Thomas Edwards, of Nant, the Cambrian Shakspere, was the second in point of merit. The contest between the datgeiniaid, or singing with the harp, was warmly contested: it lasted twelve hours without intermission, and the palm was eventually awarded to Mr. Robert Foulkes, of St. Asaph, who was invested as *Pencerdd tavod*, and William Jones, of Gwytherin, *Pencerdd-tant*. Several parties who were connoisseurs in music, stated that they never recollected a contest of this nature better maintained, or to afford more amusement.—Commencing our route again from Maen Achwynfan, where we halted, at the end of [illegible] miles we reach the town of

NEWMARKET,

Which formerly, as well as its namesake, was a place of racing celebrity. It had also its stated fairs, good markets, and a town hall where the quarter sessions were held. The magistrates still meet here to transact the fiscal affairs of the Prestatyn hundred. The church living is held in commendam by the Bishop of St. Asaph. The Rev. Edward Evans, the present incumbent, has lately caused an excellent and commodious dwelling to be erected here for the

* The silver harp presented by Queen Elizabeth to Mr. Mostyn's ancestors is still preserved at his mansion, and the original commission was also to be seen there, until within these few years, when it was clandestinely taken away.

resident minister, which has long been a desideratum. Formerly there was an excellent endowed free grammar school, and were it not for the neglect of the parochial authorities, it would still be in a flourishing state. One of the charity schools founded by Dr. Williams, of London, is still in being. Near the village is a hill called Cop 'r Leni, on the summit of which is one of the largest carnedd or tumuli in North Wales; it is formed of limestone, and covers nearly an acre of ground, from the summit of which is an enchanting view. It is supposed that it was erected over some distinguished chieftain slain in battle, and in latter times served as an observatory to discern the approach of an enemy, for which purpose it is well calculated, as it commands an extensive view of the neighbouring encampments, as well as the estuaries of the Dee and Mersey.—Close to Newmarket was situated

CASTELL EDWIN.

The site of this fortress is discernible on the top of Axton mountain, and is to this day called Bryn y Castell, or Castle Hill. When, or by whom, this fortress was built, cannot be ascertained; the place is not noticed by any of our historians: even Mr. Pennant is silent on the subject.

I find that, at the conquest, the whole of Flintshire, which was called by the Saxons Englefield, and afterwards by the Normans Atiscross, was in the possession of Edwin, last Earl of Mercia; he was grandson to Howel Dda, and Lord of Tegeingl, and flourished about the year 1041; he had a hall near Northop, called Llys Edwin, and the probability is, that as this fortress bears his name, he was the founder.

In 1113, Hugh Lupus excited King Henry to prepare an army against Wales, complaining, among other things, that the men of Gronwy ab Owain ab Edwin, Lord of Tegeingl, had wasted the county of Chester.

The situation is very eligible for a castle, and admirably adapted for a place of defence, being on the top of a hill, to which there is an ascent on every side for the space of nearly half a mile, so that it had a very decided advantage to guard against the enemy. This fortress commands a view of nearly the whole range of the British posts.

There is every reason to suppose that the great battle

fought under the renowned Agricola, which completed the conquest of this country, and in which there was a great slaughter, took place near to this spot. In support of this conjecture, it may be observed, that on the west side, and on the brow of the hill which is close by, there is a place to this day called Bryn y Saethau, or the Hill of Arrows, probably from being the station of the archers in the engagement; close to this is Bryn y Lladdfa, or the Hill of Slaughter, a name peculiarly appropriate to the site of battle; and it may also be remarked, that great quantities of human bones have, from time to time, been found here, so much so, that the neighbouring farmers carry the soil for manure. I have been credibly informed by an eye witness, "that he saw a common spade put down in the earth up to the handle in nothing else but a mass of human bones!"

A little below this again is Pant y Gwae, the Hollow of Woe, and close by is Bryn y Coaches, the Hill of the War Chariots; from the surrounding tumuli, there cannot be a doubt but that these monuments of antiquity were erected as memorials of the dead, probably for the heroes who were slain in the great battle before alluded to.

The tumuli of the whole neighbourhood are quite observable, and their view must be a high treat to the curious traveller; indeed, in no part of North Wales is to be seen such an assemblage of them. The urns found in them prove to be sepulchral; human bones are found in some, and silver coins in others.

These circumstances are strikingly illustrative of the fact, that this neighbourhood has been the scene of some great slaughter and bloodshed; and there is no doubt but the victims who fell in this terrific conflict were the Ordovices, a tribe unquestionably one of the bravest of the ancient British nation, and who, as we are informed by Tacitus and several historians, defended their country and liberty against the Romans with the most heroic fortitude, and were the last people in Britain unconquered by the conquerors of the world.

In the church yard stands a tall and antique stone cross, the upper part of it finely sculptured in high relief. The Cross Keys in this place is a good inn, where every comfort and accommodation may be had for tourists. About two miles from here we come to the remains of

DISERTH CASTLE.

This ancient castle, now nearly in ruins, was probably a fortress originally built by the ancient Britons, before the invasion of their country by Edward the First, as the foundation cannot be traced. It has gone by the names of Din-colyn, Castell y Ffailon, and Castell Cerri, and was probably the last of the chain of British posts on the Clwydian hills. Henry the Third, in 1241, fortified it, but its date was but short, for in 1261, Llewelyn ap Gryffydd rased both this castle and that of Deganwy. It was at a siege of this place, that Einion, the son of Ririd Flaidd was slain. A cross was erected on the spot, called Croes Einion, the shaft of which, ornamented with strange sculpture, is now supposed to form the stile into the churchyard at Diserth, in which is another cross of curious workmanship. The castle occupied the summit of the rock, whose sides are escarpe, or cut steep, to render the access more difficult. One part, beneath the top, is a square outwork, with fosses cut in part through the solid limestone. The fragments of the castle shew that its ruin was not effected by time; they lie in vast masses, overthrown by mining, which was a common method of besieging, very long before the use of gunpowder. In a field near the castle is a ruinous building, called Siamber Wen. This is said to have been the seat of Sir Robert Pounderling, once constable of the adjacent castle, a knight valiant and prudent, who had one of his eyes knocked out by a gentleman of Wales, in the rough sport of tournament; but being requested to challenge him again to feats of arms, on meeting the Welsh gentleman at the English court, declined the combat, declaring that he did not intend the man should beat out his other eye!

Close to the ruins of Diserth castle is Talargoch mines, long recognised as having produced more lead ore than any other mine in the county during the last century: this place gives employment to a vast number of industrious men.

RHUDDLAN.

This place was formerly of great importance and considerable magnificence. The town lies on the eastern bank of the river Clwyd, about two miles from the influx of the sea. The river here admits at high water vessels of fifty tons

burden up to the bridge, where a good shipping trade is carried on between Chester, Liverpool, and the interior of the country. The church has nothing remarkable about it, except an ancient grave-stone with a cross and flaming sword. Below the town is Rhuddlan Marsh, where in 795, was fought a dreadful battle between the Welsh under the command of Prince Caradoc, and the Saxon forces under Offa, King of Mercia. The Welsh prince is said to have been killed in the battle. This disastrous event is commemorated by a Welsh air called "Morfa Rhuddlan," which is deservedly admired for the plaintive sweetness of its melody. According to the Welsh chronicles, it would appear that Offa himself fell in this engagement.

RHUDDLAN CASTLE.

The ruins of this justly celebrated fortress have a noble and imposing appearance from every point of view, and when approached the beholder is impressed with awe, especially when he reflects upon the memorable transactions which have taken place within its precincts.

Within these walls vibrated the voice of man, sounding hilarity and grief in their turn. Here the heroic Princes of Wales entertained their brave followers who employed their time in defence of the land of their nativity, every inch of which they disputed with their blood. Beneath these splendid arches resounded the ancient harps of Cymru, which

"Gave to rapture all their trembling strings."

In after time here dwelt ambition, ruling with a rod of iron. Within these walls was practiced that well known fraud by which the haughty Edward deceived our countrymen, in promising them a prince of their "own blood," and here it was he held his mock parliament*

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* There is now standing in Rhuddlan part of the wall of the house wherein Edward the First held his parliament. The late Dean Shipley, of St. Asaph, at the instance of the Rev. Henry Parry, Llanasa, caused a tablet to be placed upon it, with the following inscription:

This Fragment
Is the Remains of the Building
Wherein King Edward the First

and imprisoned the last of our princes, where the savage conqueror caused him to lie in chains, and would not grant him a hearing! Here was one kingdom erased from the list of nations, and another triumphed; one prince exalted, and another deposed!

After the death of the last Llywelyn and the last slaughter of the Welsh, his brother Prince David managed to conceal himself and family for some months after, almost famished for want of provisions; in this dilemma, two of his retainers, who are supposed to have been bribed by the English, treacherously delivered their prince to Edward's ambition, and on the night of the 21st of June he sent a detachment of his army, and took David and his family in a morass. This prince, with his wife, two sons, and seven daughters, were brought prisoners to Rhuddlan castle, where the king then resided.

David was examined at Rhuddlan, and several very curious relics were found upon him; among the rest was one called Croesenydd, or a part of the real cross of Christ, highly venerated by the princes of Wales, and the crown of the celebrated King Arthur, which, with several others, were taken from him and delivered to the king.

In this deserted situation, our prince requested he might see the king, but, after many solicitations, the indulgence was denied him; he was imprisoned for a while at this castle, and afterwards sent in chains to Shrewsbury, where he was condemned to five different punishments, and those cruel in the extreme.

Here the pretended peacemaker, Archbishop Peckham, attempted to obtain that by duplicity and deceit, which he could not achieve by uprightness and truth. From these towers he thundered forth the denunciations of Rome against our country!

The form of the castle is nearly a square, and has six towers, one is called "Twr y Brenin," or the King's Tower.

Held his Parliament,
A.D. 1283;
In which was passed the Statute of Rhuddlan,
Securing
To the Principality of Wales
Its Judicial Rights
And Independence.

The original founder is said to be Prince Llywelyn ap Seisyllt. In 1020, Harold, son of Edwin, Earl of Kent, took the castle in 1063, and "burnt it down." It was again restored by the Welsh, and in 1098 it was wrested from them by Robert, nephew to Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, who received a mandate from William the Conqueror to refortify the place. In 1169 it was attacked by our gallant countryman Owen Gwynedd and his forces: after two months blockade they took and dismantled it.

In 1187, Archbishop Baldwyn staid at this castle when preaching the crusades in Wales. In the year 1198, Randall Blundeville, Earl of Chester was attacked here. During the reign of King John, 1214, it was besieged and taken by Llywelyn ap Iorwerth. From 1277 to 1284, Edward the First spent a deal of his time here, during which period the castle was rebuilt in its present form, and held the parliament in which was passed the "Statutes of Walia."

In 1139, Richard the Second dined here on his way to Flint Castle. It was occupied by the royalists during the civil wars, and surrendered to General Mytton and the parliamentary forces in 1646: the same year it was dismantled by order of parliament.

The Black, and the New Inns, afford very excellent accommodation.—Quitting Rhuddlan, about two and a half miles further, we arrive at the celebrated watering place of

RHYL.

Abergele	4	Holywell	12
Chester	30	St. Asaph	5

This place is justly ranked as the best bathing place in the principality. It has grown during the last few years from a small village to a large and respectable town. The salubrity of the air, the beauty of the scenery, the contiguity of the town to the sea, and the extent and firmness of the sands, render it a place of considerable attraction, and it is accordingly patronised by visitors from all parts of the kingdom. Independently of three spacious hotels and a number of inns, there are many respectable lodging houses, capable of accommodating a number of strangers; bathing machines in abundance, hot and cold baths supplied with sea water, to which are attached billiard and news rooms, and a spacious bowling green. A new church has lately been erected, in

which the English service is read every Sunday. Several new chapels have also been erected. Provisions of all kinds are cheap; fish, vegetables, and poultry, are abundantly supplied.

Cars may be obtained from the inns. Steam packets ply regularly from Rhyl to Liverpool, and occasionally to Bangor and Beaumaris, thus affording visitors an opportunity of seeing the magnificent scenery of the Welsh coast. The Royal, the Mostyn Arms, and the Bellevue hotels are the principal inns.—Returning through Rhuddlan we now proceed to

ST. ASAPH.

Abergele	7	Holywell	10
Conway	16	London	217
Chester	28	Ruthin	13
Denbigh	6	Rhyl	5

The city of St Asaph is situated on a delightful eminence between the streams, and near the confluence, of the rivers Elwy and Clwyd, from the fomer of which is derived its British name Llanelwy. The township in which it stands is called Bryn Polin, or Bryn-Paulin, from, it is supposed, having been a place of encampment of Paulinus, the Roman general, on his way to the island of Mona. The see is of very ancient date, having been established as early as the year 543. The principal attraction of this city is its cathedral, which was first built of wood; the present structure was erected by Bishop Anian, about 1284; it was destroyed during the wars of Owen Glyndwr, and afterwards restored and partly built by Bishop Redman, about 1480, with the exception of the choir, which was rebuilt about 1770, by the dean and chapter, with the funds which are invested in their hands as trustees for that purpose, arising from the tithes of some parishes in Montgomeryshire, amounting to £1,000 a year. The plan of the church is like most others, cruciform, with a square embattled tower rising from the intersection of the nave and transepts, surrounded by a cemetry kept in excellent order, and preserved from all improper intrusion by a neat iron railing. The visitor on entering the sacred place will be impressed with the solemnity which pervades the building; the chastened light entering from the richly painted

windows, throws a softened tint over the gothic stalls and the chequered pavements of the choir, which to the eye capable of appreciating the beauty of the scene, is highly pleasing, and immediately recals the passage in Il Penseroso:

"—— the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

The design of the painted window is said to be a facsimile of the east window at *Tintern Abbey, but originally from a church in Italy. The following

DESCRIPTION OF THE WINDOW,

will not be uninteresting to the stranger. The large star at the top represents the one in the east at the birth of our Saviour. In the centre is the word JEHOVAH, in Hebrew characters, and the words "Made perfect through suffering," in Greek characters, above and below it.

The centre compartment contains the figure ofour Saviour on Mount Calvary: hovering over his head are two winged figures, one with the passion cup, the other prepared with the crown of thorns; and in the back ground is seen at a distance the city of Jerusalem. In the compartment to the right of the principal figure, are others actively engaged in the preparation of the instruments of the passion; in that on the left, is a soldier armed with a spear, and two others with him, intently engaged with the cross. To the north and south sides of the three centre pieces, are two compartments, and below the whole are seven others, all emblazoned with the royal arms, and those of the nobility and gentry who contributed to the expense of the window, as follows:

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* Tintern Abbey is a highly beautiful and interesting ruin founded in the year 1131, by Walter de Clarc, who dedicated it to the Virgin Mary. This Walter was the grandson of William, the son of Osbert, to whom William the Conqueror had given the manors of Wollerton and Tudenham, and all he could conquer from the Welsh. This gift strongly illustrates the old Welsh proverb—

"Hael Howel ar eiddo 'r wlad."

How generous Howel at the public cost.

JEHOVAH.

LAMB.

DOVE.

Wynne & Dod.

Pennant & Peyton.

Yorke & Wynne.

Shackerly.

ALPHA.

OMEGA.

Hon. C. Finch.

Chirk Castle, & Rushont.

Sir T. Hanmer, Bart.

Williams, (Penbedw.)

CENTRE COMPARTMENTS.

ROYAL ARMS.

Sir E. P. Lloyd, Bart. now Lord Mostyn.

Ormsby & Owen.

Powis.

Dungannon.

Bishop Bagot.

Orkney.

Gwydir.

Sir F. Cunliffe. Bart.

Late Sir J. Williams, Bart.

Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.

Vaughan.

Dacre.

Dean Shipley.

Lord Bagot.

Lloyd Hafodunos.

Late Sir T. Mostyn, Bart.

Besides the choir, the building consists of a nave, two aisles, and transept; with a low square tower in the centre. The following dimensions of each will serve to give a comparative view of its dimensions:

	FEET.
Length of church from east to west	179
——————west door to the choir	119
——————the choir	60
——————the cross aisles of transept from north to south	108
Breadth of the nave and side aisles	68
Height of the nave, viz: from the area of pavement to the ceiling of the roof	60
——————central tower	93
Square of ditto	30

There are several very elegant monuments by the first masters, erected in the transepts of the broad aisle of this cathedral. The chapter consists of a dean, archdeacon, six prebendaries, and seven canons; besides four vicars-choral, four lay-clerks, four choristers, and an organist. The bishopric is worth £6,300 a year. The diocese of St. Asaph comprises the counties of Flint, Denbigh, and Montgomery, containing 121 parish churches, and 106 benefices in the gift of the bishop. The parish church is at the lower end of the street, close to a fine bridge over the river Elwy. The population of the parish is about 3,500. The market day is Friday. The White Lion, the Mostyn Arms, and the Ship are good inns, where post chaises and cars may be obtained. The rivers in the neighbourhood are favourite resorts of anglers, and fish are found in great abundance and variety. Before leaving this place, persons fond of fine scenery are recommended to take a view of the celebrated Vale of Clwyd from the cathedral steeple, where it is seen, the weather permitting, to the greatest possible advantage. Before you stands the majestic tower of Bodelwydden, the seat of Sir J. H. Williams, Bart.; Kinmel Park, with its beautiful sloping park; Pengwern, the hospitable mansion of Lord Mostyn; Bronyrwylfa, the classic seat of Sir Henry Brown, now the residence of Jno. Williams, Esq.; also Wygfair, Cefn, and Brynelwy. The Clwydian range of hills, with the Jubilee Monument in the centre, has a very fine effect. On the south, the eye stretches over scenes of fertility and beauty; and Denbigh with the shattered fragments of

its castle, crowning the summit of an isolated hill, rises gradually and pre-eminently into view. On the right is seen the venerable and magnificent ruins of Rhuddlan castle, Rhuddlan market, the town of Rhyl, and the ocean. The intervening space is beautifully diversified with luxuriant meadows, woods, and water; enlivened with numerous herds, farms, and cottages, which appear in every direction, and the *coup d'œil* may challenge comparison with some of the most celebrated scenery in the world.

The road from St. Asaph to Denbigh, along the Roe, is extremely beautiful and picturesque; the river Elwy runs beneath lofty umbrageous banks, and sometimes rush through the vale with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. At Pont-yr-allt-goch, there is a fine lofty bridge of one arch, eighty five feet in span; this place is richly wooded, and abounds in finely varied scenery.—About half a mile from hence is

FFYNAN FAIR,

Our Lady's Well, a fine spring inclosed in an angular form, formerly roofed. Under a deep wooded bottom, not far from the well, are the ruins of a chapel in the shape of a cross, covered with ivy. In the neighbourhood there are some magnificent natural caverns, extending for a considerable distance within the limestone rocks; the roof in some parts is more than forty feet in height, and near the Elwy, the base of the rock is perforated by a lofty arch twenty-one yards in length, and thirty-six feet high, through which is a road capable of admitting a load of hay.

In these caverns various fossil remains have been discovered, which have been considered by Professor Buckland worthy of personal scrutiny.—Proceeding onward, at the distance of four miles along the vale, we reach

DENBIGH.

Abergele	12	London by Chester	214
Chester	28	Do. by Shrewsbury	206
Conway	25	Mold	16
Corwen	20	Ruthin	8
Holywell	14	Bodfary	4
Llanrwst	22	St. Asaph	6

This town is picturesquely situated on the side of a steep hill, and the noble castle on its summit greatly contributes

to its venerable appearance. It is the capital of the county, as well as one of the contributary boroughs. It is governed by a mayor and council under the general statnte. A dispensary was instituted here in 1807, which is supported by public subscription, and is now in a prosperous state. There is a good town-hall and a Welsh library society. An excellent market is held on Wednesday. Its principal manufactures are shoes and gloves. It supports two banks and several good schools. Until lately there were only two churches in Denbigh, both of which are very inconveniently situated. The parish church is a mile off, in the bottom of the vale, and the other on a high rock in the precincts of the castle. The inhabitants have lately realized a handsome subscription, and erected a new chnrch after a design by Mr. Penson, of Oswestry, the site of which was liberally given by the late Captain Mostyn, of Segrwyd. The new church is delightfully situated in the park, and very convenient to the town. There are places of worship for Baptists, Independents, Calvinistic and Wesleyan Methodists. The population is between 4,000 and 5,000. The two principal inns, both of which are very respectable, are the Crown and the Bull.

Denbigh was the native place of Sir Hugh Myddleton, whose name will always rank amongst the greatest benefactors to the city of London. He at his own expense brought the new river from Ware, twenty miles distant, to that city. Sir Hugh was ruined by the undertaking, but the New River Company, which now ranks amongst the most affluent in London, reaps the benefit of his perseverance.—Before leaving Denbigh the stranger should visit

The Castle.

This fortress is situated on the summit of an isolated rock, called Caledfryn, rising abruptly to the height of 240 feet from the western boundary of the Vale of Clwyd. The principal entrance is on the north, under a lofty and magnificent arch, and flanked by two large towers, now in ruins; above it is a niche, in which is a robed figure of its founder, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. The whole of the rooms and towers are in a state of extreme dilapidation. The citadel is surrounded with walls a mile and a quarter in circumference, which incloses the whole of the ancient town. On the south-

west front of the castle there is an extensive terrace and a splendid

BOWLING GREEN,

Which is most enchantingly situated, commanding one of the most delightful views of

"DYFFRYN CLODFAWR CLWYD,"

Which embraces the whole of the eastern portion of this beautiful and finely varied tract, terminated by the ocean at Llandidno, and on the south by the whole range of the Clwydian mountains, with their numerous encampments and tumuli.

ROYAL EISTEDDFOD.

One of the meetings of the Welsh Bards took place here in 1828. It was held on the Bowling Green, within the precincts of the castle, under the munificent presidency of the late Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart., of Talacre. This Eisteddfod was honoured with the patronage and presence of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Sussex, who was then on a visit at Kinmel Park. A procession was formed to meet his Royal Highness, and to welcome him to the town, when the recorder, on behalf of the corporation, presented his royal highness with the freedom of the borough in an elegant gold box, upon which was engraved the following englyn :—

"*Ar ymweliad ei Rïawl Uchelder, Dug Sussecs, yn Eisteddfod Dinbych, ar y* 16*eg*, 17*eg, a* 18*fed o fis Medi*, 1828.

"Trwydd Dinbych, dêg anrhegiad,—gwiw estyn.
I AUGUSTUS benllad,
Am ei haelaf ymweliad
A Gwledd barddoni ein gwlâd."

His royal highness then read the following reply :—

"Aldermen, Bailiffs, and Capital Burgesses of the borough of Denbigh—Gentlemen, I thank you for your congratulations on my arrival in the principality.

"I am fully sensible of the compliment paid to my person by conferring on me the freedom of your ancient corporation, accompanied with the assurances of your loyalty to our most gracious sovereign, whom may God long preserve! and of your attachment to the House of Brunswick.

"Born and educated in those principles which placed my family upon the throne of these realms, it has ever been my

anxious wish to mix with my fellow subjects and to participate with them in all those festivities that tend to commemorate and keep up a spirit of liberty and national independence, which we have sworn to maintain with our lives.

"Among the many institutions of this kind, the Eisteddfod is the most ancient; and therefore I am delighted in being permitted to witness a scene which must be highly interesting to all well-wishers of their country, and most particularly gratifying to the inhabitants of the principality, amongst whom I have the peculiar happiness to find myself upon the present occasion.

(Signed) "AUGUSTUS FREDERICK."

The procession then returned through the town with the band playing "God save the King," and proceeded to the Bowling Green in the castle, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies in the windows, and the shouts of the multitude which lined the streets. His royal highness kept his hat off all the time, bowing most condescendingly to all around. On ascending the platform, his royal highness was again greeted by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs for several minutes, and was conducted to his seat by the president.

The proceedings commenced by Mr. J. Parry singing the celebrated song of his own composition, "Oh let the Kind Minstrel," with the following additional stanza, in honour of the royal duke, which he composed on the spur of the moment, the previous evening:—

Long life to the prince from whose generous heart
The stream of sweet charity silently flows;
Who fosters the progress of science and art,
Whose presence a lustre on Cambria bestows:
In strains of past ages, Oh! let us all sing,
Till Clwyd's mighty mountains responsively ring,
To welcome the brother of Britain's good king."

His Royal Highness appeared to be highly gratified with this out-pouring of Cambrian gratitude and loyalty, and bowed repeatedly while it was being sung, all the company joining in chorus. Mr. Parry presented the Royal visitor with a copy of the song, which his Royal Highness was pleased to receive most graciously.

The following pennill, by Robert Davies, the Bard of Nantglyn, was also recited on the occasion:—

Balch yw Cymru weled Llin
Ei Brenin ar ei bronydd,
Yn talu têg ymweliad da
Eisteddfod bena'r gwledydd;
Ei Enw fydd ar ucha'r fainc
Tra chof, tra chainc, tra Phrydydd.

[TRANSLATION.]

Wales is proud to behold a relative of her king honouring her Grand Eisteddfod with his presence; his name will be cherished while memory lasts, song records, or bard exists.

Denbigh town is surrounded with gentlemen's seats, which adds considerably to its beauty and importance: Brynbela, Llyweni Hall, Pontriffith Hall, Glanywern, Astrad, Tros-y-Park, Segrwyd, and Gwaenynog: the latter mansion was a favourite resort of the great moralist Dr. Johnson. In the park, a short distance from the mansion, and in a retired situation, overhung with trees, is a monument to his memory, bearing the following inscription:—

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.,
OBIT XIII DIE DECEMBRIS,
1784,
ÆTATIS LXXV.

And on the other side, on a marble tablet—"This spot was often dignified by the presence of Samuel Johnson, L.L.D., whose moral writings, exactly conformable to the precepts of christianity, gives ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

HUMANE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE POOR OF NORTH WALES.

Before quitting Denbigh, we wish to add our meed of praise, in connexion with all others of our countrymen, whose hearts are in the right place, to thank the gentlemen forming the committee to establish a humane asylum for the insane poor of North Wales. Owing to their praiseworthy and laudable exertions, upwards of £5,000 has been procured by public subscription: a sum in these days of want and misery exceedingly liberal. It speaks volumes in praise of the humane character and generosity of the principality. That true friend to his country, Joseph Ablett, Esq., has presented the

institution with twenty acres of land, valued at £2,000, in an eligible situation in the neighbourhood of Denbigh, for the site of the building, which it is expected will be commenced in the course of a short time.

RUTHIN.

Bala	22	Llangollen	15
Chester	22	Mold.....	10
Corwen	12	St. Asaph.....	14
Denbigh.....	8	Wrexham.....	18

This town is pleasantly situated on the summit of an eminence at the end of the picturesque Vale of Clwyd. There is no particular trade carried on here, except what is necessary for the accommodation of the inhabitants, who are principally engaged in agriculture. The market, which is well supplied with corn and every other commodity, is held on Monday; and a second market is held on Saturday for provisions. The population is about 3,500. It is a borough town, and is governed by the mayor and a council, elected according to the Municipal Act.

The town-hall is a modern structure; the county gaol and house of correction is situated here; and the good management and cleanliness of both are highly creditable to Mr. Jones, the governor. Ruthin has always been celebrated for the best free grammar school in Wales. Some of the greatest men whose talents have adorned the bar, the bench, and the mitre, received their education here.

Ruthin Castle

Was built by Edward the First, who in 1281, gave it with the hundred of Dyffryn Clwyd, to Reginald de Grey. From the family of the Greys, it devolved to Richard, Earl of Kent, who sold it to Henry the Seventh. It was afterwards granted to Dudley, Earl of Warwick, by Queen Elizabeth, and eventually purchased by Sir Thomas Myddleton, in whose family it now remains with all its dependencies. The Hon. F. West has lately erected within the ruins of the old castle an elegant castellated mansion, which forms a beautiful feature in the prospect of the town.

Returning to St. Asaph we proceed onwards to the Holyhead road, and after ascending Rose Hill, the first object which attracts the notice of the tourist, is

PENGWERN HALL,

The hospitable mansion of the Right Honourable Lord Mostyn. It is embosomed in the wood below, encompassed by a park of splendid beeches and stately oaks.—Next is perceived

BODELWYDDAN CASTLE,

The seat of Sir John Hay Williams, Bart., who has of late years greatly improved the appearance of his mansion and the grounds attached to it. The worthy baronet has also erected a massive lofty wall round his extensive park, which entirely precludes the tourist from any view of the interior. The new lodge leading from the road by Glascoed, is a truly appropriate approach to a noble castellated mansion. About a quarter of a mile further on, we come to a very neat new lodge leading to

KINMEL PARK,

The stately residence of the Right Honourable Lord Dinorben, which by some accident or other, was burnt down to the ground in the course of last year; but the noble lord has caused it to rise, phœnix-like, from its ashes, to its former magnificence. It is not quite finished, yet there is no doubt but the interior will be fitted up with that degree of elegance and comfort which is in accordance with the well-known taste and opulence of the owner. The sloping park is well stocked with deer. The scenery from the house is very rich and beautiful. The grounds are extensive and the gardens are tastefully laid out. The park wall continues for a considerable distance, but his lordship has broken the monotony of its appearance by introducing at regular intervals some neat iron railings, which affords the tourist a very pleasing view into the extensive park. At the termination of the wall there is another elegant lodge, which has a very imposing effect. His late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, for several years past, spent some weeks during the shooting season at Kinmel Park. On the brow of a hill on the left is Pen-y-park, on the top of which is the site of Owen Gwynedd's camp, after his retreat before Henry the Second, whose further progress the gallant Welshman here kept at bay. The view from this camp is surpassingly beautiful. Close to this place is Dinorben, an ancient mansion house from which his lordship takes his title.—We now approach the neat little village of

St. George, or Llan St. Sior.

The church is pleasantly situated, and has lately been restored by the patron, Lord Dinorben, who has also lately erected a handsome gothic mausoleum over the tomb of the late Lady Dinorben.—The next town we come to is

ABERGELE.

Bangor.....	27	Rhuddlan.....	5
Chester	35	St. Asaph	7
Conway	12	Rhyl.....	8

This market town is pleasantly situated within a mile of the sea shore, and on the Chester and Holyhead road. It consists of one wide street, not remarkable for regularity nor beauty; but the salubrity of the air, and the superiority of its shore, render it a favourite resort for sea-bathing. The Bee Hotel possesses very superior accommodation, and is decidedly one of the best inns in the principality. The scenery in the neighbourhood is very beautiful, and is adorned with gentlemen's seats and thickly wooded parks.—At a short distance on the left hand of the road, is a singularly built modern house, in the castellated style, known by the name of

Gwrych Castle,

The property and residence of Lloyd Bamford Hesketh, Esq. It is beautifully situated, and commands an extensive view of the sea-coast and the ocean. The grounds are very tastefully laid out, and at the end of the park wall here is a handsome entrance lodge, on each side of which are several tablets put up by Mr. Hesketh, with inscriptions commemorative of the gallant exploits of the Welsh chieftains, who defended this narrow pass against the encroachments of the enemy.

Tan yr Ogo

Is a good inn, where travellers may halt previously to viewing the Ogo, or cavern, which is close by, and well worthy of inspection. This Ogo is so well described by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, that I shall offer no apology for its insertion:—"Its mouth resembles the huge entrance of a gothic cathedral. A few feet inside, and immediately in the centre of it, is a rock

rising from the floor to the lofty roof, not unlike a massive pillar, rudely sculptured, which divides the cavern into two apartments. The hollow on the left soon terminates; but that on the right spreads into a large chamber, thirty feet in height, and stretching to an uncertain depth, such as human curiosity has never been hardy enough to ascertain. Making a short turn, a few yards from the entrance, and sweeping into the interior of the mountain, the forms and dimensions of this abyss are concealed in impenetrable darkness, and its windings can only be followed with prudence about forty yards, when the light totally disappears, and the flooring becomes both dirty and unsafe. Stalacties of various fanciful forms decorate the fretted roof and sides of this extraordinary cavern."

The prospect from Cefn-'r-Ogo, Cavern Hill, is exceedingly fine: in clear weather a great portion of Cheshire, Lancashire, and the town of Liverpool, are distinctly seen on the right. The Isle of Man is visible before you, and on the left the Snowdonian mountains and the Island of Anglesea.

On the mountains and rocks in this neighbourhood are some exceedingly scarce plants; some curious fossils are also found in the various strata of which they are composed; they have lately been brought before the Geological Society, in an able paper, by Mr. Bowmall who recommends this neighbourhood as worthy the attention of the botanist and geologist.—About half a mile down a recently improved road, is the village of

LLANDDULAS,

Or Black and Blue, situated in a glen surrounded with limestone rocks. The quarries above give employment to a great number of men. A railroad has lately been constructed to bring the stone from Llysfaen quarries: it is on an inclined plane all the way. The stone and lime are shipped from here for agricultural purposes to all parts of the country. Bronywendon, the neat marine villa residence of R. W. Wynn, Esq., is situated on a bank close to the sea.—At a short distance from which is

Penmaen Rhos,

A great limestone rock, which juts into the sea, and forms

one end of the bay. This place is celebrated as having been the spot where the unfortunate prince Richard the Second was betrayed into the hands of his rival to the throne. He had been enticed by the Earl of Northumberland to go along with him from Conway to meet Bollingbrooke, for the pretended purpose of settling amicably the quarrel between them. Hereabouts he suddenly found himself surrounded by a large band of armed men, placed there by the treacherous earl. The king would have escaped, but Northumberland seizing the bridle of Richard's nag, directed his course onwards; he was taken to Rhuddlan Castle, and delivered captive into the hands of his opponent, at Flint castle; and from thence taken to Berkley Castle, where he was murdered.—About a mile down the hill, is the pretty village of

COLWYN,

Which of late years has greatly increased in size; and a neat new church has been erected. Sea bathing is very good here, and every accommodation is provided for visitors. The air is salubrious, and the scenery fine. Min-y-don, the seat of Captain Clough; Bryn-du-las, the seat of J. Hesketh, Esq., and Glan-y-don, the seat of Henry Hesketh, Esq., of Chester, are in the neighbourhood. Up the valley, on the left, is the village of Llanelian, celebrated for its Cursing Well, which owing to a foolish tradition was for a long time the terror of the neighbourhood. Further on towards the shore, is the village of Llandrillo, which was formerly the residence of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, a British King, who reigned in the fifth century. It was afterwards the residence of Ednyfed Vychan, chief of one of the royal tribes of Wales.—Proceeding onwards through the neat village of Mochdre, and passing the newly erected and rurally situated church of Llancwstenyn, we approach the finely navigable

River Conwy,

Which divides the counties of Denbigh and Carnarvon, over which in 1826, a splendid

Suspension Bridge,

Of 377 feet long was constructed. The chains are fastened on the east in a solid rock, formerly a small island, and on the west side, after passing under the walls of the castle, at

the distance of fifty-four feet, are securely bolted into the rock on which the fortress is built. The embankment on the eastern side is 671 yards in length; on the top of which is a beautiful road, thirty feet in width, which terminates with a handsome lodge of two circular towers, forty-two feet high, corresponding in design with the venerable remains of the castle, and forming a splendid entrance into the town of

CONWAY,

Llanrwst....	12	Llandidno, or Ormes Head..	3
Bangor	15	Aber	9

This antique town is within the walls that were erected at the same time as the castle, built by Edward the First, and although there are no manufactures to enrich the inhabitants, it has always been considered a borough of importance. The walls which encompass the town are ornamented with circular towers, and are nearly entire. There are two or three houses that are remarkable for their antiquity and singularity, particularly Plas Mawr, the Great Mansion, which is built in the Elizabethan style; the apartments are ornamented with niches, containing uncouth figures, interspersed with numerous coats of arms. The house is the property of that true friend of his country, the Honourable E. M. Lloyd Mostyn. The ancient abbey, the site of which is now called the Spittle, was amply provided for by its founder, Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of Wales. Of this edifice there is now no trace: Edward having removed the monks, with all their privileges, to Maenan, near Llanrwst, in order to convert Conway into a military station. The church bears marks of considerable antiquity, and contains several curious monuments. In the churchyard there is a singular epitaph, which is as follows: "Here lyeth ye body of Nicks Hookses, of Conway, who was the 41st child of his father, by Alice his wife, and the father of 27 children, who died the 20th day of March, 1673."

The town is much improved since the building of the bridge. Several large vessels have been built here of late. The harbour for loading and discharging vessels which frequent the port, is very convenient, and affords an exceedingly pleasant promenade. But the object which at-

tracts the attention of all who visit this part of the principality, and which richly merits the panegyrics that have been lavished upon it, is

The Castle.

This venerable fortress is one of the most magnificent ruinated castles in the kingdom. It was erected in 1284, by Edward the First, in order to guard against the insurrections of Llywelyn, which for some years before had been frequent. It stands on a bold projecting promontory, and its architecture and position are truly grand. It was defended by eight large round towers, from each of which issued a slender turret rising much above the battlements, and constructed for commanding an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. There are two entrances into this fortress, both contrived for security. The principal one is at the N.W., which formerly had a deep ditch and a draw-bridge.

The great hall suited the magnificence of the founder; it extended 130 feet in length, was broad and of great height. The roof was supported by eight noble arches, several of which still remain. The view from the top of the battlements is most picturesque, and indeed from whichever point this interesting ruin is viewed, the solemn grandeur of the whole cannot fail of raising the most sublime sensations. To a thoughtful mind, the contemplation of this mouldering fabric will give a rich treat, and teach lessons of morality upon the instability of human greatness. Few spots in the kingdom have more frequently called forth the talent of the artist and the man of taste; it has been made the scene of dramatic representation in that popular piece the Castle Spectre, and the theme of the poet in numerous effusions of the pen; it has been delineated with all its sublime scenery from every station where a sight could be obtained, but the most favourable view appears to be a few hundred yards higher up the river on the same side. Here the castle is seen boldly projecting in the foreground, with the beautiful new suspension bridge attached; conveying an idea of its being meant for a draw-bridge to the fortress. Part of the town appears on the left, while the mouth of the river, open to the sea, forms the distance; which, with the vessels of various descriptions gliding on the surface, makes one of the most charming pictures that the imagination can conceive. Speaking of this castle, Pennant says, "a more beautiful

fortress never arose!" It is a castle of matchless magnificence!!" Lord Lyttleton said, that "if his builder at Hagley had seen the architect, he would have fallen down and worshipped him!"

It appears to have been used as a fortress for nearly 400 years afterwards. It was garrisoned for King Charles the First, by Dr. Jno. Williams, Archbishop of York, who was a native of Wales. His lordship was compelled to surrender to the parliamentary forces on the 6th of November, 1646. The castle was subsequently granted to the lord of Conway, who with gothic barbarity, removed the timber, lead, iron, and other materials, and consigned this noble structure to decay and desolation; but the reader will not be sorry to hear that the vessel, in which the materials were being conveyed to Ireland, was wrecked, and the whole of the property lost!

There are several attractive places in this neighbourhood, and a traveller may spend several days very pleasantly. The inns are good and afford every accommodation, particularly the Castle Hotel, where post chaises and cars may be had at the shortest notice. Mr. Pennant and Mr. Bingley made several excursions to the hills and other places in this neighbourhood; the stranger cannot do better than follow their steps. After crossing the river, about a mile along the shore, are the ruins of

Diganwy, Gannock Castle,

Or the fort of Conway. The ruins of this ancient fortress are situated on a hill near the shore. Mr. Pennant was not able to find out its founder, but the Welsh historian, Dr. Powell, says "there was a city here in 810, which was destroyed by fire." Robert of Rhuddlan was slain here in 1088, by Llywelyn the Great, who destroyed the castle, which was rebuilt in 1210, by Randle Blundeville, Earl of Chester. King John lay for some time encamped under its walls in 1211, and was reduced to great straits by the policy of Llywelyn, who got between him and England, and cut off his resources. Henry the Third fared even worse on the same spot in 1245, at which time Jno. de Grey, of Wilton, was constable. One of his courtiers then in the camp, most pathetically describes the miseries of the English armies, in a letter written to his friends about the end of Sept. 1245.

At length the castle was totally dismantled in 1260, by Llywelyn ap Gruffuth, the last prince of Wales.

Not far from hence, on the top of a low hill near Brynia, is an ancient circular tower twenty feet high, and twelve in diameter. A little further on along the shore we reach Diganwy, a genteel mansion, formerly occupied by Lord Kirkwall, but of late years it has been the residence of Sir John Hilton.—Crossing the flat at Gogorth, we arrive at

LLANDUDNO,

Which village has increased very much in population and extent during the last few years. There are very large lead and copper mines, carried on with great spirit by several wealthy companies, which give employment to many hundred men. A new church and several chapels have lately been erected. The King's Head is a good inn, where every accommodation may be procured.—We now ascend the hill, by a very large and steep path, to the top of

The Great Ormes Head;

A beautiful sheep walk, extending nearly four miles in length and one in breadth, on which there is a telegraph station which communicates with Liverpool and Holyhead, by means of which in a few minutes you can have a reply to any question you may ask. The northern side of this promontory is broken into precipices. The base, at both sides, is washed with deep water. The labour of ascending to this elevated point is amply rewarded by the extensive and varied prospect it affords. Several druidical remains still exist here, viz: Tre-'r-beini; Maen Sigl, or rocking stone; Cryd Tudno, St. Tudno's Cradle. On the bleakest point above the sea, and remote from all dwellings, is situated the old parish church. Llandudno of late years has become a favourite resort for strangers during the bathing season: the bay, which forms a semicircle, two or three mile across, is universally admired; it was the place selected as the terminus of the St. George's railway and harbour, to communicate with the sister kingdom. Not far off, is the village of

LLANRHOS,

A neat little village, surrounded by the mansions of several families.

Gloddaeth,

The seat of Lady Champney Mostyn, built by her ancestor, Sir Roger Mostyn, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The walks of Gloddaeth may justly vie with any thing similar in the kingdom: those on the declivity follow the inclination of the hill, and those on the plain diverge from a centre where is placed a statue of Minerva. This house is famed for being the depository of a valuable library of ancient Welsh and other MSS., splendidly illuminated, which have lately been brought to Mostyn Hall, where the compiler of this work has had the pleasure of arranging and forming a catalogue of them for Mr. Mostyn, who is about to erect a new library for the reception of these, and two or three other valuable collections of ancient British lore.

Every flight of the path in Gloddaeth grounds, says Mr. Pennant, presents new and grand objects; first the great windings of the river towards Llanrwst; the lofty towers of Conway, and the venerable walls of the town; and beyond is a long extent of alps, with Moel Siabod, Carnedd Llywelyn, and Davydd, towering with distinguished height. From a little higher ascent, is opened to us the discharge of the Conwy into the sea, sublimely bounded by the lesser Penmaen, and the immense Ormes Head; between which appears a fine bay, the vast promontory of Penmaen Mawr, the isle of Priestholme, and the long extent of Anglesea. After gaining the summit, beneath is seen a considerable flat, with the estuary of the river Conwy falling into the sea on one side, and the beautiful half-moon bay of Llandudno on the other; one of whose horns is the great headland of the same name, and the other the lofty rock of Rhiwfelen, or the Little Ormes Head. A little further bring us in sight of a great bay sweeping semicircularly the shores; beyond are the distant hills of Flintshire, and the entrance into the estuaries of the Mersey and Dee. Besides the adventitious trees and shrubs, these walks afford great amusement to the botanist, from the variety of rare plants, all comprised within a very small compass.—Not far from here is

Bodysgallen;

Caswellen's abode, the seat of Miss Mostyn. This is a place of very great antiquity, being mentioned in the records of Carnarvon. The situation is commanding, and finely

shaded with venerable woods. It is noted for its hospitality; and a bill of fare for a Christmas dinner in former times is preserved in Mr. Pennant's Wales.—Half a mile off, and exactly opposite Conway, is the mansion of

MARLE,

Picturesquely seated under a lofty rock, almost covered with wood. We now return to Conway, and take an excursion up the vale leading to Llanrwst. "Having passed the village of Gyffin," says Mr. Bingley, "the Vale of Conway affords many very interesting prospects.

CAERHUN,

The fort of Rhun, lies at the distance of five miles: it is a charming little village on the western bank of the river, surrounded with wood. To this site has generally been assigned the ancient Roman station of Conovium. In the year 1801, the Rev. H. D. Griffith had many apartments cleared, where several Roman antiquities were found; among others a brick with "Leg. XX." inscribed on it. This place was afterwards explored by Messrs. Lysons, who had the result published. Just below is Tal-y-Cafn Ferry, and further on the road, about eight miles from Conway, is Pont Porthlwyd; on the right of which, up the hill, is a waterfall of considerable height, called

RHAIAD Y PARK MAWR.

This great waterfall Mr. Bingley ascended by a winding path, which conducted him to the bed of the river, from near which station he saw it to the best advantage. The water runs from the pool among the mountains above, called Llyn Eigiau. He pronounces this waterfall the most grand and picturesque of any he had seen in the principality.—The next place we come to is

TREFRIW,

A neat little village, delightfully situated on a small eminence, and commanding an extensive view of the Vale of Llanrwst. The river Conwy is navigable to this place, for vessels of sixty tons burden, from whence a good trade is carried on in slates, coal, lime, &c. Near this place is the

LAKE OF GEIRIONYDD,

On the banks of which lived the celebrated poet Taliesin, the chief of the bards who flourished in the sixth century.

The church is said to have been built by Llywelyn the Great, in 1260, for the ease of his princes, who was obliged to foot it to Llanrhychwyn, a long walk among the mountains. Tradition puts the following couplet in the mouth of the princess, when addresssing her prince :—

"Pa fodd y dringai'r rhiw,
A minnau yn feichiog fyw?"

"How shall I climb yon steep crags, while in the situation 'that ladies love to be, who like their lords?'"—Two miles from hence is the ancient mansion of

GWYDIR,

The seat of Lord Willoughby de Eresby. This place takes its name from Gwaed-dir, the bloody land, from the battle fought here by Llywarch Hen, about the year 610. It was originally built in 1555, by J. Wynne, ap Maredydd, grandfather to the famous historian; but a great part of it was taken down in 1816. The present structure is on a much smaller scale than the old mansion, though built in the same style. His lordship has fitted up the interior in an antique and elegant manner. The pleasure grounds are laid out very tastefully. The house is beautifully situated in the midst of extensive woods of oak, which clothe the rocks to a very great height; on the top of which, and imbeded in wood, is

GWYDIR UCHA;

Upper Gwydir, originally built for the enjoyment of the beautiful view it commands, and well deserves the panegyric bestowed on it in the following Welsh lines, placed over the entrance:—

"Bryn Gwydir, gwelir goleu,—adailad
Uwch dolydd a chaurau;
Bryn gwych adail yn ail ne',
Bryn wen Henllys, brenhin-lle!"

"A conspicuous edifice on Gwedir Hill, towering over the adjacent land; a well chosen situation, a second paradise, a fair bank, a palace of royalty."

LLANRWST.

Abergele.....	22	Denbigh	22
Bettws y-Coed....	4	Cerniogau.....	14
Cappel Cerrig	10	Conway	12

This town is situated in the beautiful Vale of Llanrwst, on the western bank of the river Conwy. It is environed by majestic and well wooded hills. A new and elegant church has lately been erected here; adjoining which is the ancient chapel of Gwydir; a handsome castellated edifice, founded by Sir Richard Wynn, from a design by Inigo Jones, who was a native of this place. The interior is decorated with a profusion of carved work, marble monuments, busts, brass plates, and pedigree of the family of the founder. In the centre of the chapel, upon the floor, lies the stone coffin of Llywelyn the Great, who died in 1240, and was interred in the abbey which he had founded at Conway, thence removed to Maenan, and from that place, at the dissolution, it was removed to this church. The sides of the coffin are curiously carved in quatrefoils.

The bridge over the Conwy is also said to have been built by Inigo Jones, in 1636, at the joint expense of the counties of Carnarvon and Denbigh. While standing upon the bridge, admiring the beautiful scenery, two or three men came and asked me in broken English, "Whether I would like to have a shake?" On enquiry I found that the bridge will strongly vibrate, by a person striking his back forcibly against the parapet of the centre arch.

The population of Llanrwst is about 3,000. It has a new town-hall, a branch of the North and South Wales Bank, and a good market every Tuesday. The Eagle is the principal inn, where the accomodation is good. The neighbouring streams afford great amusement to anglers, who visit here from various parts of England and Wales. The following are stations for angling, with their distances from Llanrwst.

Dolwyddelan	6	Bettws-y-Coed	5
Llanbedr.....	5	Dolgarrog	4
Trefriw.....	2		

There are also several celebrated lakes near Llanrwst, Llanrhychwyn, and Dolganog.

Llyn Geirionydd	4	Llyn Dogynnyd ...	3
Llyn Cowlid.....	6		

Llyn Afangc, Llyn Tal-y-llyn, Llyn Crafnant, &c.

Returning to Conway, and for the sake of variety we will take the western side of the river, where a beautiful new road has lately been made along the banks, and on a dead level all the way; this is a great acquisition to the neighbourhood.

The Vale of Llanrwst,

Acknowledged by the great Mr. Burke to be "the most charming spot in North Wales," is seen to great advantage from this side. The continued chain of high mountains, which form the western boundary, together with the thriving plantations reaching to the summit of the hill, presents a fine background for many miles; the foreground is enlivened by the "sparkling waters of the sportive Conwy;" and the animated scene of the fishing coracles, and trading vessels, passing to and from Trefriw, makes the scene a very pleasing sight.

"On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conwy's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the poet stood.

Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air,
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre!"

Passing by the Abbey, the occasional seat of Ld. Newborough, and Bodnod, the seat of W. Hanmer, Esq., through the pleasant village of Llan-St. Fraid, Glanconway, we again enter over the suspension bridge to the venerable town of Conway, and proceed onwards.—The next object that attracts the attention of the stranger, is an immense hill called

Penmaen Mawr.

This large mountain, along which the road from Chester to Holyhead passes, protrudes itself into the sea, and its weather beaten rocks form a fine contrast with the fertility of the adjacent fields. Penmaen Mawr was formerly the terror of travellers; the immense promontory affording only a narrow zig-zag path along the side of its shelf for the terrified traveller to pass. Under his feet were heaps of rugged stones impeding his progress; beneath, a hundred fathoms down, the roaring ocean foaming against the perpendicular base of the mountain; and over his head the impending precipice, momentarily threatening by its shivering aspect to overwhelm or hurry him headlong down the craggy steep.

Formerly there was a house of entertainment at the foot of the ascent each way, and on the signs distiches allusive

to the hazardous and laborious journey, said to have been composed by Dean Swift:—

"Before you venture hence to pass,
Take a good refreshing glass."

On the other side.

"Now you are over take another,
Your drooping spirits to recover."

From the numerous accidents that occured, this road was a melancholy source of conversation to the inhabitants in the vicinity; the winter evenings were often spent in narrating alarming tales of the perils attendant on passing Penmaen Mawr.

An application was made to parliament, in 1772, to improve this road; and a voluntary subscription was set on foot, in which the city of Dublin bore a distinguished part: by means of which the pass was improved, so that carriages might pass each other; but the danger was not removed until 1827, when the parliamentary commissioners instructed Mr. Telford to make a new survey, and the present new and excellent road was made, which will be the admiration of future ages, and the noblest terrace in the British Isles:

"Here, Cambria still can trace the friendly tower,
One watchful guardian in her dangerous hour,
To check the inroad—to avert the blow—
And shield her Mona from the restless foe!"

ABER.

We reach the neat and admired village of Aber, one of the temporary residences of our princes, nearly equidistant from two others, Aberffraw in Mona, and Maes Mynan in Flintshire. Leland, in speaking of this place says, "In the wood in the parish of Aber, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth had a house on a hill, part of which now standeth." It is a most delightful spot: having on the right the wide opening of the Irish channel, before it Beaumaris and its wooded environs, and to the left the turrets of Penrhyn.

The pleasantness of its situation, and the salubrity of the air, renders this place very attractive during the summer season; the beach at high water is exceedingly pleasing. The church is an ancient structure, with a square tower. The living is in the gift of Sir Richard Bulkeley,

Bart., M.P. The Bulkeley Arms is an excellent inn, where the worthy hostess Mrs. Lewis, is always happy to see her friends, and certainly endeavours to make them as happy and as comfortable, as if they were at their own firesides.

Close to the village is a very large artificial mount, flat at the top and nearly sixty feet in diameter.

From this mount, Prince Llywelyn used to address his followers during his wars with Edward the First. He summoned his chieftains here in 1280, to meet the crafty Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was sent by the King of England, to negociate between them. The terms of the latter were so evasive, unreasonable, and contrary to the laws of nations, that they could not be acceded to. Llywelyn sent the prelate back with the following manly, but generous reply :—"That as the guardian of his people's safety, his conscience alone should direct his submission ! Nor would he consent to any compliance which might derogate from the dignity of his station." When this answer was made known to the English monarch, he indignantly declared "that no terms should be offered in future, but the entire unconditional submission of Llywelyn and his people!" All negociations were now at an end : the archbishop no longer treading the paths of benevolence in preserving the rights of this injured people, pronounced them accursed, and thundered against them the whole force of ecclesiastical denunciation.

Fired at Edward's behaviour, and the apostacy of the Bishop, Llywelyn invoked his followers to join him to defend their country and their liberties to the last moment of their lives, rather than submit, and yield obedience to a merciless ravager. The following verse of the Bard of Snowdon to his countrymen, strongly represents the conduct of Llywelyn on that occasion.

"Sons of Snowdon, yours the meed—
Like Britons live, like Britons bleed ;
Your country, parents, children save,
Or fill one great and glorious grave!"

Dr. Powell says in his History of Wales, that "Llywelyn had substantial reasons for war; that he gave the archbishop above a dozen articles of complaint, most of them very weighty, and that Edward refused to enter into any amicable discussion."—A short distance from here, is the village of

Llandegai.

The church, now inclosed in the park, is a neat cruciform structure, with a tower rising from the central angles, and pleasantly situated upon an eminence above the river Ogwen. Within the church is a marble monument to Archbishop Williams, lord keeper of the great seal in the reign of James the First; also an elegant one by Westmacott, to the memory of Lord and Lady Penrhyn, which is particularly elegant.—Close to the church, and near the great Chester and Holyhead road, stands

Penrhyn Castle,

A truly magnificent castellated mansion, the property and residence of the Hon. Col. Douglas Pennant, the member for the county, who succeeded to this princely property in right of his lady, daughter of the late G. D. Pennant, Esq. It was the residence of Roderi Molwynog, Prince of Wales, in 720, and of several succeeding princes, till 1230, when Llywelyn dignified Iarddur ab Trahaiarn, with the office of Great Forester of Snowdon, and at the same time, with the liberality of a prince, bestowed upon him the whole hundred of Llechwedd Uchav.

The family claim their descent from the princes of Wales, and a bard of 1460, speaking of the then residents, adds

"Un llin a'i frenin fu 'r ach."

His descent is the same as that of his sovereign.

Sir William Gruffudd, of Penrhyn, contemporary with Henry the Eighth, attended that prince to the siege of Bologne, in France; and possessing a very large property, lived in a style of magnificent hospitality. It was no wonder, therefore, that the pre-eminent splendour of this house was the favourite theme of the Cambrian muse:—

"Abode of native chiefs, of bards the theme,
Here princely Penrhyn soars above the stream,
And phœnix-like, in rising splendour drest,
Shews on its wide domain a regal crest:
Here Cambria opes her tome of other days,
And, with maternal pride, the page displays—
Dwells on the glorious list, and loves to trace
From Britain's genuine kings—her noblest race."

Llwyd.

The present magnificent house was commenced by Lord Penrhyn, and finished by his late successor, G. H. Dawkins Pennant, Esq., who was for years engaged in rebuilding the whole on an extensive scale, and in a magnificent style; so as to render it one of the most complete castellated mansions in the kingdom. It is built of Mona marble, in the ancient style of architecture, and displays a magnificent range of buildings, crowned with lofty towers, of which five are circular. The keep and another of the principal towers are square, with angular turrets. The internal decorations are extremely elegant, and correspond with the magnificence and grandeur of the exterior. The outbuildings are also on an extensive scale, particularly the stables, which may vie with any in the kingdom.

Here is still preserved an elegant, and perhaps the only specimen of the Hirlas, or ancient drinking horn:

"Fill with mead the Hirlas high,
Nor let a soul this day be dry;
The hall resounds—the triumph rings—
And ev'ry bard the conflict sings:
Ednyved's trophied shield displays
Themes of glory—themes of praise.
A lion, in the tented field—
A lamb, when vanquish'd heroes yield:
Ednyved! bravest of the brave!
His name shall live beyond the grave!"

The situation is unrivalled, and commands a full view of the varied scenery of the neighbourhood. The park is surrounded with a splendid wall thirteen feet high, and seven miles round. There are several lodges and entrances to the park, all elegant in design and noble in their elevation. The principal one is that near the junction of the London and Chester roads, and may be considered a stately and beautiful specimen of the whole.

Penrhyn Port.

It is impossible to state the vast improvements that are constantly taking place in this port. Considerable additions have been made during the last year, under the good taste and careful management of Mr. Wyatt, the respected agent. It is constructed in the most commodious manner for the shipment of slates, which are brought here by railway from

the quarry, about six miles distant. The quay is upwards of 1,000 feet in length, and capable of accommodating more than 100 sail of traders, and there are generally a considerable number of vessels of from 40 to 300 tons burden, from various parts of the world, waiting to receive their cargoes. A neat stone bridge over the Cegid, connects the quay with the city of

BANGOR.

This Snowdonian city is situated in a warm valley, between two abrupt ridges, and has within these few years participated in the general spirit of improvement so evident throughout the principality, and which continues to adorn it. The trade of Bangor is considerably increased, and within the last twenty years the population has been quadrupled. The influx of strangers is very great, especially since the erection of the Menai Bridge, which has attracted numerous visitors to see this most remarkable monument of human ingenuity.

The inns, which are numerous, afford the very best accommodation: post chaises, cars, carriages, &c., are in frequent motion, and in great demand, by vast numbers of visitors who reside here during the greatest portion of the year. The Penrhyn Arms Hotel is the largest establishment: it makes upwards of a hundred beds a night. The next in importance are the Castle and Liverpool Arms, both of which are very comfortable inns. Bangor supports three banks, has its stated fairs, and weekly markets, which are well supplied with every commodity.

The Cathedral

Was founded about 525, by Daniel, son of Dinothus, Abbot of Bangor-is-Coed, in Flintshire, under the auspices of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, King of Wales, founder of Penmon, patron of Taliesin, and the most liberal prince of his time, though much abused by Gildas, who calls him "Insularum Draco;" because he resisted the innovations which Pope Gregory wished to introduce into the British church by means of Augustin, the monk.

The mother church suffered seriously at different periods, during the civil commotions. It was destroyed in 1071, but was soon afterwards rebuilt; and in 1212, when King John invaded the country, having passed Conway, he halted at

Aber, sent the Brabanters in his army to burn Bangor, which they effectually did; taking Robert of Shrewsbury, then bishop of that see, and carrying him prisoner to the English camp. He was afterwards ransomed for 200 hawks: a good riddance of rapacious birds! The prelate was however suffered to remain here, although totally incapable of performing his duty, on account of his ignorance of the language of the people.

In the year 1402, this edifice was again reduced to ruin, by the rage of Owen Glyndwr, who was infuriated by wrongs and sufferings, and it lay unrestored ninety years; when the choir was restored by Bishop Dean, or Deny. The body and the tower were built by Bishop Skeffington, in 1532; which remain to the present time.

Here was anciently a parish church, built in 975, by King Edgar, situate about 400 yards N.E. of the cathedral, and called Llanvair Edgar Vrenhin. Bishop Skeffington, in Henry the Seventh's time, took it down, and repaired the present church with the materials.

Here, likewise, near the sea shore, Tudur ab Gronwy, of Penmynydd and Tre'r Castell, in Anglesey, founded a house of Black Friars, and was interred there in 1311. In a Welsh monody on Tudur, are the following lines:—

"Aml uwch gwae oedd hynt Vangor
Ym di-dyr, deigr am Dudur!"

For Tudor, dead, the tears incessant flow,
And Bangor suffers in the general woe!

On the site of this friary, Dr. Jeffrey Glynn afterwards founded a free school, for the education of poor men's children, as his will expresses, dated July 8, 1557. This school has long enjoyed great reputation as a preparatory seminary to Oxford and Cambridge.

Considerable improvements have lately been made in the cathedral, by the instrumentality of the very Rev. Dean Cotton. Through the praiseworthy and indefatigable exertions of this gentleman, in different parts of the united kingdom upwards of £2,000 was collected, the whole of which sum was expended in repairing and beautifying the church under the dean's superintendence. The parishoners subscribed a handsome sum of money to present the dean with a piece of plate, with which sum the worthy dean pre-

ferred to purchase a splendid painted window to ornament the cathedral, which will be a lasting monument of his disinterested zeal and perseverance.

The beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the salubrity of the air, induce many families of respectability to fix their residence here; and some elegant villas are scattered around this charming spot in every direction. Several genteel houses have lately been erected at Garthpoint, from which are some of the most pleasing and magnificent views in this neighbourhood.

The environs of Bangor possess great diversity of walks, rides, and excursions; a stranger may spend several days here very pleasantly. The objects of curiosity and attraction are inexhaustible, being conveniently situated, as regards conveyance by land and water. Parties may make excursions to Menai Bridge, Penrhyn Castle, the Slate Quarries, Beaumaris, Puffin Island, Carnarvon, Plas Newydd, Snowdon, &c., all of which are but a short distance from the town. To save time and expense parties should take a car, and view a dozen places during the day.

Distances from Bangor:

Beaumaris, via Bridge ...	7	Bridge	3
Ditto, via Garthpoint....	4	Conway.....	14½
Carnarvon	9	Slate Quarries	6
Holyhead	24	Capel Curig	14½

There are daily coaches to and from most parts of the country, and passengers are conveyed by daily packets to and from Liverpool at a very cheap rate.

The Slate Quarries

At Nant Francon, are now the property of the Hon. Col. Douglas Pennant, of Penrhyn Castle, M.P. They were discovered as far back as the time of Queen Elizabeth, but were not rendered profitable until the late Lord Penrhyn, at the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Dawson, uncle to the Earl of Portarlington, took them in hand, by whom the quarries were opened at a great expense, and they are now worked with considerable spirit, by the present proprietor, under the management of Mr. Wyatt. From 1,800 to 2,000 men are constantly employed in the quarries: it is computed that upwards of 200 tons of slate are daily conveyed down to Port Penrhyn, on a railway six miles long,

which, with the port and quay, is said to have cost his lordship £170,000 to complete.

The visitors, if possible, on their arrival at the quarry, should obtain permission to accompany one of the overlookers of the works in his round; or employ a proper guide, who will point out all the extraordinary sights, and conduct the stranger to every portion of the quarry, explaining in a communicative manner all particulars. In one place the workmen are seen in hundreds suspended by ropes at a considerable height from above, against the precipitous side of the rock, busily employed in splitting down every projecting shelf of the blue slate. In another, persons are employed in boring and blasting the rock with powder, others are employed in removing the rubbish, and numbers occupied in splitting the detached masses, and cutting them into various sizes, denominated duchesses, countesses, ladies, &c.; which names were bestowed upon them in 1765, by General Warburton.

A few years ago the writer of these pages had the pleasure of being in the quarry at the same time as the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, and at the request of her grace he accompanied them through the different departments. On being informed that duchesses were manufactured there, her grace immediately expressed a wish to see the ceremony performed, which to her great surprise was no sooner said than done; and the workman presented her grace with a full size duchess. Her grace laughed heartily at the manner in which it was done, and in return gave the workman half a sovereign. The party retired much gratified with their visit.

The following verses, by the late Mr. Leicester, one of the judges on the North Wales Circuit, are much to the point, and are deservedly admired:

On Lord Penrhyn's Slate Quarry.

It has truly been said, as we all must deplore,
That Grenville and Pitt have made peers by the score;
But now 'tis asserted, unless I have blunder'd,
There's a man that makes Peeresses here by the hundred.
He regards neither Portland, nor Grenville, nor Pitt,
But creates them at once without patent or writ:
By the stroke of a hammer without the King's aid,
A Lady, or Countess, or Duchess is made!

Yet high is the station from which they are sent,
And all their great titles are got by descent;
And wheree'er they are seen in a palace or shop,
Their rank they preserve and are still at the top.
Yet, no merit they claim from their birth or connection,
But derive their chief worth from their native complexion;
And all the best judges, prefer it is said,
A Countess in blue, to a Duchess in red.
This Countess or Lady, though crowds may be present,
Submits to be dress'd by the hands of a peasant.
And you'll see when her Grace is but once in his clutches,
With how little respect he will handle a Duchess!
Close united they seem, and yet all who have tried 'em,
Soon discover how easy it is to divide 'em.
No spirit have they—they're as thin as a rat;
The Countess wants life, and the Duchess is flat.
No passion or warmth to the Countess is known,
And her Grace is as cold and as hard as a stone:
Yet I fear you will find, if you watch them a little,
That the Countess is frail, and the Duchess is brittle;
Too high for a trade, yet without any joke,
Tho' they never are bankrupts, they often are broke:
And tho' not a soul ever pilfers or cozens,
They are daily ship'd off and transported by dozens!
In France, jacobinical France, we have seen,
How nobles have bled by the fierce guillotine.
But what's the French engine of death to compare
To the engine which Grenfield and Bramah prepare?
That democrat engine by which we all know,
Ten thousand great Duchesses fall at a blow!
And long may his engine its wonders display,
Long level with ease all the rocks in its way,
Till the vale of Nant Francon of slates is bereft,
Nor a Lady, or Countess, or Duchess is left.

The process of slitting and cutting the slates to their various sizes, is performed with astonishing rapidity; and the blasting of the rock and the sound of the explosion rattles through the extensive levels with terrific grandeur. It is said that the profits of this quarry yields to its proprietor a clear income of £80,000 a year! The village of

BETHESDA

Is fast increasing in wealth and population. The late Lord

MENAI BRIDGE.

Penrhyn built and endowed the church of St. Ann for the accommodation of the workmen. There are also large and convenient chapels erected by the different dissenting denominations.—Within a mile of the quarries is

Ogwen Bank,

The beautiful cottage of the late Lady Penrhyn, and the occasional resort of Col. Pennant, when paying a morning visit to the quarries. This neat pavillion, says Llwyd, is the "Eden of the mountains, the plantations that screen it, and the flowers that adorn it, are surprising and exemplary proofs of the power of cultivation, however forbidding the face of nature. It is an acre of Tempe among the rocks of Norway!" The tourist should next return to Bangor and visit the

Grand Suspension Bridge.

This stupendous work is considered one of the grandest efforts of human ingenuity in the British empire. The first sight of the bridge may be caught at the distance of a mile and a half, or two miles; when viewed so far off no particular sensation is excited in the mind of the spectator; it merely appears a striking object, forming a pretty and pleasing contrast to the surrounding dark and rocky scenery; but on reaching the structure, whatever idea may have been previously formed of its size from reading the dimensions, or hearing it described, will all be found to fall short of the reality: all the faculties seem absorbed in wonder and astonishment at the stupendous magnitude of the erection. When looking up from the base of the piers that form the approach to the bridge, the beholder is struck with amazement at the ponderous masses: when on the suspended part, and looking down from the dizzy height, the same sensation is excited; every thing is gigantic, yet light and elegant. The bridge at Conway pleases, this surprises: that is large; but as every thing is great or small by comparison, this sinks the other into comparative insignificance. A ship of three hundred tons burden, with all her sails set, can pass under it and have several feet to spare. When the wind blows with any degree of strength, a slight undulating motion is very discernible to a person not on it; but no visible effect is produced by the passing of the heaviest carriages. To those who are acquainted with Chester, an idea of the

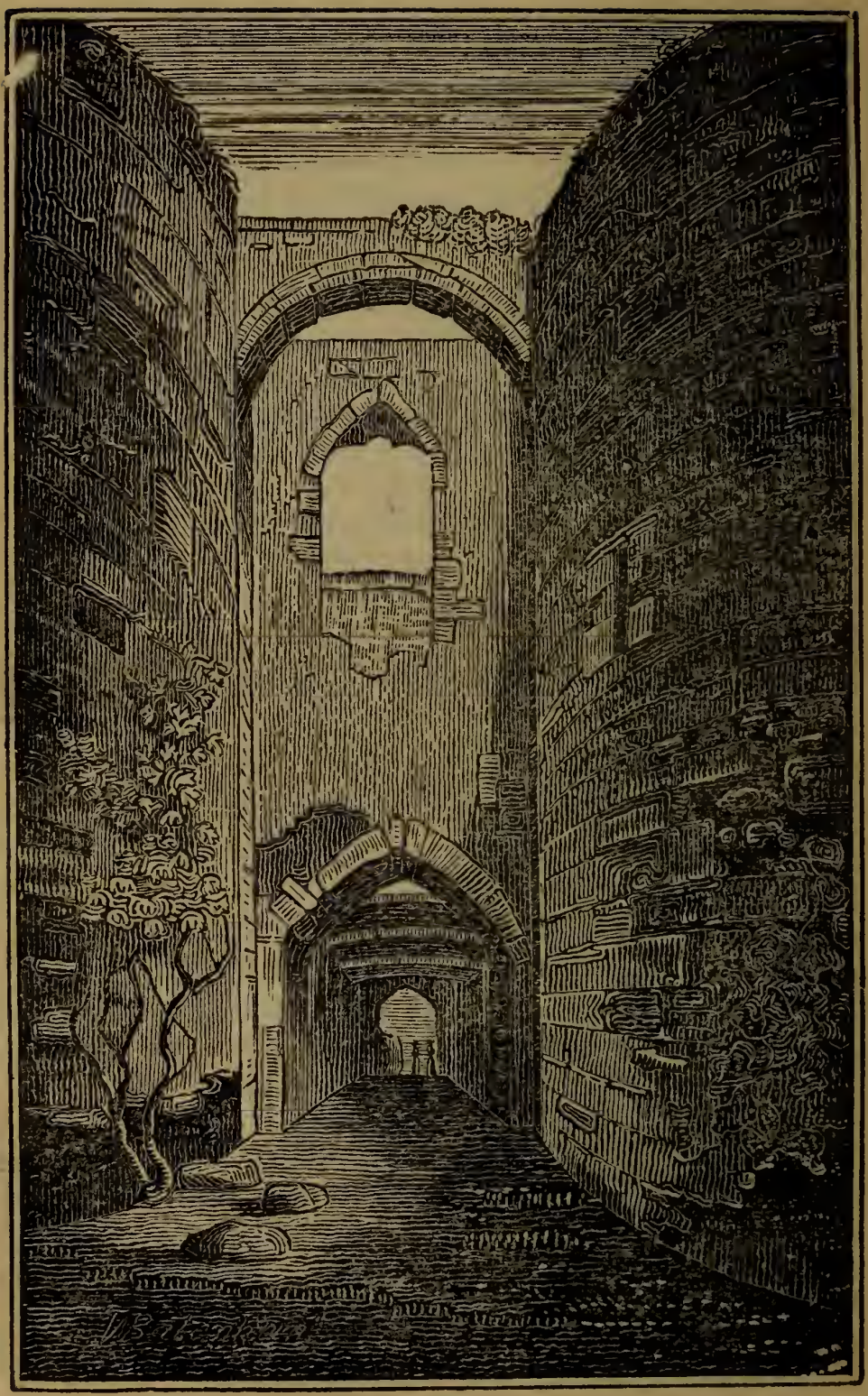
height of the suspending piers may be given, by informing them that they are three feet higher from the water than the shot tower on the banks of the canal; and a Londoner may form a conception of the same piers by a comparison with the monument, of which they are more than three quarters the height.

The first stone of this wonderful structure was laid the 10th of August, 1819, and it was opened for public use, January 30th, 1826. The first carriage that passed over was the royal Holyhead mail from London, and the first vessel that went under, after the navigation of the strait was re-opened, which had been closed for some time, was the St. David steamer, from Chester. When two chains only were thrown over, a shoemaker had the temerity to attain the centre of the curve, and composedly set himself down on the upper chain, with his feet resting on the lower one, and continued there for two hours, during which time he actually went through the process of making a pair of small shoes, which were afterwards purchased and kept for curiosity.

The dimensions of the bridge are as follow: extreme length of the chain, from the fastenings in the rocks, about 1715 feet; height of roadway from highwater line, 100 feet; each of the seven small piers, from highwater line, to the spring of the arches, 65 feet; span of each arch, 52½ feet; each of the suspending piers are 153 feet from high water, and 53 from the road. The road on the bridge consists of two carriage ways of 12 feet each, with a footpath of four feet in the centre; the length of the suspended path from the pier is 653 feet; the carriage road passes through two arches in the suspended piers, of the width of 9 feet by 15 in height, to the spring of the arches. The chains, 16 in number, consists of 5 bars each; length of the bar 10 feet, width 3 inches by 1 inch thick; with six connecting lengths at each joint, 1 foot 4 inches, by 8 inches, and 1 inch thick, secured by two bolts at each joint, each bolt weighing about 50 pounds. The total number of the bars in the cross section of the chain is 80; and the total weight of the iron work 4,373,281 pounds!—We now cross the bridge, and enter the

ISLAND OF ANGLESEA,

Well known as the last asylum of the ancient Druids, whose



INTERIOR OF BEAUMARIS CASTLE, ANGLESEA.

altars and monuments, or cromlechau, are scattered over the island.

From the suspension bridge to Beaumaris, the road is studded with mansions and marine villas: Cadnant, the seat of John Price, Esq.; Craig y don, the seat of T. P. Williams, Esq., M.P.; Glan Menai, the seat of H. Roberts, Esq. The road runs along the edge of rocks which are washed by the waves below, forming a beautiful terrace, &c., well clothed with wood, for about four miles, and commanding a fine view of the Menai Straits, and the whole range of the Snowdonian mountains; rendering it one of the most charming rides imaginable.

BEAUMARIS.

This delightful little town is considered the capital of the island. The castle, which is in tolerable state of preservation, is one of the great fortresses built by Edward the First to hold in awe his unwilling subjects on both sides of the Menai. It is included within the domains of Baron Hill, and is situated at the north extremity of the town. The ground about it is enclosed, and converted into an excellent bowling green and a ball court.

This castle is said to have been the scene of the massacre of the bards, by Edward the First, who did not consider himself secure in his newly acquired dominion so long as this influential order remained to raise the song and string the lyre to deeds of patriotic resistance. Sensible of the influence which this order of men had on the public mind, they were—

> "By Edward's cruel sword consign'd
> To slaughter all." *D. ddu Veddyg.*

> "On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
> Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
> Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,
> The famish'd eagle screams and passes by,
> Dear lost companions of my tuneful art." *Gray.*

The system seems to have been acted upon, though, perhaps, with less rigour, after the death of the Bardicide; for, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, Rhŷs Gôch, speaking of Gruffydd Llwyd, says—

" Y goreu Bardd a waharddwyd."
The best of Bards is interdicted.

Of late it has become fashionable to doubt this, among other historical facts: but what then is to become of the testimony of Sir John Wynn, and the strains of the sufferers?

" The Muses, too shall curse that jealous rage
Which doom'd to death, in Cambria's fatal day
Their sweetest sons!—For ever then were mute
High Hoel's harp, and soft Llywelyn's lay."
Mytton's Poetical Chronicles of England.

English historians have eulogized the character of Edward the First; but if we reflect impartially on his conduct towards Wales and Scotland, he can be viewed in no other light than a capricious tyrant; and it has been well observed by Buchanan, the Scottish historian, that the robbery of the Scotch chronicles, the Welsh records, and especially his destruction of the Welsh bards, proceeded from a frantic tyranny without example in the annals of human madness!

The following recent information, an additional proof of Edward's conduct to the Welsh bards, is taken from Kerdanet's " History of the Gauls and Armoricans," lately published and translated from the French, by D. Lewis.

" In 1284, Edward, King of England subjugated Wales; where his first care was to order a careful search to be made for all the bards, whom he put to death, because they excited the people to rebellion by reminding them of the deeds of their fathers."—*La Tour d'Auvergne.*

The next prominent object is the church, consisting of a chancel, a nave, and two aisles; with a large square embattled tower, having a ring of six bells, a clock, and an organ. There are several monuments in this church, both ancient and modern; but the most conspicuous is one executed by Westmacott, erected to the memory of the late Lord Bulkeley, who died in 1822; and another by Ternouth, to the memory of Charlotte Mary, first wife of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart., M.P., and daughter of Lord Dinorben.

Close to the castle gates are the old county-hall and other suitable offices where the assizes are held.

Within the ruins of the castle there is an area, 190

feet square, in which was held, in the month of August, 1832, a splendid Congress of Bards, or Eisteddfod, under the munificent patronage of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart. It was attended by most of the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring counties; and what gave peculiar *eclat* to the meeting, was the presence of her Most Gracious Majesty, then Princess Victoria, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, who had been residing in this neighbourhood during the summer months. Her Majesty invested with her own hands the successful candidates with elegant silver medals, having the royal arms and an inscription engraved upon them to commemorate the event.

The following persons were honoured by her Majesty's investiture:—The Rev. John Blackwell, Miss Angharad Llwyd, Mr. John Williams, of Oswestry, Rev. Wm. Williams, Carnarvon, Mr. Aneurin Owen Pugh, Mr. Edward Parry, Chester, Rev. D. Williams, Clynog, Mr. Robert Davies, the Bard of Nantglyn, Mr. Wm. Edwards, of Ysceifiog, Mr. Thos. Lloyd Jones, Holywell, Mr. Richard Roberts, Carnarvon, and the Rev. John Jones, Holyhead. This interesting event took place on the terrace in front of Baron Hill, amidst the reiterated cheers of several thousand spectators, who rended the air with their acclamations, and who also joined heartily in the following song by Mr. Parry:—

"Far, far from the pomp and the splendour of court,
To Cambria's sweet vallies the royal resort;
Oh! let us our love, and our gratitude shew,
To those who such honour on Walia bestow!
Ye bards and ye minstrels, your voices combine
To welcome a Princess of Tudor's famed line.
Gogoniant a moliant i'r Seren lwys gain.

A grand regatta in the bay followed the literary and musical contests, which afforded great amusement; and the evenings were agreeably spent in splendid concerts, balls, and singing pennillions with the harp.

The Green.

This healthy and much admired spot is a spacious piece of ground, which landward is inclosed by the Bulkeley Arms Hotel, Victoria Terrace, and the venerable old castle; in the front is the celebrated

Beaumaris Bay,*

Which at full tide presents a noble expanse of ocean, nearly surrounded by an extensive range of some of the loftiest mountains in the principality. On the extreme left is seen "Puffin Island," which, by a narrow sound, divides Anglesea from the sea; from thence the eye glances over a wide expanse of water down to the estuary of the Conwy, where the great giant Ormes Head, stretches far into the bosom of the sea; and Penmaen Bach, and Penmaen Mawr, raise their majestic heads almost perpendicularly from the water. To the right is seen "The cloud-capp'd towers" of Carnedds, Davydd and Llywelyn; immediately below is the village of Aber, and the majestic towers of Penrhyn Castle, embosomed in a splendid park, covered with wood of ancient date. On the extreme right are seen the Menai Straits with its richly wooded and cultivated shores, terminating with that wondrous specimen of human skill the Menai Bridge. At sunset the scene is more glorious still: the horizontal rays of the declining orb add greatly to the beauty of the scenery around. The huge mountains and rocks continually change their hue; now the shadow of a dark cloud sweeps swiftly along the brow of the hills, followed by a thin veil of mists; then the sun's bright rays again break forth in all their former brilliancy, and renders the view one of surpassing beauty! While we were enjoying these prospects, two large steam packets entered the bay, and drew forth a vast number of persons upon the Green, several passengers were landed here, and others went to Garth Ferry, about two miles towards the bridge, where a number of boats were in readiness to convey them to Garthpoint, for Bangor; while the remainder went on towards Menai Bridge, where there are two or three good inns and every accommodation.

These packets pass to and from Liverpool daily in about four or five hours, the distance being about sixty miles; the

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* "An elegant poetic description of this charming place was published some time since, by Mr. Llwyd, and enriched with copious historical notes and observations: a work now exceedingly scarce, and to be found only in the libraries of the curious." A third edition of this interesting work has been lately published, with considerable alterations, and a portrait.

fare varies from 3s. 6d. to 6s.; sometimes, when there has been a strong opposition, the charge has descended so low as 1s. per head! This is a very easy and quick mode of conveyance for persons, to whom time and expense is an object, to get a peep at this delightful country; for the railway will convey them from London to Liverpool in about ten hours, and in five hours more, they will be landed amid the mighty mountains of Cambria, at a comparatively small expense, and without much fatigue.

Robin Ddu, an eminent bard, who flourished from 1340 to 1370, foretold in prophetic verse the rapidity of travelling by means of steam power, he says,

"Codais, ymolchais y' Môn;—bu ryfedd!
Boreu-fwyd yn Y'nghaerlleon;
Ciniawes yn y Werddon,
Prydnawn—wrth dân mawn y'Môn."

In the morning in Anglesey I arose,
And straight for my journey prepared;
In Chester I first broke my fast;
At noon in green Erin I dined:
And evening beheld me in Mona
Enjoying my own turf fireside.

The hotels and inns here are exceedingly good; the Williams Bulkeley hotel is a magnificent establishment, equal to any in England. This hotel has lately been erected by the proprietor, Sir Richard B. W. Bulkeley, Bart. In a large room in this house there is a picture gallery, containing portraits of all the controllers of the Beaumaris Hunt. The Liverpool Arms Hotel, and Commercial Inn, are also houses where the best accommodation may be had. This place is surrounded with elegant mansions, and the neighbourhood is rich in antiquities.

The School.

At the lower end of the Rating Row, is the free-school, founded, and amply endowed in 1603, as well as the alms houses in 1613, by the beneficent David Hughes, Esq., A.M. He went early in life into England, and lived as the esteemed agent of Sir Robert Southwell, at Woodrising, in the county of Norfolk. His nephew dying in his life time, he adopted the children of his native isle, and those in years:—

"His heart embraced within this godlike plan,
At once the morn and evening hours of man."

Among other persons educated in this seminary were the following:—Mr. Lewis Roberts, author of the "Treasure of Traffic," published in 1635, and also the "Map of Commerce." He was the first writer in this line of literature in Britain.

The Rev. Goronwy Owen, A.M., the son of a peasant in the island, was acknowledged to be the fairest flower of British genius; but after being worn out with unavailing expectations of obtaining some small preferment in his native country, to the eternal disgrace of the then bishops of Wales, he was transplanted to wither in the ungenial climes of America.

Sir William Jones, of Castell-march, a gentleman of high rank in the law, whose memorial tablet is noticed in the chancel of the church.

Richard Llwyd, author of "Beaumaris Bay."

THE TOWN-HALL

Is an elegant building, erected on the site* of the old one. On the basement story is the lock-ups, for the sale of butchers meat, fish, &c.; above is a large room, and other apartments, for transacting municipal business; which are also occasionally used for balls and assemblies.

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* On the site of this building stood the old town-hall, built in 1563, under which were the stocks and red ducking-chair, and near it stood the pillory. It is a pleasing proof of improved morality, that the constant exhibition in terrorem of those instruments of civic justice is no longer necessary. William Phylip pointedly alludes to this chair, and to the garrulity of his female neighbours, in the following pennill, or epigram:—

"Chwi 'r gwragedd rhyfedd eu rhôch,—ysgeler
Ysgowliwch pan fynnoch,
E'ch bernir, a'ch bai arnoch,
Gyda'r gair i'r gadair gôch."

Ye vixen dames, your neighbours' pest,
Unless your tongues in future rest,
Know that (with all your faults) your fate
Is the red chair's degrading seat.

Baron Hill.

On a gentle eminence, in the front of an extensive wood, which shades it from the north, is Baron Hill, the seat of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Bart., M P., commanding a lawn that slopes down to the Menai, terminated only by the sublime ridge of Arvon, having on its breast two parishes; a prospect particularly interesting to the proprietor, and reminds one of the boast of Lucullus, the Roman senator, —"I love my Appenine villa; for much of what I see from its windows happens to be my own."

"We hie where Baron Hill attracts the Muse,
The sunny glades, the brow, and varied views—
Isles, towns, the rising hills, the spreading bay,
The Muse, delighted, owns the grand display;
Here Flora smiles, and flowers of every hue
Their glowing petals spread, and drink the dew,
Luxuriant rise beneath her fostering care,
And shed their fragrance on the ambient air;
Here warblers carol on the bending spray,
The Dryads gambol, and the Satyrs play
Through wilds of foliage, and the peaceful groves,
Haunts of the Muse, the leisure hour she loves;
For Art and Nature here their beauties blend,
And Taste and Bulkeley for the palm contend."

This place has been in possession of the Bulkeley family from the date of the second charter of the corporation of Beaumaris, granted in the reign of Elizabeth. The first house was built in the next reign: altered, improved, and the grounds laid out after the manner of those days; by the late viscount, who willed it with his estates on both sides the Menai, to the present proprietor, who during the last few years has greatly improved the grounds, and enlarged the mansion. Sir Richard is deservedly lauded for his efforts to improve the agriculture of his native county by the introduction of modern and scientific culture. The prospect from the terrace here baffles all description: nothing can exceed this view: it surpasses all others, and is justly the boast of the principality. The sublime scenery descried from the green below, is seen from here to far greater advantage; and the twilight view of the bay is more enchanting still, it is well described in the following englyn, by the Rev. Walter Davies:—

" Nos dywyll yn distewi,—caddug
Yn cuddio'r Eryri;
Yr haul yngwely'r heli,
Ar lloer yn arianu 'r lli!!"

Angticised thus :—

The mists of eve Snowdonia 'gan to shroud :
With silent step serene the night came on.
Then sunk the sun beneath the azure waves,
With molten silver deck'd by Luna's rays.

At a short distance, east of the house, in a sylvan recess, is the stone coffin of the Princess Joan, consort of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, Prince of Wales in 1195. On the dissolution of the adjacent monastery, it was placed to receive a watering brook, like that of Richard the Third, at Leicester, in which he had been interred, after the battle of Bosworth had been fatal to him. As the recess is, perhaps properly, locked, the lid should be placed in an erect position, that the elegant sculpture may be seen. When Mr. Llwyd, author of " Beaumaris Bay," discovered it in 1812, it had been lost for 290 years.—A short distance from Beaumaris, is

Henllys Lodge,

The property of Captain Hampton ; it contains a valuable collection of curiosities, which any respectable person is at liberty to inspect.

Red Hill : yr Allt Goch.

To those who love the shade in the blaze of noon, the foot way to the Red Hill will be found a complete Ruralia : the centre of the Westphalian forest, where every object but foliage is excluded.

The Friary.

" Hard unto Beaumarish (says Camden) lieth Llanvaes, a famous religious house, in times past, of the Friars Minors, unto whom the kings of England shewed themselves very bountiful patrons, as well in regard of the friars' holiness, who there conversed, as also because (that I may speak out of the public records of the kingdom) were buried a daughter of King John, a son of the King of the Danes, the bodies

also of the Lord Clifford, and other knights and squires, who, in the time of the noble and renowned kings of England, were slain in the wars against the Welsh."

The monastery, erected by Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, over the grave of his Princess Joan, "whose pleasure it was," as Caradoc expresses it, to be here buried, was consecrated in 1240, by Howel, Bishop of Bangor; and in a few years afterwards, it was burnt in the insurrection of Madoc, a relation of the last Welsh Prince. But Edward the Second, pitying the sufferings of the brotherhood resident here, remitted the taxes due to him. The friars of this monastery, during the war of Owen Glyndwr, having shewn a disposition favourable to that chief, Henry the Fourth plundered the place, slew some of the brothers, and imprisoned the remainder; but afterwards liberated them, and made restitution. Henry the Fifth, to prevent defection in future, altered the establishment, reducing the number of the native friars to two, the other six to the English. At the dissolution Henry the Eighth sold the monastery, together with the rectory of Llanvaes, and other appendages, to one of his courtiers. A family of the name of Whyte afterwards possessed and resided in it; after the extinction of which it was purchased by Lord Bulkeley's trustees during his minority, when it was enlarged and modernized, and the grounds much improved. It was the seat of the late lamented Sir Robert Williams, Bart., M.P., and is still that of a portion of his family. And although the primitive design of the place is changed, its charities, the atoning feature of the monastic institution, happily survive.

Penmon.

A ride of between three and four miles along the seashore will occupy a morning agreeably. The Priory of Penmon, as all religious houses generally were, is in a fertile and interesting glen, on the eastern point of Anglesey. It is interesting in its association of ancient and modern times; for the present parish church, the mansion house of Penmon, and the ruinous refectory of the Priory, form three sides of a square court, open to the east, sheltered from the north by the undulations of a deer park; bounded on the east by a rabbit warren; and in front is the bay, a most capacious fish pond. We again direct our route towards Beaumaris.

ANGLESEA

Is not included in the general route which we set out with. Strangers who visit the principality generally resort there to witness its romantic scenery, rather than its antiquities, curiosities, &c. The county of Anglesea does not pretend to possess the former, but it is rich indeed in Druidical remains and antiquated lore :—

" Here, Cambria opes her tome of other days,
And with maternal pride, the page displays :
Dwells on the glorious list, and loves to trace
From Britain's genuine kings,—her noblest race.
The landscape's various charms the Muse explores,
The Druid* haunts, and Mona's hallow'd shores."

Anglesea was formerly called " Môn, mam Gymru," Môn, the mother or the nurse of Wales. Some attribute this appellation to its being a very fruitful place, and that in time of scarcity, it supplied the principality with corn, cattle, and other necessaries: others seem to think that this epithet seems more applicable to the district, as having been the chief residence of the Druids, whom the primitive unconquered Britons considered the parents of science, and the guardians of society.

The inhabitants of Anglesea, are considered, a generous and hardy race, strong and active, and generally long lived ; eighty and ninety being a period at which they frequently arrive.

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* The small capital words in the following englyn form the legend on the Druidical medal:—

" Nis gwyr namyn Duw, a dewinion byd
A diwyd Derwyddon ;
O aerdorf, aurdorchogion
Ein rhif yn Rhiwarth afon."

God only, the wise ones of the world,
And the indefatigable Druids,
Knew the number of our golden-chain'd warriors,
At the river side of Rhiwarth.

So sung Cynddelw, the Powysian Bard, the British Homer, in 1160, when celebrating a series of conflicts, and addressing himself to one of his patrons, Madoc ab Meredydd Prince of Powis.

A celebrated bard of the thirteenth century has handed down their hospitality in the following memorable couplets, which is indicative of their cooking apparatus being frequently in use :

" Gorddu yw brig y Werddon,
Gan vwg cigina o Vôn!"

Mona's fat kitchen smokes for many a mile,
Curls o'er the deep to tinge the Emerald Isle.

To which the worthy translator, the venerable Archdeacon Newcome, of Ruthin, added—

" Indignant Erin spurns the strangers' soot,
And sends it back in clouds of Lundyfoot!"

For the information of tourists desirous of inspecting the antiquities of the island, we append a route to the most attractive places, with a concise description of the principal objects. Leaving Beaumaris

" We now ascend the sylvan summits gay,
That tower above the town—the valley—bay;
Where now, unheeded, lies the heap of stones,
The altar's ruin, and the mouldering bones."

After passing the grounds of Baron Hill Park, the stranger's notice will be arrested by the marked improvement in the culture of the neighbourhood, extending for miles along the road. The country is indebted for its present aspect to the exertions of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart., whose example and influence has led to the introduction of many improvements in the island, especially in the various departments of husbandry. The next place we come to, is an ancient mansion called

PLAS GWYN,

The seat of Lord Vivian. This place was formerly noted for being the asylum of a large collection of ancient British MSS., which the late Mr. Panton, with the assistance of the Rev. Evan Evans, Ieuan Brydydd, collected together at a great expense. To Mr. Panton's fine taste this country is, and posterity will be indebted, for the preservation of the late Rev. and ingenious Evan Evans's fine collection of British antiquity; and for his humanity, in rescuing this wayward child of genius, in the evening of his days, from penury and wretchedness.

PENTRAETH,

A village pleasantly situated about a mile from the former place. The church has a highly picturesque appearance, which induced Mr. Grose to honour it with an engraving. The Panton Arms is a good country inn.—Two miles from this place is

Plas Pen Mynydd,

The ancient residence of the ancestors of the royal family of Tudor. The celebrated Owen Tudor was born here, in 1385, and after a scholastic education he went to London, to study the law; but not liking his profession he travelled abroad. After visiting several countries he returned to the metropolis, and got admission to the English court. Soon after the death of Henry the Fifth, his widow, Catherine of France, was enamoured with Owen, and the Dowager Queen became a subject's wife. His introduction was rather singular: being an active gentleman, very comely in person, and courtly in his behaviour, he was once commanded to dance before the Queen; but in footing it, down he slipped, and unable to recover himself, he fell into her lap, as she sate on a stool, with the maids of honour around her, admiring his agility. "Who," as honest Hall informs us, "beyng young and lustye, followyng more her owne appetyte than frendely consaill, and regardyng more her private affection then her open honour, toke to husband privily (in 1428) a goodly gentylman, and a beautiful person, garniged with many godly gyftes both of nature and of grace, called Owen Teuther, a man brought furth and come of the noble lignage and auncient lyne of Cadwalader, the laste kynge of the Britonnes." They lived together till her death in 1437, after, she had brought him three sons and one daughter; one of whom was Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards, Henry the Seventh, King of England.

"If Britain saw her regal fire,
In brave Llywelyn's breast expire,
Her pride to dust return,
A day, though distant, cheers my view,
A spark in Mona's hearth renew—
A brighter blaze shall burn."

Translation by Llwyd.

This match, important in its consequences, restored the British race of princes to this kingdom.—Not far from Pentraeth, and close to the seashore, is

TRE 'R CASTELL,

An ancient castellated mansion, formerly the residence of Marchudd, founder of one of the royal tribes of Wales. Here

"In days when outrage occupied the hour,
When law and justice bent the knee to power,
When the chieftain's safety was the moated wall,
The hero's helmet, and the crowded hall——"

lived in a style of magnificent hospitality, Sir Tudur ap Goronwy. Of this distinguished character the following anecdote is recorded in the Welsh history:—

The King, Edward the First, hearing that Sir Tudur had assumed the honour of knighthood without his permission, called him to account for so extraordinary a procedure; Sir Tudur replied, that by the laws of the Round Table he had a right to do so, having the three requisites: first, he was a gentleman; secondly, he had an ample fortune; and, thirdly, as to his prowess, he was ready to fight any man, be he whom he would, that was hardy enough to dispute it. The king, admiring the dignity of his manner, confirmed to Sir Tudur the honour he had so justly assumed, and so well deserved.

Sir Tudur was one of the great proprietors who, holding their estates in *capite*, did homage to Edward, Prince of Wales, at Chester, the 29th of Edward the First. His three sons were, in their time, styled the three Temporal Lords of Anglesey, viz: Ednyfed of Tre 'r Castell, Gronwy of Pen Mynydd, and Rhys of Arddreiniog The three Spiritual being the Archdeacon of Anglesey, the President of Holyhead, and the Prior of Penmon.

On this domain is supposed to have been fought, in 818, the "sore battle of Llanfaes," between Egbert, King of the west Saxons, and Merfyn Frych, King of Wales.

The Welsh were particularly fond of metheglin, mead, a beverage in those days admired in the palace of royalty. Queen Elizabeth, descended from this house, and not fancying that the article could be made so well elsewhere, had a

large supply annually imported from this place for her own use.—A short distance from Tre 'r Castell, is

Castell Aber Lleiniog,

Where there are still vestiges of a small ancient fort, at the back of a neat farm-house, near the sea beach. This fortress was founded by Hugh Lupus, the fat Earl of Chester, and Hugh the red-headed Earl of Shrewsbury, when they leagued together against the Welsh, attacked Anglesey, and committed more savage barbarities on the poor natives than ever stained the annals of any country. These outrages, however, were afterwards fully retaliated: our annals state that Magnus, King of Norway, attempting to land, was opposed by the earls; the Earl of Shrewsbury, was, however, shot in the eye, as he stood armed, cap-a-pie, on the shore, by an expert bowman; Magnus, at the same time, tauntingly crying out, "*Leit Loup !*" let him dance, when the earl was in the agonies of death. Hugh Lupus, upon the fall of his colleague, quitted the isle, built a castle at Bangor, ravaged the promontory of Llëyn, so that it was desolate for seven years, returned to Chester, and then died.

LLANGEFNI.

Beaumaris.....	12	Llanerchymedd	7
Menai Bridge	7	Mona Inn	3

This town is considered the centre of Anglesey, and is celebrated for its large markets and fairs, where considerable business is transacted in buying cattle for the English market. It is one of the contributory boroughs. The Bull Inn is a comfortable house. In this parish is Trygarnedd, now only a farm house, but once the residence of a most valiant and distinguished chieftain, Ednyfed Vychan, the able minister and councillor of Llywelyn the Great, in the thirteenth century. It was also the birth place of Sir Gruffydd Llwyd, who first brought the intelligence to Edward the First, then at Rhuddlan, of his Queen having been delivered of a son at Carnarvon Castle. On this occasion he received the honour of knighthood, and subsequently did homage to the young prince, at Chester. But the yoke of submission, did not sit easy; he felt indignant at an offence offered him, and a deep resentment at the wrongs and oppressions of his duped and suffering countrymen. He meditated a revolt, and for that purpose he formed a plan for liberating his country

from the slavery to which, by his signature, he unintentionally had contributed, and was determined to put his plans into execution. In the year 1322, he took up arms, and aided by the diversions occasioned by two other insurrections, under Madoc and Owen Glyndwr, for some time overrun the country, with resistless impetuosity; but suffering a defeat, by the English army, he retreated into Anglesey, to his house at Tre 'r Garnedd, which he had strongly fortified, with a fosse and ramparts. Here, however, after a desperate struggle he was taken prisoner and executed. —About three miles from Llangefni, on the Llanerchymedd road, is

TREGAIAN,*

The ancient residence of Admiral Lloyd, a brave old veteran and worthy companion of Nelson. This place is also noticed as the birth place and residence of William ap Howell ap Iorwerth, called "the Welsh patriarch," who lived to the advanced age of one hundred and five. This person was no less remarkable for his numerous issue, than for his longevity. He had successively three wives; the first of which brought him twenty-two children; the second ten, and the third four; and two concubines, bore him seven; making in the whole forty three. From this stock descended, during the lifetime of the sire, no less than three hundred people, eighty of whom lived in this neighbourhood. What is further a singular fact, in the year 1581, when his youngest son was only two years old, his eldest was eighty-four! So that from the first to the last child an interval elapsed of eighty-two years! Between Tregaian and Llanerchymedd, is Maen Rhos Rhyfel, where a most decisive battle was fought by Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and an invading army, composed of Erse, Manks, and Normans. An event which though not mentioned by Warrington in his detail of the Welsh affairs, during the reign of this magnanimous prince, who was justly entitled to the distinguished appellation of his ancestor "insularum draco," redounded

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* Sion Brwynog, about 1550, concluded his monody on Sion Rhydderch ab Rhys of Tregaian, with the following exquisite lines:—

"Dalied Sion, da olud sydd,
Dregaian yn dragywydd."

more to the glory of Cambrian prowess than anything which had occurred for two preceding centuries.

In repulsing the various attempts made by Henry the Second, he acquired considerable glory, and in none more so than on this occasion; for here both the naval and military powers of the principality were engaged. To this transaction the poet Gray alludes in the following fragment:—

"Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem:
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart;
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came.
* * * *
Dauntless on his native sands,
The dragon son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory dressed,
High he rears his ruby crest."

The coast between Traeth Côch produces several kinds of excellent marble, equal to what is brought from foreign countries. These marbles are manufactured into sepulchral monuments, and various ornaments for architectural decoration. Though out of these marble rocks no urn has yet been formed to perpetuate the memory of one—

"Who in the playful days of youth,
Oft careless strayed amidst these wilds;"

Yet the lover of intellect, and the admirer of genius, will be induced to visit

LLANFAIR MATHAFARN EITHAF,

To venerate the place, which gave birth, to as brilliant a star as for centuries appeared in the Cambrian hemisphere,

GORONWY OWEN.

This neglected man was probably not inferior in talents to any that Wales ever produced. He was the son of a humble peasant, who unacquainted with the value of learning, was totally unmindful of bestowing any education on his children. Goronwy, however, was endowed with a mind,

that would be informed; a spirit of enquiry no power could resist; and an ardour for research which defied all obstacles to extinguish it. He went to school at first by stealth, through the indulgence of his mother, where, at an early period he exhibited such uncommon abilities, and evinced so close an application to books, that at the age of fifteen he became a prodigy. By the munificence of our great antiquary, Lewis Morris, Esq., he was sent to Oxford, and received an university education; he was graduated and received holy orders, and after remaining in this country for a great number of years, for the paltry pittance of £40 a year, to support his family, he was, to the great disgrace of the then bishops of Wales, after been worn out with expectation of obtaining some small preferment in his native soil, as Mr. Morris emphatically says, "this fairest flower of British genius was transplanted to wither in the ungenial soil of America!"—The next place we come to, is

LLANERCHYMEDD.

Beaumaris.....	17	Amlwch	6
Holyhead	16	London	263

This is a considerable town, and was formerly noted as having the largest and most numerously attended markets in Anglesey, but within a few years past it has considerably diminished, owing to the opening of one at Llangefni, which being more central, affords greater convenience for commercial transactions with the several parts of the island. This place enjoys no manufacturing trade, except for that high dried toast, Welsh Lundyfoot, alias Llwch Mân Llanerchymedd, which is now so generally snuffed by connoisseurs throughout the three kingdoms, and considered by many superior to Lundy's Own, which it bids fair to supersede.

To give an idea of the simpleness and manners of the country people in this district, we insert the following colloquy, related by Mr. Pugh in his "Cambria Depicta," when sketching some of our beautiful scenery. "Passing Llanallgo, near Dulas, I met an aged woman whom I addressed in Welsh, and inquired if I was on the road to Amlwch. She said I was on the right way to that place. Eying my portfolio under my arm, she asked why I carried such a large book; I replied for my amusement on the road.—'Did you bring it a long way, Sir?'—'From London!'

'From London!' said the old woman, catching hold of my arm, 'From London Sir! God bless you Sir! do you know John Thomas; was he well? O call at his mother's house which is on the way, and how happy will she be to hear from him.'—Owing to the rapidity with which she spoke this, I found it impossible to say, I did not know John Thomas, and she proceeded, and said, that John Thomas was a most clever young man, whose merits and indefatigable industry in his master's service, were justly appreciated by him."

AMLWCH.

Beaumaris.....	16	Llanerchymedd . .	6
Holyhead	20	Menai Bridge	18

This is a market town on the coast, chiefly supported by the copper mines with which the district abounds. It possesses a spacious harbour cut out of the solid slate rock, capable of admitting thirty vessels of 200 tons burden. In conjunction with Beaumaris, Holyhead, and Llangefni, it returns one member to parliament. The church, an elegant building, was erected by the Parys Mine Company, at an expense of £4,000. There are numerous other places of worship belonging to dissenters. Visitors will find excellent accommodation at Tŷ Mawr: an inn of first-rate character, where cars and every requsite for the tourist are provided.—Close to Amlwch is situated the celebrated copper mines, in Parys mountain.

PARYS MINES.

In the Parys mountain are two mines; one of them, that on the eastern side, is called the Mona mine, the entire property of the Marquis of Anglesey. The Parys mine is the joint property of the Marquis of Anglesey and Lord Dinorben. The stranger, in order to see these mines to advantage should furnish himself with a guide, and follow the steps of Mr. Bingley, from whose description we extract the following:—"Having ascended to the top, I found myself standing on the verge of a tremendous chasm. I stept on one of the stages suspended near the edge of the steep, and the prospect was dreadful. The number of caverns at different heights along the sides; the broken and irregular masses of rock which every where presented

themselves; the multitude of men at work in different parts, apparently in the most perilous situations; the motion of the whimsies, the raising and lowering of the buckets, to draw out the ore and rubbish; the noise of picking the ore from the rock, and of hammering the wadding, when it was about to be blasted; with at intervals the roar of the blasts in distant parts of the mine, altogether excited the most sublime ideas, intermixed, however, with sensations of terror. I left this situation, and followed the road that leads into the interior of the mine. The shagged arches, and overhanging rocks, which seemed to threaten annihilation to any one daring enough to approach them, fixed me almost motionless to the spot. The roof of the work having in many places fallen in, have left some of the rudest scenes that imagination can paint; these with the sulphurous fumes from the kilns in which the ore is roasted, gave to me a perfect counterpart to Virgil's entrance into Tartarus." The mines are let out in portions to different companies, by whom the works are now carrying on. There are also alum works and a green vitriol manufactory in the neighbourhood of these mines.

BODEDEYRN.

This village, one of the most extensive in Mona, is pleasantly situated on the old Holyhead road. The spinning of woollen yarn is carried on here. The church, dedicated to St. Edeyrn, is a small ancient structure, displaying some good architectural details. A national school was erected here in 1822, which affords instruction to about seventy children. Tre Iorwerth, the residence of Mr. Wynne Jones, is in this parish; a good family mansion, beautifully situated in the midst of thriving plantations. On the demesne of Presaddved, are the remains of one or more cromlechau, situated about a mile from the church eastward.

Between Bodedeyrn and Holyhead we cross an arm of the sea, called the Stanley Sands, by means of an embankment, 1300 yards in length, and on average, 16 feet in height, near the centre of which is a bridge, through which, owing to the confinement of so large a body of water, the tide rushes with inconceivable velocity and terrific noise.

"Here Ocean rushing from her wide domains,
With distant roar salutes the sandy plains
Now slow, serene, the placid currents creep,
Then backward roll terrific to the deep."

At the end of the embankment on the right we pass the entrance gate to

PENRHOS PARK,

The seat of Wm. Owen Stanley, Esq., the member for the county, and immediately after we reach the seaport town of

HOLYHEAD.

Amlwch	20	Chester	86
Bangor	24	Dublin	60
Beaumaris	27	London by Chester	297

This place, which is of great antiquity, is situated on the western extremity of Anglesey, and is said to have been the residence of a British saint named Gybi, son of Solomon, Duke of Cornwall. The extensive intercourse which is carried on between England and Ireland, and for which Holyhead is the principal station of the mail packets, has caused great improvements in the town. The pier is 360 yards in length, connected with the main land by a handsome iron swing bridge. Beyond the bridge are the various government offices, and further on is the

GRAND TRIUMPHAL ARCH,

Erected to commemorate the arrival of George the Fourth, on the 7th of August 1821. The arch is a chaste and elegant structure in the Doric style, formed of Mona marble. It consists of a central carriage way, separated on each side by two handsome pillars, from a footway enclosed exteriorly by a wall ornamented at the extremities by antæ of corresponding character. The gate is twenty feet high, surrounded by a boldly projecting cornice, surmounted by diminishing tiers of masonry, forming a platform. Over the carriage way, on each side, are empanneled inscriptions, in Welsh and Latin, commemorative of the event.

The light-house at the end of the pier is entirely constructed of stone, the door cases and window frames excepted. It consists of three stories, the ceilings of which are groined. Its base is six feet above high water mark, and is protected by a strong glacis. The lantern, which is ten feet high, is lighted by twenty oil gas burners, having reflectors plated with silver; it is fifty feet above the sea level, and displays a strong white light. The expense of constructing these works, including the graving dock, amounted

to £142,000. The church, dedicated to St. Gybi is a spacious cruciform structure, in the decorated gothic style, embattled. Inside the porch, and outside the transept, are some curious grotesque figures. On the pediment of the north transept is this inscription: "*Sancte Kubi ora pro nobis!*" There are several places of worship for the dissenting inhabitants. There is also an endowed school, and a national school for the gratuitous education of children. Near the seaside is the chapel of St. Ffraid. The Popish legends say that this saint, a virgin of great sanctity, sailed from Ireland to this place, upon a sod of green turf, which on her landing became a firm hillock, and thereon was built her chapel. One of the old bards alludes to the circumstance in the following beautifully alliterative couplet:—

"Da y novaist hyd yn Nyvi
Dull Duw, ar dy vantell di!"

Swift o'er the sea the floating island fled,
While glorious rays illumed her Holy head.

The promontory called the Head, presents a singular aspect. The continual action of the waves have worn in the immense perpendicular precipices, caverns of magnificent and romantic appearance.

The South Stack light-house is well worthy of a visit; access to it being rendered easy by a chain suspension bridge, instead of the inconvenient and unsafe cradle on ropes, by which it was formerly reached. The total elevation of the light is 212 feet above high water mark.

There are no manufacturies carried on at Holyhead: the trade consists chiefly in the building of coasting vessels, the repairing of the post-office packets belonging to the several ports of England and Wales, and the making of ropes and cables. The market is held on Saturday. The North and South Wales bank has a branch here.

Some fine veins of Mona marble, called "verde antique" have been discovered in this parish, and worked to some extent.

It is fully expected that Holyhead, being the most eligible port for Ireland, will be selected for the terminus of the Grand Imperial Railway through Chester to London; the reports of several commissioners appointed by government, being decidedly in favour of this route.

The principal inn at Holyhead, is the Eagle and Child hotel: an establishment of the first order.

ABERFFRAW.

Carnarvon Ferry ...	3	Newborough	7
Mona Inn	8		

Aberffraw, once a princely dwelling, is situated on the river Ffraw, near a small bay. Excepting the walls of a barn, and Gardd y Llŷs, at the west end of the town, not a vestige remains to mark the spot where once stood the residences of the sovereigns of North Wales. Being one of the three courts of justice for the principality, here was always kept one of the three copies of the ancient codes of law. The place is certainly of great antiquity, being one of the three fixed upon by Roderic the Great, about the year 870, for the residence of his successors. In 920 it was ravaged by the Irish. The church is dedicated to St. Bruno. The wakes are celebrated on the 21st of August. Several Druidical and Roman remains have been found near the barn above mentioned. Some years ago, an amateur artist, on a visit at Bodorgan, painted a full length portrait of Prince Llywelyn, as a sign for a small inn in the village, kept by a widow of some celebrity, with the following lines under it:—

"Where dwelt of old brave Prince Llywelyn,
Betty Williams now is selling
Bread and cheese and good strong beer;
Prithee traveller enter here!"

The old inn has been taken down, and the present excellent one, called the Prince Llywelyn, erected instead, where tourists will meet with every accommodation.—Close to Aberffraw is

BODORGAN,

The seat of Owen Fuller Meyrick, Esq., who is the representative of a long line of ancestry. Sion Brwynog, alluding to Richard Meyrick, Esq., in 1550 says,

"Alarch o Lowarch, a'i lys,
Ap Bran, yn nhop yr ynys."

Of Llowarch's princely race—the pride,
Thy Mona's guardian, and her guide.

About four miles from hence, we come to the great Holyhead road, and approach

THE MONA INN;

A first-rate hotel, midway between Bangor and Holyhead, and the general rendezvous for tourists. In the fields belonging to the inn is a curious red rock, containing fine specimens of jasper, hard as the diamond, which polish beautifully. Opposite the inn is a small plantation, called "Noyes's Folly," which protects the house from the prevailing winds.—About nine miles from hence on the Holyhead road is the

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA'S COLUMN,

This column was erected in 1816 to commemorate the eminent military services of the Most Noble the Marquis of Anglesea, and especially those so eminently displayed by his lordship in the memorable battle of Waterloo; where, with his troops, when on the point of taking Bonaparte, he was shot in the thigh which was afterwards amputated. It is situated on the great Holyhead road, equidistant between the Menai Bridge and Plas Newydd, his lordship's mansion. The work was completed at the expense of £2,000, raised by voluntary subscription in the northern counties of the principality.

The column is of the Doric order, from a design of the late Thomas Harrison, Esq., of Chester. Its height from the base is 91 feet. It stands on the summit of a rocky eminence, called Craig-y-Ddinas, which is about 170 feet above the level of the sea, which makes the height of the column from the same level upwards of 260 feet, consequently commanding most enchanting views of the mansion and park of Plas Newydd, the Menai Bridge and straits, the entire range of the Snowdonian mountains and the island of Anglesey. The inscriptionon the column is as follows:—

The inhabitants of the counties
of Anglesey and Carnarvon
have erected this column
in grateful commemoration
of the distinguished military achievements
of their countryman,
Henry William, Marquis of Anglesea,
the leader of the British Cavalry in Spain

Throughout the arduous campaign of 1807;
and the second in command of the armies
confederated against France at
the memorable battle of Waterloo,
on the 18th of June, 1815.

Close to this column on the banks of the Menai, is

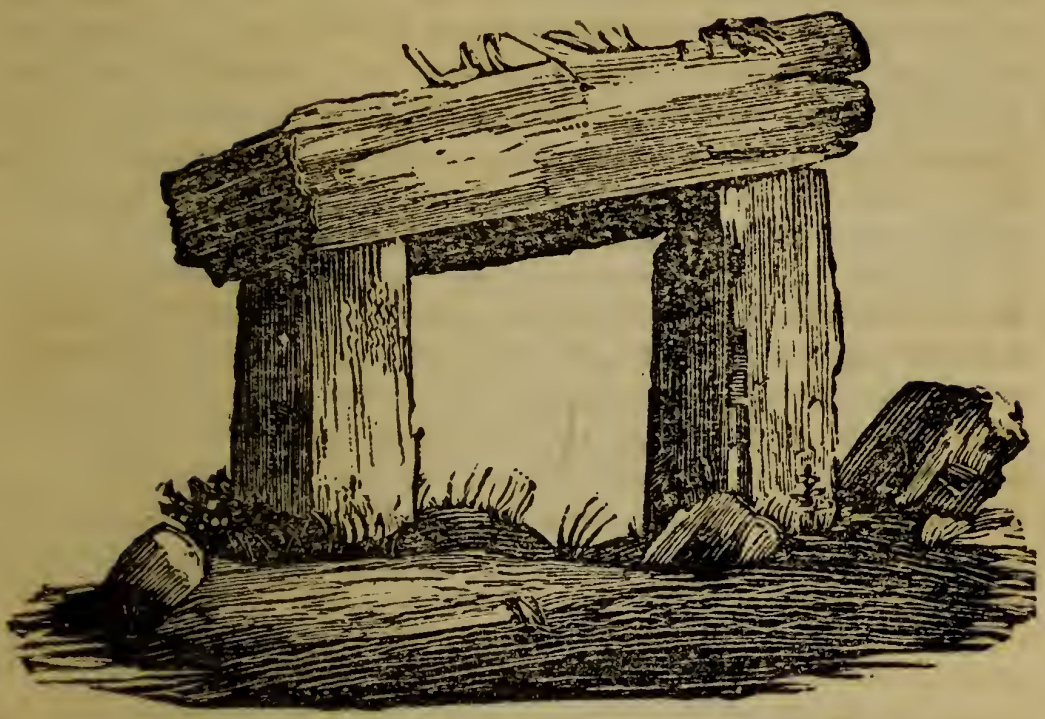
PLAS NEWYDD,

His lordship's elegant mansion, beautifully shaded with an extensive forest of wood, of unknown date, and commanding a fine prospect of the Snowdonian mountains. This mansion is an elegant modern structure, and exhibits a great display of judicious taste. The front is composed of a centre and two wings, the former nearly semi-lunar, and the latter octangular. At each angle of the sides and wings an octangular turret rises from the basement, above the embattled parapet several feet, terminating in a small spire surmounted by a vane. The entrance hall on the north side of the building is lofty, but from its gothic doors, niches, and other recesses with pointed arches, has been taken for a chapel. In front of the entrance is a colonade, enriched with tabernacle work, over which a passage forms a communication with the different apartments: the whole is lighted by a flat lanthern dome. This edifice is built of marble from the quarries of Moelfra, near Red Wharf bay; the plan of execution reflects great credit on the architect, Mr. Potter, of Lichfield.

Plas Newydd has been honoured by the presence of royalty on two occasions. In 1821, George the Fourth, when on his way to Ireland, visited this mansion, and was received with every demonstration of respect and attachment by the noble proprietor. Her present Majesty, when Princess Victoria, accompanied by her amiable mother, the Duchess of Kent, resided here during the summer of 1832. The many acts of charity and munificence conferred by them on the neighbouring inhabitants, have impressed the memory of their residence here indelibly on their minds.

"Mal cenedl, grym hawl cynes,—in tirion
Victoria Vrenhines,
Mae ynom o wraidd monwes
Galon yn wreichion o wres!"

CROMLECH.



A small distance from the house, are two cromlechs, standing contiguous to each other; one of which is said to be the most perfect monument of the kind existing in the kingdom. The principal of these consists of an inclined table stone, about thirteen feet long, above eleven broad, and four thick. This is supported six feet from the ground by six upright stones, four at the broadest end to the north east, and two at the south-west end; two others are fallen in the intermediate places, and still lie beneath; originally, therefore, it appears to have had eight supporters. The smaller cromlech barely separated from the larger, is nearly seven feet long, by five broad and three thick; resting upon four uprights, and a fifth fallen. These singular remains are overhung by branches of an immensely large ash tree; whose waving boughs, and spreading foliage, bending towards the east, forms an elegant canopy; another close by, leans the same way, and the group, including collateral shrubs, the house, the water, and the mountains visible through the back ground, form a most delightful picture.

Here the traveller is reminded that he enters on "classic," or rather on Celtico-sacred ground. This and the adjacent parishes, abound with the remains of the consecrated groves,

circles, altars and monumental stones, vestiges of the bardic system, and rude memorials of the religious faith, and superstitious rites, practised by our forefathers, in the most early period of our history. The parishes of Llanedwen, Llanddeiniol, and Llanidan, include a district, which the late Mr. Rowlands attempted to prove was the principal seat of druidical worship, and contained the residence of the arch and presiding druid.

Taking the measurement of the table stone of this cromlech, at twelve feet both ways, and four feet thick, and allowing one ounce and a half for each cubic inch, the whole weight of the incumbent stone will be upwards of seven tons. The power of the lever and inclined plane, perhaps were among the first things understood by mankind, and our British ancestors availed themselves in erecting their monumental and religious structures of the application of these powers.

LLANIDAN.

Carnarvon, across the Ferry.	3	Menai Bridge.....	6
Llanedwen	2	Plas Newydd	3

This is a small village near the shores of the Menai, not far from the spot where Suetonius Paulinus landed with his hosts, and massacred the inhabitants and refugees by thousands. The field is about 300 yards from the Menai; it consists of about twenty acres, and is still called Maes Mawr Gâd, or Field of the Great Army. After the death of Nero, the druids resumed their sway, which they held till the year 76, when Agricola landed, and perpetrated a similar tragedy in a field nearly a mile further north, which still retains the name of Pont yr Yscraffiau, or Bridge of Boats. In the church is a singular reliquary, formed of common grit stone, called Maen Morddwyd, or the Stone of the Thigh. It was possessed of such miraculous properties that however far removed from its chosen place of rest, even if chained to a much larger stone and cast into the sea, it was invariably at home by morning. To prevent any further compulsory journies, it has been built into the wall of the church, and thus secured from profane experiments.

Moel-y-Don Ferry.

This was formerly one of the principal ferries on the Menai, and it is still a place of considerable traffic. The farmers of

this part of Anglesey take the produce of the land to Carnarvon fairs and markets, where they find a ready sale.—Having described the objects most interesting to the tourist in the island of Anglesey, we will now return to Beaumaris, and resume our original route towards Menai Bridge, along the excellent carriage road made by the sole munificence of the late Lord Bulkeley, extending for more than four miles along the shelving side of the hill, at a considerable height above high water mark, through a long avenue of venerable oaks, the openings through which present to the tourist occasional views of most sublime and unrivalled scenery.

Menai Bridge.

This wonderful structure constantly presents some new features and fresh beauties to admire. In looking at its gigantic form and lofty chains, the following descriptive englynion by Dewi Wyn occurs to us:—

"Uchelgair, uwch y weilgi,—gyr y byd
Ei gerbydau drosti:
Chwithau holl longau y lli',
Ewch o dan ei chadwyni.

"Gwel foddi'r saith gelfyddyd,—uthyr foddi'r
Saith ryfeddod hefyd:
Ac or iawn-falch gywreinfyd,
Pen y gamp i'w hon i gyd."

At length says the author of "Beaumaris Bay," the predictions of the bards, the suggestions of intellect, and the wish of ages and of nations, is accomplished; and the wonder a few years hence will be, not that it is done, but that it was so long undone! For the wealth and industry of a country, especially a commercial one, is in no way more rationally employed, than in the promotion of its intercourse, and the consequent interchange of its produce; and it has long been the disgrace of a great empire, whose means for every other purpose have been the effect of a wish, that the strait of Menai has, in a stormy day, put a stop to its intercourse; and the more so, as nature, by way of atonement for the inconvenience created by the convulsion which tore the island from the continent, has left every inducement for the erection of a bridge.

"See on the rock the enchanter, Telford, stand
And bid an empire's wealth obey the wand;
Surprised, the Triton's in their floating shells,
See modern magic by her happier spells,
Raise the tall pier, extend the massy chain,
And lead the millions o'er the subject main;
Alike serenely when the tempest roars,
As when the placid waters greet the shores."

Having ended our tour through Anglesey we shall close our account with the following appropriate and venerable couplet:—

"Nos da i'r Ynys dywell,
Nis gwn oes un Ynys well."

"We now ascend, and eastward bend our view
Where Rome's imperial eagle never flew;
The Menai leave—the rocky heights explore—
The Briton's last resource—his mountains hoar—
Where weeping Freedom from the contest fled,
And Cambria saw her dearest heroes dead."

After passing several beautiful villas on the border of the Menai straits, we ascend a hill on the Carnarvon road, and at two miles distant we pass the park of

VAENOL,

The property of T. Asheton Smith, Esq. On the right of the road, about three miles from the bridge, is Vaenol house, formerly the residence of Sir Wm. Williams, a thoughtless spendthrift, who left the reversion of his estate to King William, who made a grant thereof to an ancestor of the present possessor, then Speaker of the House of Commons. Inquiry being made after Sir William's right heirs, the next of whom was Sir William Owen, of Bôd Owen, in Anglesey, he was advised to set the will aside; but being in years, and having an ample fortune, he declined the anxieties of law, and the influence of kings. Mr. Smith has an immense slate quarry at Llanberris where he employs above 1800 men. The slates are conveyed by railroad to

PORT DINORWIG,

About half way between Bangor and Carnarvon. This port has within the last few years been considerably improved and enlarged; upwards of 100 tons are daily brought here

for shipment. The port is of very considerable size and generally contains a great number of vessels from all parts of the world, waiting for cargoes. From hence to Carnarvon are several neat mansions.

Cae Gwyn,

The marine villa and summer residence of John Finchett Maddock, Esq., of Chester, is particularly attractive, and commands a splendid view of Menai straits, Carnarvon bay, and the opposite shores of Anglesey. From his castellated summer-house is seen the whole range of the Snowdonian mountains, the British alps, rising their cloud-capped summits in wild and glorious confusion.

"Here hoary cliffs, in wild confusion crowds,
And wrap their towering summits in the clouds."

A mile further on is the antique town of

CARNARVON.

Llanberis.....	8	Pwllheli	20
Beddgelert	13	Tan y Bwlch	23
Dolbadarn	10	Capel Curig	17
Tremadoc	20	Bangor	9

Carnarvon is one of the largest and handsomest towns in North Wales; its name implies a City in Arvon, or the Arvonian Capital; the offspring of the Roman Segontium, and the birth place of Edward the Second. It is situated on the banks of the Menai, and is a place well calculated for a pleasant retreat during the summer months.

Within these few years the town has been considerably improved and enlarged. The houses are neat, particularly in the suburbs, where several fashionable villas have lately been erected. The walls round the town give it an antique appearance. The county-hall, where the assizes are held, and where the county business is arranged, is situated close to the castle walls, and near it is the prison, unto which purpose one of the ancient towers has been converted. Carnarvon is considered the emporium of this part of the country, consequently it carries on a very considerable trade, and maintains a commanding position in the scale of respectability. Two banking establishments, well supported, prove of general utility to trade, and afford great accommodation to the inhabitants. There are Berlin and other foreign

houses; London shoemakers, drapers, hatters, and tailors; who furnish their customers with real bang-up Bond-street cuts, buckramed up in the highest style of "close-fit" perfection. Large and convenient shambles have been erected by the corporation, which are found to be very convenient to the town and neighbourhood. To the public spirit of the Marquis of Anglesey, Carnarvon is indebted for a handsome building, in which are warm and cold baths, a reading room, assembly room, and other similar accommodations, all under admirable superintendence. This place is remarkable for having been the first town in Wales that enjoyed the privilege of a royal charter, which was granted to the inhabitants by Edward the First, in compliment of its being the birth-place of his son and heir.

The port and harbour of Carnarvon has a very busy appearance. A pier has lately been constructed, so that vessels of considerable burden can lie alongside of the quay. A patent slip has also been laid down for the purpose of building and repairing vessels. The port carries on a very considerable coasting trade with Chester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Bristol; the imports are principally timber from America and other colonies, and coal, wine, groceries, and other commodities from the neighbouring coasts. But the principal trade, and the most important to this neighbourhood, is the slate trade, which affords constant employment to several thousand men. The neighbouring quarries send their produce to this port for shipment; viz. Cilgwyn, in the parish of Llanllyfni; Cefn-du, in the parish of Llanrug; Gallt-ddu, and Glanrhonwy, in the parish of Llanberis.

For the purpose of facilitating the transit of slates, as well as lead and copper ore, a railroad has lately been laid down from Llanllyfni to this port, a distance of nine miles.

The church is generally well attended; the services are alternately in Welsh and English. The interior is elegant, and its sweet-toned organ, and well-selected choir, give additional effect to the devotional services. There are also three large chapels belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists, the Independents, and the Wesleyans; and also an English Wesleyan chapel.

Carnarvon is governed by a mayor, alderman, and town council, under the provisions of the municipal act; and in conjunction with the boroughs of Bangor, Conway, Cricceth,

Nevin, and Pwllheli, returns a member to parliament. The present member for the borough is W. B. Hughes, Esq.; and the county is represented by the Hon. Col. Douglas Pennant.

The Castle.

The ruins of this magnificent structure are considered the noblest in Wales. Over the grand entrance to this stupendous monument of ancient grandeur, is a statue of Edward the First, the sovereign by whom it was erected. Every feature of the face has long disappeared; the figure, which is fast mouldering away, had formerly a sword in its hand, as if to terrify the inhabitants of his newly acquired dominion. The principal gate had four portcullises, and was of adamantine strength. The building is large, but irregular. The exterior walls are seven feet nine inches thick, and inclose between two and three acres of ground. The interior seems more shattered than the exterior. The towers are extremely well-proportioned, and built in the octagonal, hexagonal, and pentagonal forms. The largest amongt them is the Eagle Tower, which with its three handsome turrets, has been the admiration of ages. It was in the Eagle Tower that Queen Eleanor gave birth to Edward, the first Prince of Wales of the English blood.* He was born on St. Mark's day, the 25th of April, 1284. From the top of this tower the tourist will be highly gratified by an extensive view of the Isle of Anglesey, the Menai Straits, and the surrounding country for many miles distant. The ramparts are sufficiently wide for parties to walk round and view the ruins.

The name of the architect or master mason of this fortress was Henry Ellerton, or De Ellerton. To the praise of his industry it is recorded, that having put in requisition

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* From a M.S. in the possession of the Dean of Bangor, it appears that the young prince was baptised by Einion, Bishop of Bangor. For this office, and to perpetuate the remembrance of it, Edward bestowed upon the prelate and his successors, for ever, the ferries of Borthwen and Cadnant, three manors in the county of Carnarvon, and two in the Isle of Anglesey. Other accounts represent that these gifts of Edward were the price paid to Einion for treacherously surrendering into his hands David, the last Prince of Wales, who was afterwards so barbarously executed at Shrewsbury.

the labour of the neighbouring peasants, he accomplished his great undertaking in less than two years. If we are to believe some statements, the odium of paying for the erection of the castle was imposed on the chieftain of the country. According to other accounts, the archbishopric of York was vacant at the time, and the king appropriated its revenues to this object.

In 1274, an encounter took place under Madoc, natural son to Llywelyn; the castle was attacked, and its inmates, after a vigorous resistance, were overpowered and compelled to surrender; the town was set on fire and reduced to ashes. After a short interval the English became masters of it again. The first governor was John de Havering, who received a salary of 200 marks. In 1289, Adam de Wetenhal, was appointed governor. In 1402, during Owen Glyndwr's rebellion, the castle was attacked, but to no effect. In 1644, the castle yielded to the parliamentary forces under Captain Swanley, who seized a great quantity of arms, stores, and ammunition, and took four hundred prisoners. The following year the royalists had possession of it, when it was besieged by two of the parliamentary generals, Mytton and Langhorne. The governor, Lord Byron, conducted the defence with extraordinary spirit, but at last he was obliged to surrender on terms of capitulation highly honourable to his bravery.

In 1648, it was again attacked by a few of the king's forces, 150 horse and 120 foot, under the direction of Sir John Owen. Sir John, while thus employed, had intelligence that a detachment from the parliamentary army, under the command of Colonels Carter and Twistleton, was advancing towards the defence. He immediately raised the siege, and marched with his humble number of men to oppose the enemy. The parties met by Llandegai, close to Penrhyn castle, when a severe engagement ensued. Sir John was overpowered by numerical strength, and defeated; about thirty of his men perished, and he himself, and a hundred others were taken prisoners. Sir John was sent prisoner to Walmer castle, and was put on his trial with the Duke of Hamilton, Lords Holland, Goring, and Cope. Sir John shewed a spirit worthy of his country; he told his judges that "he was a plain gentleman of Wales, who had always been taught to obey the king: that he had served him honestly during the war, and finding many honest

men endeavoured to raise forces whereby they might get him out of prison, he did the like." He was condemned to lose his head; for which, with a humorous intrepidity he made the court a low reverence, and gave his humble thanks. A byestander asked what he meant? He replied aloud: "It was a great honour to a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords; for by G— he was afraid they would have hanged him!" Sir John was deprived of "the honour" he was flattered with; strong remonstrances were made in parliament on behalf of the noble lords, but finding no one speaking in favor of Sir John; Ireton proved his advocate: he told the house "there was one person for whom no one spoke a word, and therefore he requested that he might be saved by the sole motive and goodness of the house." He was pardoned, and retired to Wales, where he died in 1666. Upon this the whole of North Wales became subject to the parliament. A monument was erected to his memory at Penmon, in Carnarvonshire.

Before quitting Carnarvon castle, perhaps, it will not be considered unworthy of notice, that the celebrated William Prynne, the barrister and antiquarian, who made himself conspicuous in the reign of Charles the First, and in the turbulent times which succeded, was imprisoned in Carnarvon castle.

The neighbourhood of Carnarvon is surrounded with delightful villas, and public walks; which abound in objects of curiosity, and are well worthy the attention of the botanist, historian, and antiquary. Tourists who are partial to rowing, sailing, or fishing, may enjoy their respective amusements here to perfection.

The Uxbridge, and the Sportsman hotels, are establishments of the first order, and in no part of England is better accommodation to be met with; the Castle and Commercial inns, are also excellent houses. Coaches and omnibuses go to and from to meet the Liverpool steam packets at the bridge.

The mail leaves every morning for Pwllheli, through Clynog; and for Barmouth, through Beddgelert, Tremadoc, Tan-y-Bwlch, and Harlech.

There are several routes which may be taken from Carnarvon, but first we will direct the steps of the tourist to-

wards Snowdon.—At the end of eight miles we reach the village of

LLANBERIS.

Beddgelert.....	12	Capel Curig	10
Carnarvon.....	10	Dolbadarn	2

This place is situated in the heart of the Snowdonian mountains, and is romantic in the extreme; the hills appearing to vie with each other in pre-eminence. It is situated in a narrow gloomy glen, surrounded by immense rocks, the misty summits of which are often invisible to the inhabitants below, who are thus deprived by the great altitude of the hills of the reflection of the sun for three months together.

Camden says, speaking of this neighbourhood, "Nature has here raised high groups of mountains, as if she intended to bind the islands fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for the Britons in the time of war. For here are so many crags and rocks, so many wooded vallies, rendered impassible by so many lakes, that the lightest troops, much less an army, could never find their way among them. These mountains may be truly called the British Alps; for besides they are the highest in the whole island, they are like the alps, bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one, which towering in the centre, far above the rest, lifts its head so loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky."—Two miles from hence will bring the tourist to

DOLBADARN,

So called from a British saint of that name. It is situated in the far-famed pass of Llanberis, and at the foot of Snowdon. Since the opening of the new road from Carnarvon to Capel Curig, Llanberis has become the principal resort of parties visiting Snowdon. In addition to the spacious and comfortable inn at Llanberis, a splendid hotel has been lately erected by Thomas Asheton Smith, Esq.; and in consequence of a visit from her Majesty, when Princess Royal, is called the Royal Victorial hotel. The hotel is erected in a most eligible situation, and capable of accommodating the increased number of visitors which this truly far-famed district draws together in the summer

months. Near the junction of the two lakes, stands the ruins of the old castle of Dolbadarn, commanding a view of the whole length of the pass of Llanberis.

Owen Goch, brother to Llywelyn, last Prince of Wales, was imprisoned here for upwards of twenty years, for having joined in the rebellion against his brother. The castle must have been long in ruins; for when Leland visited this place there was only a piece of the tower left. The key of the castle is kept at the hotel, and may be had on application. Nothing can exceed the view of the ruins from the lakes below; the reflection of them on the crystal waters have a picturesque effect, and the whole scenery around is most enchanting.

At the end of these lakes lived the celebrated Margaret Uwch Evan, of Penllyn, the last masculine spirit of the ancient British fair, who lived to a great age. This extraordinary female, says Pennant, was the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher of her time. She kept a dozen dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels, all excellent in their kind. She killed more foxes in one year, than all the confederate hunts do in ten: rowed stoutly, and was queen of the lake; she made her own boats, shod her own horses, and made her own shoes; and at the age of seventy was the best wrestler in the country.

The memory of this singular character has been thus "wedded to immortal verse," by Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham:

"Here liv'd Peggy Evans, who saw ninety-two,
Could wrestle, row, fiddle, and hunt a fox too:
Could ring a sweet peal, as the neighbourhood tells,
That would charm your two ears—had there been any bells.
Enjoy'd rosy health in a lodging of straw,
Commanded the saw pit, and wielded the saw;
And though she's deposited where you can't find her,
I know she has left a few sisters behind her."

The two lakes are about three miles long, and in many places 150 yards deep. They abound in various sorts of fish. A short time ago, the writer, in company with two friends, were strolling along the lake, when they were hailed by a man in a boat, "will you have a chance?" On enquiry we found that the boatmen were in the habit of hiring their boat and the use of their net for 1s. a draught. We accepted the offer and directed our course to a certain point,

and when we got there, we found to our great gratification, that there were no less than six dozen of fine trout and other fish in the net; which according to the terms agreed upon, were our own. With this booty we returned to the hotel, where we partook of a portion of them for dinner; being fresh from the water they proved to be delicious.

We enjoyed ourselves in the evening, in company with several others, listening to the enchanting sounds of that sweetest of all instruments, the Welsh harp.

We were told by our host that the best time to ascend the "monarch of mountains," was in the night time, so as to reach the summit in time to view the king of the day rising from the eastern horizon in all his splendour. Several of the company agreed to join us, for it seemed we were all bound on the same expedition. After furnishing ourselves with a lunch, and a X X of O D V, to drink on the mountain top, we engaged a guide and hired ponies.

Ascent of Snowdon.

"Father of hills! I greet thy friendly face,
The last best shelter of thy country's race;
The smile that led them to thy sinewy arms,
Where nature revels in unvarnish'd charms;
Stretch'd, for their safety all thy realms of rock,
Repell'd invading hosts repeated shock."

Llwyd.

There are various accounts of the ascent of Snowdon, but we shall adopt the description given by a friend of Mr. Smith, of Liverpool, and companion to the late lamented Belzoni, who made no less than three ascents to the summit. We give the account nearly in the narrator's own words; since they convey precisely the same impression, and describe correctly the objects on the route adopted by ourselves.

It was about half-past twelve when we left our inn at Dolbadarn, and I think a more lovely morning we could not be favoured with: nature did indeed seem at rest; not a cloud appeared to move, and a bright and nearly full moon, which had passed the meridian, seemed as if waiting to light us on the way. Our guide was equipped with a leathern belt, to which was buckled a tin vessel containing some water, and

a staff which seemed well worn with the hard service in which it was employed.

We proceeded across a small rivulet a short distance from the inn, and soon entered on a kind of mountain horse-path, composed of loose slates and stones, of which pedestrians soon weary. After ascending this about a mile, we arrived at a rough fence of turf and stones, where the road wound round the side of a mountain, and entered a kind of defile, through which we had to proceed. Here our guide desired us to look back at the view beneath us, and when we did so our feelings and expressions of delight and astonishment were general: below us the lake of Llanberis lay stretched like an immense mirror in the shade, with one bright silver ray resting on its glassy surface, on which part of the steep mountains surrounding it appeared reflected. To attempt to describe the beautiful and varying tints on these mountains would be an useless task, as the most vivid colours would be foolishly employed in trying to represent them. In the distance, and on the right, Dolbadarn tower was first visible at the head of the lower lake, and on our left, the inn, surrounded with the only trees in the neighbourhood, formed a striking object.

We again turned our faces toward Snowdon, on the same road I have before mentioned, and the mild, yet awful and magnificent scene before us, afforded abundant themes for conversation and remark. In three or four places light fleecy clouds, edged with silver by the moon beams, and which at first appeared resting on the sides of the mountains, now seemed to be rolling down their steep sides, and generally mixing with the gloom of the valleys below us. Though surrounded by nature's grandest works, I fancy some of our party were tired even here, as many inquiries had been made relative to the distance we had still to proceed. However, the guide, suddenly stopping, informed us we were now at the "half-way house;" but no house was to be seen, and on looking down for it, one could perceive nothing but a small stream which trickled down the steep, and which replenished our guide's water vessel, which had been emptied some time before by the continual demands upon it.

We had proceeded now about three miles, and left our late road by passing through a small wicket, which opened on the heath. The soft turf we were now passing was a relief to our feet, though it was so steep that we were

sometimes obliged to wait to regain breath. At this time we were on the top of a hill, which we fancied was the last we had to mount before the peak of Snowdon, and willingly thought the summit of the bold front before us was to be the end of our journey. Thence the way was over a kind of ridge, perhaps forty feet wide, one side of which was perpendicular for several hundred feet, and the other so steep that no one could stop or steady himself upon it. Daylight now began to appear, to show us more distinctly the steeps we were amongst, and though we well knew the breadth of the ridge was such that there could be no danger, yet I am sure we all felt that unpleasant sensation which few can approach the edge of a precipice without experiencing in some degree. Tremendous gusts of wind, too, which passed over the long heath with a singular whizzing noise, giving warning of their approach, and almost blowing us off our feet as they assailed us, did not make any of us feel easier.

However we went boldly on without accident, and nearly reached the top of what we had all taken to be our journey's end, when the guide exclaimed, pointing to a high peak before us, "There is Snowdon top," and we had the mortification to find, that we had still a climbing of three-quarters of a mile before us. This powerfully reminded us of a couplet by Pope:

"The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and alps on alps arise."

A few minutes more brought us to a small inclosure of stones, when the horses were put up, as they could proceed no further, and now all were obliged to foot it. The road here is along the edge of the steep side of the mountain, which is almost perpendicular, and is broken with large fragments of slate, stone, and spar, of various kinds, to the very summit, which to our great joy, we at last attained about half past four o'clock. Had we waited for months we could not have had a more beautiful time; as the guide expressed himself, "Snowdon has its day, and this is one of them." We sat down; in a few minutes the moon which had so favoured us, declined behind one of the western mountains, and almost at the same instant, the red tints on the eastern horizon foretold the approach of the king of day, the effect of whose rising on such a scene as that be-

low and around us, was the most magnificent sight we ever beheld.

Views from Snowdon.

After resting ourselves awhile, we rose to look around us, and we acknowledged ourselves amply repaid for the fatigue we had experienced, by the beauty and grandeur of the scenery before us:—

> "——— Amidst the vast horizon's stretch,
> In restless gaze the eye of wonder darts
> O'er the expanse; mountains on mountains piled,
> And winding bays, and promontories high,
> Lakes and meandering rivers, from their source,
> Traced to the distant ocean; scattered isles,
> Dark rising from the watery waste, and seas
> Dividing kingdoms."

In contemplating the affairs of the world below, not only our bodies but our minds also were elevated, and the following lines of the bard occurred to us:—

> "—— Yn nes ir nen,
> Ac uwch ben byd."

"Approaching heaven, and out of the reach of the world."

Upon the extreme summit is a huge wooden pillar, placed on a large mound of stone work, erected by government in 1827, covered with hosts of names of persons who thus aspire to immortalize themselves; each apparently endeavouring to outvie the last inscribed; to effect which they must have made use of each other's shoulders.

The view from this exalted station is unbounded. From the summit may be seen the county of Cheshire, the high hills of Yorkshire, part of the north of England, Scotland, and Ireland: a plain view of the Isle of Man; and that of Anglesey lay extended like a map beneath us, with every rill visible. To see this prospect to advantage, Pennant sat up at a farm on the west, till about twelve, and walked up the whole way. "The night was remarkably fine and starry, towards morn the stars faded away and left a short interval of darkness, which was soon dispersed by the dawn of day. The body of the sun appeared most distinct, with the rotundity of the moon, before it rose high enough to render its beams too brilliant for the sight. The sea which bounded

the western part, was gilt by his rays, first in slender streaks, at length glowing with redness. The prospect was disclosed like the gradual drawing up of a curtain in a theatre. More and more became visible, till the heat became so powerful as to attract the mists from the various lakes, which in a slight degree obscured the prospect. The shadow of the mountain was flung many miles, and shewed its bicapitated form; the Wyddfa making one, Crib-y-Distill, the other head. We counted this time between twenty and thirty lakes, either in this county or Merionethshire."

Storm on the Mountain.

Snowdon has its seasons: there are periods when it is enveloped in clouds for days, with little intermission. Occasionally the sky becomes obscured immediately after the tourist has accomplished the ascent, but if of firm mould, and provided for the emergency, the phenomena of storms may be studied here in all their grandeur and sublimity. Pennant was thus on one occasion overtaken by a thunderstorm. "A vast mist enveloped the whole circuit of the mountain: the prospect down was horrible. It gave an idea of a number of abysses, concealed by thick smoke, furiously circulating around us. Very often a gust of wind formed an opening in the clouds, which gave a fine and distinct view of lake and valley. Sometimes they opened only in one place; at others in many at once, exhibiting a most strange and perplexing sight of water, fields, rocks, or chasms, in fifty different places. They would then close at once, and leave us involved in darkness; in a small time they would separate again, and fly in wild eddies round the middle of the mountains, and expose in parts both tops and bases clear to our view." While descending from this varied scene the thunderstorm overtook him. Its rolling among the mountains was inexpressibly awful, and the rain uncommonly heavy. The little rills, which when ascending, trickled along the vallies on the side of the mountain, were now swelled into torrents, and he experienced some risk, though on horseback, of being swept away by these sudden waters. A similar occurence was witnessed by the author of "Letters from Snowdon." "A great change took place in the temperature of the atmosphere as we ascended the mountain. When we had gone half way up, we found the wind rather high, attended with scudding clouds; but when

we arrived at the summit, the air was calm and serene, and seemed much more subtle and rarified, less impregnated with vapour, and more agreeable for respiration.

"'Hid above the clouds,
Though winds and tempests beat their aged feet,
Their peaceful heads nor storm nor tempest know,
But scorn the threatening rack that rolls below.'

Dryden.

"The sun had now gained its meridian height, and shot forth its noontide rays with unusual fervour. When we began to descend the hill, we perceived a small murky cloud rise out of the sea; the cloud condensed and increased, until the whole atmosphere became enveloped in darkness, and night seemed to have regained her ebon throne. Neither house nor tree was near to afford us protection, but all was one vast continued waste.

"In this situation we could only have recourse to the hospitable shelter of the next impending rock. Here we awaited with fear and impatience, till the storm was spent:

"'———— Either tropic now
'Gan thunder; at both ends of heaven the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed; water with fire,
In ruin reconciled. Dreadful was the shock,
As earth and sky would mingle.'

Milton.

"The thunder reverberated from rock to rock, and the whole artillery of heaven seemed to be at once discharged.

"'Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar. With mighty crash
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmaen Mawr, heaped hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs, and Snowdon's heap
Dissolving instant, yields his wintry load.'

Thomson.

"When the storm was appeased, and the face of heaven had reassumed its wonted serenity, we continued our journey; and pleased, though fatigued, we regained our homely dwelling."

Snowdon affords an extensive field for the researches of

the botanist. The rose root, rhodiola rosea, grows here, and fills the whole mountain with scent for three or four weeks in the summer; its pale green branches are found on the steepest rocks. Its flowers are yellowish green, and are even more sweet than the roots. The summit of Crib Gôch, is covered with festuca vivipara, the alpine viviparous grass, which bears a cluster of young seedlings on a very slender stem. These waving in the wind, apparently without support, give a singular appearance to the rocks, which look as if they were in motion. The opposite-leaved saxifage, generally flowers here either in April or May. Clogwyn-y-Garnedd, was noted even in Camden's time for its alpine flowers; but many species have since then been utterly exterminated by the numerous explorers of the rocks. But the botanist will find ample amusement for hours in this locality, from the multitude of rare plants which yet clothe the gloomy rocks which they inhabit: grasses, rushes, ferns, mosses and lichens, vegetate in great variety. Some fine branches of that elegant fern pteris crispa, and the Snowdon pink, are found in great perfection. The aspidium conchitis, an exceedingly rare alpine fern, is met with, but the specimens are inferior to those found in Scotland; here it rarely exceeds six inches in height, but it is a most delicately pointed and highly finished plant.

Snowdon is also rich in geological treasures, so much so as to render it impossible for us to give them a distinctive character, as they begin so high as the calcareous, and descend as low in the system as the softest argile. The prevailing strata, however, whereof the highest summits from the Conway to Snowdon are composed, consist of petro silex, grey granite, slate, shattery, schistus, intermixed with rich veins of metallic substances and quartzspar; of the latter, Llanberis mine produces a remarkable kind, being of a bright ruby. The intelligent mineralogist will be highly delighted in his ramble over these romantic hills.

The following anecdote of three gentlemen travelling through the principality, is said to have taken place at the inn at Dolbadarn. By a coincidence, not very wonderful, the servants of each of these gentlemen were natives of England, Ireland, and Scotland. The subject of the conversation of the evening was the ascent of Snowdon. The landlord informed them there was a tradition, that if a person slept on the top of Snowdon all night, he would awake in the morn-

ing either a poet or a madman; which led to a conversation as to trying the experiment. Not being willing to undergo the hardship themselves, it was proposed that one of the servants should be despatched to test the accuracy of the landlord's report. It was agreed to confer all the honour of the expedition on the attendant who might be the most willing and reasonable in his terms; and it was determined that the following question should be put to them in rotation: "What will you take to go and sleep on the top of Snowdon all night?" The Englishman was first called in, the question was put, and he replied, characteristically enough, "That he would take no less than five pounds." The Scotchman was the next to whom the question was propounded. After giving his bonnet sundry twirls, looking askance, he with great deliberation answered, "Weel, Sirs; it's no an excursion I'm anxious for; it's a gran' ni'cht, but a warisome journey: I could na' take less than three pund English, and I'm ready the noo!" "Well, that will do; we will call you in by and by." Sandy returned again, and added, "But before I start, I should require a signed compact for the bargain first!" The Irishman's turn at length arrived, and he was thus questioned, "Well, Pat; what will you take to sleep at the top of Snowdon all night?" With a half laugh on his face, he replied instantly, "By my soul, I would take a great could!" This happy reply ensured him the preference, but the result of the experiment is not recorded.

The following is a comparative view of the height of the principal mountains in Wales, taken by Lieutenant Colby, of the Engineers, by a most powerful theodolite made by Remsden, and at the public expense:—

	Feet.		*Feet.*
Snowdon	3571	Cader Verwyn	2503
Carnedd Llywelyn ...	3469	Moel Eilio.....	2377
Aran Vowddwy.....	2955	Y Reivl	1866
Cader Idris	2914	Moel Vadyn	1864
Arènig	2809	Moel Vàmau.....	1845
Plumlumon	2463	Penmaen Mawr	1540

While here the tourist should not omit visiting

CEUNANT MAWR,

The Waterfall of the great chasm, which is within half a mile of the Victoria Hotel. This tremendous cataract is

upwards of sixty feet in height, and is formed by the mountain torrent from Cwm Brwynog, which rushes with tremendous force through a cleft in the rock above, and descends in a slanting position, with noise rivalling the thunder, into the deep black pool below.

Before the tourist leaves the Victoria Hotel, he should also visit the Dinorwig and Glanrhonwy slate quarries, situated on the declivity of the mountain, opposite Dolbadarn Casle, where nearly 2000 men are constantly employed.

This little valley, formerly the scene of sanguinary fights, is now the theatre of trade and commerce. Besides the immense slate quarries, it can boast of mineral treasures; both copper and lead ores are found in great quantities in this neighbourhood.—Quitting this delightful spot, we enter the famed

Pass of Llanberis.

This celebrated mountain gorge was not passible for carriages, until within the last few years, when an excellent new road was made to communicate between Carnarvon and the Holyhead road. The following account of the old road through this pass, is given by Mr. Bingley.—"A bad horse path led from the village into Cwm Glas, the Green Hollow. For four miles I was hemmed in on each side by high rocks, that almost approach each other. The sun cast a sloping shade on those on the right, which fully marked all their deepest hollows; various in themselves, and varied in their tints and colourings, I was at every step interested by their terrific grandeur. They had no character of softened beauty; there were here none of the delicate features of a cultivated vale, not even a single tree; but rocks towered over rocks, till their summits reached the clouds, whose partial gloominess added still greater sublimity to the scene. Sometimes I beheld above me a gentle hollow, then a few steps further, the deepened precipices and towering basaltic-like columns of an adjoining range of rocks. In some places there appeared three or four ranges, one above another, with the most fantastic outlines imaginable, and receding in distance as in height. The tints on the prominences were of darkened purple, in the hollows sombre, and olive brown on the nearer ranges. The foreground was overspread with masses of rock, and a rapid mountain stream forced its way along

the middle of the narrow vale. Such is this tremendous hollow, whose grandeur continues undiminished for nearly four miles. The rocks on each side are almost perpendicular throughout."—At the top of the pass, and four miles from Llanberis, is

GORPHWYSFA,

The resting place: a very appropriate name for such a spot, in such a district. It commands a view of Nant Gwynan, and also the vale and wild mountain scenery of

CAPEL CURIG.

Bangor.....	14½	Ffestiniog.....	20
Beddgelert	12	Llanberis	10
Carnarvon	17	Llanrwst	10
Ceirnioge.....	16	Menai Bridge	17

This spacious and comfortable hotel is situated on the London and Holyhead road, surrounded by the most lofty and terrific mountains in the principality. In the neighbourhood are some of the finest lakes in North Wales. No wonder then that it should be a place of fashionable resort for tourists and families of distinction during the summer months. Behind the inn, there are two lakes, on which a boat is kept for the accommodation of visitors. The scenery in this neighbourhood is truly grand, not surpassed even by the most romantic parts of Westmoreland or Cumberland. The bold and prominent rocks which ascend almost immediately from the edges of the lakes, and tower in the sky, cast a pleasing gloom upon the whole landscape.—At a short distance from the hotel southward, rises the mountain of

MOEL SIABOD,

Whose height is 2878 feet; it is exceedingly precipitous, especially on that side towards Bettws-y-Coed, and the summit is thickly strewed with fragments. From this elevated situation is a most magnificent view of the mountains of Snowdonia, of nine different lakes, and the distant sea. The distance from the inn to the summit is about three miles and a half. Beneath Moel Siabod, towards the east, and about five miles from Capel Curig, is

DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE.

This fortress is said to have been one of the primitive castles

in Wales. It is situated on a high rock, inaccessible on one side, and consists of two square towers. It was built about 500, was the residence of Iorwerth Drwyndwn, and the birth place of Llywelyn the Great.

Recent investigations by Dr. O. O. Roberts, of Bangor, render it probable that this castle was the last fortress in North Wales that held out against Edward the First. In the royal roll of expenditure of that period, appear items of payments to an earl, a knight, and a squire, for bringing news to the Queen, at Rhuddlan, where the army of reserve was stationed, while Edward was pursuing his warfare in the Snowdonian mountains. The date of the reduction of this fortress corresponds with the capture of Prince David, brother of Llywelyn.

From Capel Curig, the tourist may enjoy one of the finest drives in this or any other country, along the great Holyhead road, passing the stupendous waterfall, Rhaiadr-y-Wennol, over the celebrated Waterloo Bridge, Bettws-y-Coed, Pont-y-Pair, &c., through the fine mountain scenery of Pentrefoylas, Ceirnioge, Corwen, and Llangollen. In conducting the tourist along this route it will not be necessary to describe every object which presents itself, but Rhaiadr-y-Wennol, Bettws-y-Coed, and Pont-y-Pair, are objects well worthy of the tourist's attention.—About three miles from Capel Curig, is the great waterfall

RHAIADR-Y-WENNOL,

Lying on the edge of the road, on the left-hand side, is approached through a small wicket gate leading down to it. The noise of this cataract is heard from the road, but the wood prevents a view of the fall until seen from below. The sight is awfully grand; a mighty torrent rushing down a precipice about eighty or a hundred feet high, between two wood-covered rocks, exhibiting, in our estimation, a fit subject for a noble picture; the roaring noise is almost deafening.

"Uchel-gadr raiadr dŵr erwyn,—hydwyllt
Edrych arno'n disgyn,
Crochwaedd y rhedlif crychwyn,
Synnu pensyfrdannu dyn."

There are two places to view this torrent from, one below the other, exhibiting different aspects. "When sketching

Rhaiadr-y Wennol," says Mr. Pugh, the lamented author of Cambria Depicta, " I stood about forty yards distant from the fall ; my drawing paper became saturated from the effects of the spray which was occasioned by the fall." The same author observes, " that though the Niagara cataract in Canada, so celebrated by travellers, is of very great breadth, and no less than 162 feet fall, yet, so far as I can judge of it from pictures, it is not by any means so picturesque as the one under notice."

BETTWS-Y-COED

Is a small romantic village about two miles from the waterfall, situated not far distant from the Llugwy, and the Conwy. The church contains a monument of Griffith, the son of David Goch, who was a natural son of David, the last Prince of Wales. He died in the fourteenth century, and is here represented by a large armed recumbent figure, in a recess in the north wall. On one side of the figure there is yet left this inscription : " Hic jacet Gruffydd ap Davydd Goch, Agnus Dei misere mei."—Within a mile distant is the celebrated bridge called

Waterloo,

From the circumstance of its being built in the same year as that battle was fought. It consists of one single arch of iron of 105 feet in the span, and carries the Holyhead road over the Conwy. In the immediate neighbourhood is the singular bridge of

Pont-y-Pair,

Flung over the Llugwy, consisting of four arches, placed on rude rocks. The rocks are precipitous, and in high floods exhibit to the passengers most awful cataracts below the bridge. The scenery, is exceedingly beautiful and romantic. The river Conwy here affords good trout and salmon fishing. Having described the principal objects of attraction on this road, we will now resume the route from which we had diverged.

From Capel Curig to Beddgelert there is an excellent carriage road, which presents a succession of scenery at once desolate, sublime, and romantic.—At the distance of six miles we enter the far-famed

VALE OF NANHWYNAN.

This is decidedly the most romantic and picturesque little vale in Wales. It is about six miles from the upper part of Llanberis Vale to Beddgelert. Here the tourist will meet with every material for picturesque scenery; extensive meadows meet us at every turn of a rock, as smooth as a bowling-green; beautiful lakes and meandering rivers, abounding in fish, which frisk and play on the surfaces; mountains, especially on the right, awfully towering one above the other; the top of Snowdon bidding defiance to them all, and seeming like another Atlas, supporting the very sky. Some parts of the hills, here and there, are clothed with wood, in which the cuckoo, the thrush, the blackbird, and other songsters of the grove, chant their concerts; whose melodious notes these hills re echo: all of which create a harmony rarely heard in any other place. On the right-hand side, nearly at the bottom of this vale, is

Dinas Emrys.

This celebrated rock stands detached from other rocks, and appears from the road in the form of the crown of a man's hat: it may be sixty feet or more in perpendicular height, and has on the top of it a level piece of ground. It was anciently called Dinas Frenin, or King's Fort, but Dinas Emrys is the most probable, from having been the residence of Merddin Emrys, called by the Latin writers Merlinus Ambrosius, the celebrated prophet and magician; and here tradition says he wrote his prophecies concerning the future state of the Britons. He was a native of Carmarthen, and the son of a nun who was a princess. His father's name is lost to history. From hence is a pleasant drive through a narrow pass to

BEDDGELERT.

Aberglaslyn	1½	Tan-y-Bwlch	9
Snowdon summit ...	6	Llanberis	12
Tremadoc	7	Carnarvon.....	13

This romantic little village, says Mr. Pennant, is the fittest in the world to inspire religious meditation: amid lofty mountains, woods, and murmuring streams. It is seated on a beautiful tract of meadows at the junction of three vales near the conflux of Glaslyn and Colwyn, which flows through Nant Colwyn, a vale that leads to Carnarvon. This place had the reputation of being the most ancient foundation in

the country, excepting Bardsey. The church formed part of a convent belonging to a priory of Augustines, dedicated to St. Mary. In 1194, Llywelyn the Great bestowed some land to support the church. The prior in those days had fifty cows and twenty two sheep; in order to enable this place to keep its usual hospitality after it had suffered by a casual fire in 1283, Edward the First most munificently repaired all the damages; and Bishop Einian about the year 1286, for the encouragement of other benefactors, remitted all such, who were truly repentant of their sins, forty days of any penance inflicted on them. In 1535, Henry the Eighth bestowed it on the abbey of Chertsey, in Surrey, and in 1577, it was given as an appurtenance to that of Bisham, in Berkshire. Tradition says that it owes its name to the following circumstance: at a period when wolves were formidable, and numerous in Wales, Llywelyn the Great came to reside here for the hunting season with his princess, and children; but while the family were one day absent, a wolf entered into the house, and attempted to kill an infant that was left asleep in the cradle. The prince's faithful greyhound, named Gelert, that was watching by its side, seized the rapacious animal and killed it; but in the struggle the cradle was overturned and lay upon the wolf and child; on the prince's return, missing the infant, and observing the dog's mouth stained with blood, he immediately concluded Gelert had murdered the child, and in a paroxysm of rage, drew his sword, and ran the faithful animal through the heart; but how great was his astonishment, when, on replacing the cradle, he found the wolf dead and his child alive! He, however, caused the faithful creature to be honourably interred, and, as a monument to his memory, erected the church on the spot, as a grateful offering to God for the preservation of his child. This event has been recorded in some beautiful lines by the Hon. W. R. Spencer:—

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llywelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer,
"Come, Gelert, why art thou the last,
Llywelyn's horn to hear?

O, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave: a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llywelyn's board,
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And centinell'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John,*
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

The Goat hotel, at Beddgelert is an excellent house, and has lately been much improved and enlarged. The accommodation is of first-rate character. Mr. Prichard, in the true spirit of an ancient Briton, keeps an excellent harper, who sweeps the "trembling strings," in such style, as excites the admiration of all visitors. This house is generally full of company, and it is evident that the Welsh harp is not amongst the least of the attractions which induces the tourist to stay longer than he otherwise would do.

It is much to be regretted that the national instrument of Wales is not more extensively patronized amongst the nobility as in days of old. The innkeepers certainly stand in their own light who do not entertain the tourist with the sweet melodious sound of this enchanting instrument. The world is indebted for the finest ode ever composed by Gray, to the circumstance of that gentleman accidentally hearing the Welsh harp. And who, I would ask, has ever heard some of the Welsh airs, with variations, and not been quite delighted with its charming sounds, and the effect of the unisons which can only be produced by this instrument.

"It cheers us when lonely, and soothes us when sad,
And oft it will render the troubled heart glad:
May those who encourage the harp ever find,
A spell in its tones to enrapture the mind!"

The neighbourhood of Beddgelert is surrounded with objects well worthy of the tourist's attention, and a guide may

* Gelert was given to Llywelyn by King John, in 1205.

be had at the Goat inn, who will conduct the stranger to Snowdon and the various lakes, waterfalls, moels, and mountains in the vicinity.

Quitting this interesting place on the road to Tremadoc, a stone is pointed out as having borne the chair of Rhys Goch, Red Rees of Snowdon, a famous mountain bard, contemporary with Owen Glyndwr, and whose poetic effusions are celebrated even to this day. Here it was he composed his remarkable satire on the fox for killing his favourite peacock. He died in 1490, and was interred in sacred ground at Beddgelert, escaping the vengeance of the English for inspiring his countrymen with the love of liberty, and animating them by his fiery appeals into a long and gallant resistance to their galling yoke.

The road winds along a narrow stony vale, where the huge cliffs on each side approach so nearly that there is only sufficient width at the bottom for the road, and the bed of the impetuous torrent that rolls along the side of it. "Here," says Mr. Wyndham, "we paused: the grandeur of the scene before us impressed our senses with silent admiration." The romantic imagination of Salvator Rosa was never fired with a more tremendous idea, nor has his extravagant pencil ever produced a bolder precipice than

> "The gloomy pass where Aberglaslyn's arch
> Yawns o'er the torrents. The disjointed crags,
> O'er the steep precipices in fragments vast
> Impending, to th' astonish'd mind recall
> The fabled horrors of demoniac force
> By Lapland wizards wrought, when borne upon
> The whirlwind's wing."

Here and there lofty rocks which appear nothing to the eye but a series of the rudest precipices, "raised tier upon tier, high piled from earth to heaven," seem to forbid all further progress, and to frown defiance on the tourist. While gazing and wondering at the rocks around us, we reach the far famed bridge of

PONT ABERGLASLYN,

"Or the conflux of the blue lake." The approach to the bridge, which has one arch of thirty feet span, connects Merionethshire and Carnarvonshire. Its situation is wonderfully striking, and from some points of view awfully ter-

rific. The mountain torrent dashes along most furiously over heaps of stones, alongside of which runs the road; and on each side rocks, a thousand feet in height, raising their hoary heads in the most fantastic shapes.

Among other tourists Pennant, Bingley, and Wyndham, justly extol the picturesque grandeur of the scenery around this unrivalled pass. Unfolding some new features at every step, the succession of strata assumes all shapes and all colours, from the lightest grey to the darkest hues of brown and black, and often when the sun emerges from behind his canopy of clouds, the variegated summits are enriched with the most brilliant tints of azure and gold.

A little above the bridge is a small cataract over a perpendicular ledge of rock, which forms a remarkable salmon leap, when making their efforts to surmount the barrier for the purpose of depositing their spawn in the sandy shallows. A salmon fishery was established here at a very early period. The weir at this place was vested in the crown during the reign of Henry the Fourth. The salmon was esteemed the most valuable fish among the Welsh: it was enumerated in their list of game, and received the cognizance of the laws for their preservation.

Proceeding onwards along the skirts of high and overreaching cliffs, well cloathed with thriving plantations, a noble scene presents itself. The view to the left, across the Traeth, and indeed all around, is one of the most magnificent that can be imagined, and continues varying in aspect until we reach

TREMADOC.

Barmouth	30	Harlech.....	20
Beddgelert.....	7	Pwllheli.....	14
Carnarvon.....	20	Tan-y-Bwlch	10
Ffestiniog	13	Port Madoc	1

This place takes its name from its patriotic and enterprising founder, W. A. Maddock, Esq., formerly M.P. for Boston. This gentleman having projected a plan for regaining from the sea a portion of the land on the western side of the wide sandy estuary, called Traeth Mawr, purchased in 1798 the estate of

Tan 'r Allt,

In the immediate vicinity; and in 1800 succeeded in re-

covering a tract of nearly 2000 acres of rich land, then forming Penmorfa Marsh, which now produces excellent crops of wheat, barley, and clover.

Mr. Maddock having succeeded so well in his first attempt, was induced to undertake a more arduous enterprise, that of reclaiming the whole of Traeth Mawr. In 1808, he obtained an act of parliament for that purpose, investing in him and his heirs the whole extent of these sands, from Pont Aberglaslyn at their head, to the point of Gêst at their lower extremity.

"Notwithstanding the numerous unforeseen obstacles which threatened to frustrate the undertaking, Mr. Maddock succeeded in constructing across the mouth of Traeth Mawr, at the eastern extremity of Cardigan Bay, an embankment of timber, earth, and stones, nearly one mile in length from north to south, varying from 100 to 400 feet in breadth at the base, and diminishing gradually to the summit, which from the foundation is 100 feet high. By means of this embankment, an excellent road has been made, which forms a line of communication between the counties of Carnarvon and Merioneth. This wonderful undertaking was completed in 1811, at an expense of more than £100,000. It incloses an area of 7000 acres, 6000 of which are in cultivation; the remaining portion is now being drained, and under the able superintendence of Mr. Williams, the worthy agent, it will soon be accomplished.

Tremadoc is situated by the side of a lofty rock, on the western side of Traeth Mawr, on a portion of the first tract of land recovered from the sea, and is built in the form of a square.

On the southern side a commodious market place has been erected, over which is a large assembly room. The gothic church with its pointed spire, built at Mr. Maddock's expense, forms an interesting object, and adds greatly to the appearance of the place. The church is a great accommodation to the English families who reside in the neighbourhood, there being no other church within twenty miles where divine service is performed in the English language. Here is also a large chapel built in a neat style, also at the expense of Mr. Maddock. The tourist will find at the Madoc Arms Inn every requisite accommodation. The mail coach passes every day to and from Carnarvon to Barmouth. The scenery of this place is exceedingly fine, and romantic in

the extreme; no wonder then that there should be so many neat and classic mansions in the neighbourhood.

From Tremadoc a pleasant excursion might be made to Cricceth, Pwllheli, Bardsey Island, and Llun, by Clynog to Carnarvon.

CRICCETH

Is a small borough town about six miles from Tremadoc, on the road to Pwllheli. It has neither beauty nor regularity, but the remains of the castle merit the attention of the antiquary. They stand upon an eminence on a long neck of land and projecting into the bay; the fortress was of considerable strength, but by whom erected is uncertain. It was enlarged and repaired with other castles by Edward the First, yet exhibits little of that grandeur which is so conspicuous in the erections of that monarch.

The castle was the residence of Howel-y Fwyall, who had the honour of taking the King of France, at the battle of Poictiers. This event is recorded by one of our bards in the following lines:—

——"Pan roddodd
Y ffrwyn ymhen Brenin Ffrainc."

On the head of Royal France
A bridle strong he placed.

The above is only a figurative expression for Sir Howel having struck off the head of the King of France's horse with his battle-axe: thus, indeed, most effectually bridling him. For his prowess on that occasion, the Black Prince made him constable of this castle, with the privilege of having a mess of meat served up before his pole-axe, with a guard of eight yeomen, at an allowance of eight pence a day from the king. The town is governed by two bailiffs.

If the tourist is a pedestrian, and wishes to go the nearest way to Harlech, he may inquire the way to Porth-y-Gêst, which is near the mouth of the estuary of Traeth Mawr, where the ferry boat attends at all times of the tide, to convey passengers over to Harlech.

About two miles from Cricceth is Llanystyndwy, and on the right between here and Pwllheli, we pass several parks and gentlemen's seats: Plas Hen, one of the old baronial mansions of the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn; Gwynfryn, the

seat of Major Nanney, &c.—Four miles from hence we reach the town of

PWLLHELI.

Cricceth.....	8	Chester	93
Carnarvon	20	Nevyn	7

Pwllheli is a market town and seaport of some consideration, situated on the edge of Cardigan Bay. This place has of late years greatly increased in size and population, and, like many others in Wales, undergone many and great improvements; the most considerable is that of embanking the marshes, by which many hundred acres of excellent land have been reclaimed, and is now in a full state of cultivation. The principal trade consists in the shipment of salted herrings, butter, cheese, pigs, and poultry, and the importation of shopkeepers' goods, which, together with that of coals, for the supply of the neighbourhood, causes a constant succession of small vessels to be moving in and out of the port.

Pwllheli is proverbial for its lobsters, oysters, crabs, and particularly muscles.

Provisions of all sorts, not imported, are cheaper here than in any other part of the principality, which, together with the fine beach, so well adapted for sea bathing, will no doubt, before long, cause it to be resorted to as a watering place in the summer months, by those who are inclined to unite convenience with economy. Salmon of a large size are frequently taken at the entrance of the river, which are much esteemed for their superior flavour and colour.

The market days are Wednesdays and Saturdays, and from the circumstance of there being no town, but this, of any consequence, for an extent in one direction of nearly twenty miles, the markets are numerously attended; and to a person who has never had an opportunity of seeing a large assembly of the natives in their holiday dress, it will appear remarkably striking, and different from a scene of a similar nature in England, where the colour of the cloaks, gowns, coats, stockings, and every article of dress, are nearly as various as the persons who wear them: but here, on the contrary, one uniform tint pervades the whole; the men being dressed completely in blue, which is the prevailing colour, and the women wearing blue cloaks, and men's hats, with a white muslin handkerchief tied round the head and

under the chin : thus exhibiting one sombre moving mass of black and blue, in all its various shades and modifications.

The Crown and the White Hall are the principal inns; where post chaises, cars, &c., may be had.

ABERDARON.

Pwllheli..... 16 | Nevyn 16

Aberdaron is a miserable poor village at the very extremity of Carnarvonshire, seated on a sandy bay beneath some high cliffs. The church is a very old structure of English architecture, was formerly collegiate, and had the privilege of a sanctuary. This place is noted as being the birth place of

Richard Robert Jones, alias Dic Aberdaron,

The celebrated Welsh Linguist.

Mr. Jennings, in his lecture on the utility of literary institutions, gives an account of this remarkable person, which proves what a small portion of wit is required to obtain a knowledge of languages. Jones was born at Aberdaron, in Carnarvonshire, in 1778. His father was a carpenter, and attempted to bring him up to his own business; but, besides constitutional defects, particularly a weakness of sight, there was a great disqualification : that of a want of capacity on every subject, except the acquisition of languages, and this he possessed in the highest degree. When fifteen years old, he began to study Latin, by the assistance of a boy in the parish school. Although he never attended the school with other children, he frequently contrived to get into it to use the books; and it is said he learned more in one month, than another boy could learn in six. About the same time he acquired a method of writing, which, although selftaught, is peculiarly legible, which he applies with equal facility to any language with which he is acquainted. At nineteen he began the study of Greek, and he has since read some of the Greek writers, together with their commentators. His chief pleasure, however, is derived, not from the facts related, but from the form and construction of the language; so that, except in this grammatical knowledge, he seems nearly as ignorant of the contents of a book as before he began to read it. He also studied Hebrew, Persic, and Arabic, and he can converse with great fluency in French and Italian. It is to be lamented, adds Mr. J.,

RICHARD ROBERT JONES, ALIAS DIC ABERDARON,

THE WELSH LINGUIST.

that this extraordinary character yet languishes in poverty: surely he is a fit object for the bounty of the opulent; and it will be extremely agreeable to me, if I shall by this note excite attention to Richard Robert Jones.

He is said to understand thirteen different languages, is very poor, and his exterior appearance dirty, wretched, and miserable, to which a brown bushy beard, six or eight inches long, greatly contributes. The poverty and extraordinary genius of this prodigy attracted the notice of the late benevolent Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, who sought his company, and learnt from him the history of his eventful life. With the view of ameliorating his condition, he undertook the task of writing and publishing his memoir, for which a handsome subscription was raised, and the produce placed in the hands of trustees, who engaged to allow the poor scholar six or eight shillings a week. On this occasion Mr. Roscoe addressed the late Mr. Llwyd, of Chester, soliciting his patronage to the publication, and his interest with his numerous friends, which was responded to with that warmth of character and generous disposition which Mr. Lloyd was known to possess, and by his exertions the subscription list was greatly enlarged. As a specimen of his zeal in this business, we shall make no apology in inserting the following letter addressed to Sir Edward Pryce Lloyd, Bart., now Lord Mostyn, which is accurately descriptive of the individual he represents:

"My good Sir Edward,—Will you permit me to lay on your table proposals, warm from the heart of the benevolent Roscoe, for the future well-being of Aberdaron Jones, the most unaccountable specimen of mental composition, or rather decomposition, that the world has yet seen; such, indeed, that we may perhaps exclaim with a bard of other days,

"Vyth weled ei vath eilwaith."

A little—very little is affluence to him, for his habits seem to have been planned by Mrs. Temperance herself; and as to his external habits, modes and costumes he despises; and tailors, who direct rationals in these important points, he sets at defiance. Yet he has one hateful fault, and that is, an innate aversion to that divine quality, neatness, soap, and the whole baberini family; indeed, the *tout ensemble* of him, which is that of an Israelite, is such as suggests the *noli me tangere*, the moment he is seen.

"Yet, after all, I contemplate him with interest as a classical clerwr of our day, prowling about laden with MSS. and odd volumes; in short, he is a walking polyglott, a curiosity; and as his wants are so circumscribed, let us save him from the fangs of poverty and the frowns of an overseer."

The produce of this and other applications produced a handsome sum, which was remitted to his friend, Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, and elicited the following acknowledgment from that gentleman:—"Dear Mr. Llwyd, I have to thank you for many instances of kindness, and especially for the trouble you have taken respecting poor Dick, whose small treasury will be greatly assisted by the noble contributions of your friends. I expect his memoir and portrait every day from London, and am only sorry that the former is so slight and imperfect; but this will be compensated for by the latter, which is beautifully etched by Mrs. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, and is an excellent likeness."

The amount of the profits of this publication was placed in the hands of trustees, who determined upon allowing Jones a stipend of six or eight shillings a week, as before mentioned; but at the close of 1833, this fund was exhausted, and he was again cast upon the casual benevolence of the public. His patron and benefactor, the late Mr. Roscoe, had been removed from this world, and he was destined to struggle with want and poverty, to which he had been inured almost throughout his life.

A short time ago the impoverished linguist paid a visit to the city of Chester, and the compiler of this brief memoir had the opportunity of conversing with him. His external appearance was not improved either in cleanliness or the value of his paraphernalia. His physiognomy is particularly strong, and the oddity of his appearance is considerably increased by his long beard, which he values above price. His manners are as wild as the inhospitable and dreary district that gave him birth, and his costume is not ill suited to the peculiar fashioning of his mind. Underneath two coats, remarkable for nothing but a want of cleanliness, were "concealed from mortal ken," three or four filthy waistcoats, that might in their primitive state have vied in variety of colouring with the rainbow, the pockets of which are filled with Hebrew *morceaux*, and scraps of Greek; relics of the

Talmud, a few pages of Lucian, Homer, Aristotle, Petrarch, and Bardic remains, are the classical tenants of his mutilated and threadbare coats, the whole of which, I am persuaded, was not worth five shillings. Yet he seemed insensible to his apparently destitute condition, and conversed with cheerfulness on various subjects. We have dwelt longer on this subject than we otherwise would have done, in the hope that it may catch the eye of the benevolent in his behalf. It has been suggested by a friend of the poor scholar, to republish the short memoir of his life, written by Mr. Roscoe, and give him the benefit of its sale, which might furnish him with the means of subsistence for a considerable time. It is supposed that a subscription of £20 would be sufficient to defray the expense of a second edition and portrait, and we cannot but join in the wish that this benevolent object may be accomplished. He is now in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Aberdaron was formerly much resorted to by devotees for embarking to Bardsey Island on their pilgrimage there.

BARDSEY ISLAND.

This place is about a league from the shore, and contains about eight or ten houses; the few inhabitants of which subsist chiefly by fishing, and raising a few crops of barley, the soil in some parts being well adapted to the culture of that grain. There are likewise a few sheep kept on the more rocky parts. A considerable number of rabbits are also bred on the island, whose skins are a valuable article of traffic to the natives. Bardsey once afforded an asylum to the votaries of monastic seclusion from Bangor Iscoed, who escaped the persecution of the Saxons under Ethelfrid, and who were joined by such persons as preferred banishment to living in a state of bondage to their invaders and conquerors. Vestiges of their religious foundation are sometimes discovered on the spot where the monastery is supposed to have stood, consisting of curiously lined graves, sculptured stones, and other fragments.

This island is frequently mentioned by the Welsh bards:—

"Pan oedd saint Senedd vrevi,
Yn ol gwiw bregeth Dewi:
Drwy arch y prophwydi,
Yn myn'd i Ynys Enlli."

NEFYN

Is a small fishing town on the northern side of the peninsula, having a pier running into the sea, in such a manner that small vessels may ride in safety during the tempestuous gales that too frequently blow from the southward. The herrings that are taken along this coast are greatly esteemed, and fetch a ready market and good price, while those taken at the same time in Cardigan Bay, are not more than half the size of the former; the one being known by the name of Nefyn, and the other of Cricceth herrings.

In the neighbourhood of Nefyn is a most secluded dismal place, surrounded on all sides, except the north entrance, by bleak and barren hills, called Vortigern's Valley. Here it was that prince found an asylum from the rage of his adversaries, and a more secluded situation could scarcely be selected. How long he remained in this seclusion is uncertain, but that he continued here until his death, in the year 456, and was interred on one of the adjoining hills, seems to be beyond a doubt, as a tumulus, called his grave, was handed down by tradition as being the spot of his sepulture: this was dug into some years since, and a stone coffin was discovered, containing the bones of a very tall man, but nothing whereby to ascertain the exact truth of the tradition.

On a narrow head-land jutting into the sea, about a mile distance from Nefyn, is

PORTH YN LLEYN,

Or Port in Lleyn. This place forms a natural bay, in which there is a safe anchorage. The situation has been deemed by some favourable for a packet station for Ireland. Surveys have been made by eminent engineers appointed by government, who have reported *pro* and *con*. Some parties advocate it as the best terminus for the Imperial Railway between London and Dublin, but public opinion is divided between this and Holyhead, which is already a packet station of some celebrity, and is in a direct line with Dublin.

CLYNOG.

Pwllheli.....	10	Carnarvon.....	10
Llanllyfni.....	6		

This beautiful little village lies about midway between the towns of Pwllheli and Carnarvon. The mail passes to

and fro daily, and changes horses at the Newborough Arms, which for comfort and accommodation is much superior to the generality of inns in small country villages. The church is a very fine antique building, and is entitled to rank amongst the most beautiful in North Wales. Here formerly stood a monastery, founded by St. Beuno in the year 616, and from which the present stately edifice had its origin; the interior is much in the cathedral style. Adjoining the church is St. Beuno's chapel, the passage to it is of far greater antiquity than either church or chapel. Leland speaks of the first as "newe worke," and the architecture verifies his account. He speaks also of the old church where St. Beuno lieth being near the new. In the midst is the tomb of the saint. Votaries were wont to have great faith in him, and did not doubt but that by means of a night's lodging on his tomb, a cure would be found for all diseases. It was customary to cover it with rushes, and leave sick children on it till morning, after making them first undergo ablution in the neighbouring holy well. Mr. Pennant says that in his time he saw on it a feather bed, on which a poor paralytic from Merionethshire had lain the whole night, after undergoing the same ceremony.

St. Beuno was the reputed uncle of St. Winefrede, who is also said to have been buried in this church. Her mutilated effigy in stone, like an Egyptian mummy, yet remains. The Rival mountains on the left, and the sea on the right make a picturesque view. Between Clynog and Carnarvon is

Glynllifon Park,

The seat of Lord Newborough. It was recently destroyed by fire, which has now been rebuilt. Near the sea coast, opposite this place is

Dinas Dinlle,

A Roman station, thirty acres in extent, supposed to have been artificially raised by the soldiers of Agricola; the sea has made an inroad into it and the strata is irregular. We now return to Tremadoc from whence we diverged, and proceed onwards with our route.—At two miles distant we reach

Port Madoc.

This place has increased within the recollection of the writer from some half-a-dozen houses, to a large and populous town. In 1821, Mr. Madock obtained an act of par-

liament for improving the navigation of that part of the bay in which it is situated, under the provisions of which, he rendered it accessible to vessels of 300 tons burthen, which now lie here in safety. Large and commodious quays and wharfs have lately been constructed for the landing and shipping of goods. The principal exports are slates, which are brought by railway a distance of fourteen miles, from the Ffestiniog slate quarries. From fifteen to twenty thousand tons of slates are shipped annually from this place. Lead and copper ore are also brought from the mines in the neighbourhood, and shipped here for the English market. The chief imports are timber, coal, lime, and other necessaries.

There are several very excellent houses here. The town forms an immense square, nearly as large as that of Grosvenor-square, London. The trade is very considerable, and supports two flourishing banks. Before quitting Port Madoc, it is but justice to say that the town and neighbourhood are greatly indebted to the worthy agent of the estate, Mr. Williams, Tu hwnt i'r Bwlch. It is owing to his indefatigable exertions and laudable spirit for improvement, that this place has within the last few years, risen from a few cottages, to a town of respectability and affluence, and from being a creek for small sailing crafts, to a port of commercial importance; for at this time it is the emporium for the whole neighbourhood, and one of the most flourishing and rising towns in the principality.

The following ingenious englyn, written by the celebrated Davydd Nanmor, who flourished about A.D. 1470, will furnish the reader with the time of the tide at this place, then called Traeth Mawr:

"Yn nydd, y Lloer newydd, ar naw—o'r gloch,
Y gwylch y llanw eithaw;
Y llawn ddydd, y llanw a ddaw
I'r nod, lle bu'r newidiaw."

"At nine o'clock of Luna's change,
'Tis full sea on the shore;
And, on the day that Luna's full
'Tis full sea the same hour."

Quitting Port Madoc, we proceed over the celebrated embankment already spoken of, on the summit of which a rail-

road has lately been constructed, to convey the slates, lead, and copper ores to the port. The scenery on this side is, if possible, still more romantic than on the other side: the rocks and mountains are of considerable altitude, and grouped in masses of great sublimity.

On the right hand is Bron yr Eryri, the seat of D. Williams, Esq., the respected clerk of the peace for the county of Merioneth. Proceeding onward for about seven miles, through a picturesque and thickly wooded country, we reach

Tan-y-Bwlch Hotel.

This delightful and charming place has of late become one of the most fashionable resorts for families and touristsduring the summer months. It is situated on a gentle declivity in the centre of the far-famed Vale of Ffestiniog, of which the tourist will have a good view from the house, but if he would see it in perfection, he should take a walk through the plantation to the terrace in front of

The Mansion of Tan-y-Bwlch,

The residence of Mrs. Oakley, who kindly permits the visitors from the inn to view the celebrated vale from these grounds. This house is embosomed in an extensive and thriving plantation, and commanding a splendid and romantic view, embracing the panorama of the entire Vale of Ffestiniog from Blaen-y-Ddol, or the head of the vale, to the ocean in Cardigan Bay. The river Dwyryd, with its serpentine windings through the vale, has a beautiful effect, while the lofty range of the Merionethshire mountains form an admirable back ground to this romantic landscape. Mr. Wyndham, who visited this spot in 1774, was quite enchanted with the sight, he says "That if a person could live upon a landscape, he would scarcely desire a more eligible spot than this."

The Oakley Arms is a first-rate hotel, and in no part of Wales is there to be found superior accommodation. My worthy host and hostess are ever on the alert in endeavouring to make their visitors happy and comfortable.

Mr. Lloyd, the obliging landlord, is post-master-general, and "poet laureate" to the neighbourhood. Being well versed in the history of his country, and of a communicative and jocular disposition, he is capable of entertaining his friends

in various ways. His house is generally filled with tourists on their perambulation through this delightful and romantic part of the country, no doubt attracted by the surrounding scenery, waterfalls, and other interesting objects. Camden notices the county of Merioneth, of which Mr. Lloyd boasts himself to be a native, as being in shape like that of the harp. This favourite instrument—this trait in native character, is nearly extinct, even in this retired country. This district was formerly proverbially known as being the place where the unmixed manners, the remaining traits and features which distinguished the British character, were to be found; of these, the oral hoard of stanzas, pennillion sung alternately and in succession to the harp, at their rural meetings, and in times past, in the mansions of affluence and hospitality, is a very ancient and leading one. I give the following, the subject of which is this very county, as a specimen:

"Yn y mor y byddo 'r mynydd,
Sydd yn cuddio sir Veirionydd,
Na chawn unwaith olwg arni;
Cyn i'm calon dirion dori."

Low ye hills in ocean lie,
That hide fair Meirion from my eye;
One distant view, Oh! let me take,
Ere yet my longing heart shall break.

And when music and Meirionydd are the associated subjects, I speak the sentiments of all those who love the sweet plaintive tones, the native notes of Britain, by adding, that in this particular, we are much indebted to the late Mr. Edward Jones, bard and harper to George the Fourth. Mr. Lloyd should keep up the national character of his country by employing a harper for the gratification of his numerous friends, particularly as one of the most celebrated singers with that instrument resides in the neighbourhood. The late antiquary Lewis Morris, Esq., has handed down to posterity the beauty and comliness of the fair sex of Merioneth, in such bewitching words as sets all translations at defiance:

"Pwy sy'n ymyl dwyn fy ngho'?
Morwynion bro Meirionydd."

Fair they are, this Cambria knows,
Fair as Ephynt's spotless snows.

It consists of several falls, each of which is about thirty feet in depth; when looked at from the base of the rock, over which the river descends, it has a sublime and romantic appearance. The scenery from the top of the wood above the inn is much admired. The railroad from the Ffestiniog quarries to Port Madoc, passes through these woods, and parties may take a walk either way: both roads are exceedingly pleasant and picturesque. The Carnarvon and Barmouth mail passes to and fro daily. About two miles on the Harlech road, up a wooded valley, are two most interesting waterfalls, one called Rhaiadr Du, or the Black Cataract, and the other Ravenfall. From the former the water runs down a deep channel for about one hundred yards, and is thence thrown with great force over three rocks, each takes a different direction from the other; the depth of the fall is about forty feet. The latter is not more than a quarter of a mile distant, and is quite equal in beauty and grandeur.

Quitting Tan y-Bwlch, and crossing the vale about half a mile further on, will bring us to

MAENTWROG.

This village is situated on the southern bank of the river Dwyryd, in the highly picturesque Vale of Ffestiniog. The celebrated Welsh poet, Archdeacon Prys, was formerly rector of this parish. It is to him that the Welsh people are indebted for the first translation of the psalms into metrical*

* It has long been a matter of surprise, as well as regret to the well disposed inhabitants of the principality, that two centuries have elapsed since the versification of the psalms in Welsh, by the Rev. Archdeacon Prys, without a second attempt having been made to harmonize the poetry of 1600. Our psalms are still suffered to remain in their first dress, which is nearly on a par with that of Sternhold and Hopkins, of discordant memory; while our neighbours, the English, have had three versions; and the last in a manner worthy of their inspired original, by the divine Watts. Neglected as the Cambro-British has long been, yet the patriotic exertion of the Welsh literary societies, and the beautiful productions of the poetical competitors at the late congresses, held under varions auspices, sufficiently prove, that we have still enough of talent for the amelioration, at least of the language now put into the mouth of the holy psalmist,

verse, which is still in use to this day. He died in 1623, and was buried in this church. There is good fishing in the river Dwyryd, and a very good inn here, where cars may be had.—We shall now proceed two and a half miles up the hill to

FFESTINIOG.

Carnarvon.....	21	Maentwrog	2½
Capel Curig	20	Tan-y-Bwlch	3
Bala.....	19	Tremadoc	12

This small but interesting village stands on an eminence at the head of the vale just described. The population is much increased of late, in consequence of the employment afforded in the slate quarries in the immediate neighbourhood, which are carried on with considerable spirit by some wealthy companies. The quarries are worthy of inspection: they belong to Lords Newborough, Palmerston, and Powlett; W. G. Oakley, S. Holland, J. Greaves, W. Turner, and G. Casson, Esquires.

There are two good inns here, the Pengwern Arms, and the Newborough Arms; at the former cars may be obtained. There is also attached to it a very comfortable boarding house, kept by Mrs. Owen; the terms being very reasonable, the house is generally full of company. Many visitors resort here during the season, and "Martha," as she is called, provides bountifully for her guests. The scenery here is said to resemble that of St. Helena, and Sandy-hook Cove.

VALE OF FFESTINIOG.

The vale which gives celebrity to this village, has been eulogized by many distinguished travellers. Mr. Pennant calls it the "Tempe of the Country." Mr. Warner observes "that it comprehends every object that can enrich or diversify a landscape;" Mr. Wyndham affirms, that "it affords as rich studies for the painter, as the neighbourhood of Tivoli or Frescati;" and Lord Lyttleton, who visited the place about 1756, is still more lavish of his enconiums. "With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a study of books," says his lordship to his friend Mr. Bower, "one might pass an age in this vale, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower and settle at Ffestiniog. Not long

ago there died in this neighbourhood a honest Welsh farmer, who was 105 years of age. By his first wife he had 30 children; 10 by his second; 4 by his third; and 7 by two concubines. His eldest son was 81 years older than his youngest son; and 800 of his descendants attended his funeral. From the heights of this village you have a view of the sea. The hills are green, and well covered with wood. There is a lovely rivulet which winds through the bottom; on each side are meadows, and above are corn fields, along the sides of the hills. At each end are high mountains, which seemed placed there to guard this charming retreat against any invasion. When we had skirted this happy vale for an hour or two, we came to a narrow branch of the sea, which is dry at low water."

About half a mile from the village are the waterfalls, they are called Pistill-y-Cynvael, the Cataract of the river Cynvael. There are two falls, about quarter of a mile distant from each other; the upper one consists of three steep rocks over which the water foams into a dark basin, overshadowed by the adjoining rocks. To see this fall to perfection, persons should cross a rustic bridge, which has been thrown over the river between the two cataracts. The lower fall consists of a broad sheet of water, precipitated down a rock forty feet high, and darkened by the luxuriant foliage around it, almost to the margin of the stream.

"Torrents loud, impetuous cataracts
Through roads abrupt, and rude unfashion'd tracts,
Roll down the lofty mountains channell'd sides,
And to the vale convey the foaming tides."

Blackmore.

Close by, and in the middle of the river, is a high columnar rock, called by the inhabitants

PULPIT HUW LLWYD,

Or Hugh Lloyd's Pulpit, the place from whence the peasantry say a magician of that name used to deliver his nightly incantations. The magic staff of this celebrated bard, magician, and warrior, is still in existence, and we have lately been favoured with an inspection of this curious relic which is now in the possession of David Lloyd, Esq., of Blaenyddol, his descendant; who, although no conjuror, contrives to charm his friends and visitors by spirits no

less potent than those of his progenitor, namely: urbanity and hospitality. Hugh Lloyd, after his wife's death enlisted into the parliamentary forces, and obtaining a commission, he remained in the army until the restoration. Growing old, he determined to return to his own country, and directed his course to his old house, where he found his sister-in-law, her husband and children, eating flummery and milk. He addressed them in English, but none of them were acquainted with the language; nevertheless, guessing his request, they provided him with a bed, after requesting him to partake of their humble meal. This he did, and then addressed them in their native language, in the following extempore verse:

"Yn Ffrainc y mae gwin yn ffraeth;—yn Llundain
Mae llawnder cynhaliaeth;
Yn Holand menyn helaeth;
Y Nghymru llymru a llaeth."

For wines delicious mighty France is prais'd,
And various dainties are for London raised;
With butter, Holland half the world supplies;
But Cambria's milk and flummery more than all I prize.

"What you are a Welshman, my good friend?" exclaimed his sister. "Yes; I am:" said he, "it is many years since I had three kisses from the girl who first sat on this bench!" This allusion to a bygone circumstance, caused them to recognise him immediately, and he was welcomed with great joy. The incident to which he referred was this: when young he had made the stone seat to put before his door, and when finished his wife's sister was the first who sat on it: "Molly," he said, "you have sat first on this bench, and you must pay me three kisses for it." The demand being satisfied, after the usual hesitation, no doubt left its impression on their memories, and after a lapse of years served to unveil the incognito under which he presented himself. To make this little episode end well, we must not forget to add that the aged warrior did not return without a good supply of gold, and retained his predilection for flummery while he lived.

To those gentlemen who are fond of angling, Ffestiniog will afford much amusement. There are several lakes in the neighbourhood where fish are found in abundance.

Cwm-Oerddin Lake.

"The fish" says a gentleman who visited it, "rise here more eagerly to flies than any I ever saw, but they are rather small."

Llyn-y-Morwynion.

The size and quality of the fish in this lake are both large and good.

Llyn-y-Pysgod

And Llyn Magned, are good lakes for trout; they are not so shy as those in the neighbouring lakes. There are three or four lakes on the road to Bala, where boats are not to be found. The angler is therefore recommended to take a long rod, so as to reach a proper distance without inconvenience. Quitting Ffestiniog we again descend the vale to Maentwrog, where we took up our quarters at Jones's, at the Grapes Inn; and as we sat at our repast, we can never forget the scenery we then looked upon. The weather was delightful; and our windows opened on a prospect fine as Tempe's Vale, enriched with all the beauty, and loveliness of that charming region. We had a fine evening walk, which threw out many objects to descant on; amongst them, was the glow and superb colouring on the sides of the mountains, from the setting sun, so common in Alpine countries; this alone was enough to absorb attention, so changeful and magic-like were the brilliant hues; and to the eye of the artist all this had been a rich treat.

Proceeding onwards we pass through Sarn Mylltyrn-Glynn, an old Elizabethan mansion, now the property of Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P. for Shropshire.

A little further in the wood on the left, we pass Maes-y-Neuaidd, the seat of Sir William Wynn, Governor of the Isle of Wight. In ascending the hill to Harlech, the tourist should look back toward the Snowdonian mountains.

From here Snowdon is seen to the very best advantage. The old gentleman is getting in years, and requires a little rest; he therefore puts his night cap on, and often takes a nap, during which time he will not have his repose disturbed: but generally speaking he will allow strangers to have a peep at him from this place, when that pleasure is denied them from other quarters. He seems to keep more aloof

from his rivals, and raises his hoary head to a more distinguished height.

Harlech Castle.

This fortress is a noble object, situated upon a rock of great elevation above the sea, where formerly stood its western base. According to the British historians, this castle was originally built by Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales about 350. It was formerly called Twr Bronwen, from Bronwen, or the fair-necked, sister to Bran ap Llur, Duke of Cornwall, and subsequently King of Britain. In the elventh century it obtained the name of Caer Collwyn, from Collwyn ap Tango, founder of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, and Lord of Eifionydd, Ardudwy, and part of Lleyn. He lived in the time of Anarawd, about A.D. 877, and resided in the square tower of the original building; the remains are still apparent, as are also a part of the old walls. The modern work in some places resting upon them.

The present structure was built by Edward the First in 1282. In 1283 he appointed Hugh de Wlonkeslow constable, with an annual allowance of one hundred pounds.

In 1404 it was taken by our gallant countryman Owen Glyndwr.

Margaret of Anjou, the spirited Queen of Henry the Sixth, after having escaped the grasp of Lord Stanley, subsequent to the king's defeat at Northampton, found in this fortress an asylum from her pursuers.

When Edward the Fourth came to the throne he soon became master of all the castles and strongholds in the kingdom except three, and this castle was one of them. At that time, 1468, Davydd ap Einion, a friend to the house of Lancaster, and a man as much distinguished for his valour, as for his handsome person and great stature, possessed this place. Finding the governor determined to keep the castle, the king sent an army under William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who after imitating the course of Hannibal over the Alps, invested the place. The earl finding that he could not succeed, appointed his brother Sir Richard, a man described equal in size and military prowess, as the British commandant. Sir Richard sent peremptory orders to surrender the place: to which the governor promptly replied, "I held a tower in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it; and now the old women of

France shall hear how I defend this castle." The assailing army found that the place was so strong, both by nature and art, as only to be reduced by famine. Sir Richard was under the necessity therefore of compounding for its surrender, by promising the heroic defender to intercede with his royal master for life and liberty. This promise he religiously fulfilled. The king at first indignantly refused to grant Sir Richard's request. "Then, Sire," said Sir Richard, "you may if you please take my life in lieu of the Welsh chieftains; if you don't comply, I will most assuredly replace Davydd again in his castle, and your highness may send whom you please to take him out."

In the civil wars this fortress more than once changed masters: Major Hugh Pennant defended the place with spirit against a large force under General Mytten, to whom, in March, 1647, it surrendered on good terms. It had the honour of not only being the last place that held out for the house of Lancaster, but also for King Charles the First.

In 1692, a golden torque was dug up in a garden near this place. A long disquisition is given by Camden, on this celebrated piece of antiquity, which is preserved with several other objects of curiosity at Mostyn Hall, the seat of the Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn. A few months ago, curiosity prompted a party to try the effect of its appearance, by suspending it round the neck of the publisher. It is in the form of a wreathed bar of gold, highly polished and twisted. It is about four feet long, flexible, and hooked at both ends.

In 1664, this neighbourhood was visited with a very extraordinary phenomenon, related by Camden; the tradition is still strong on the minds of the people. It was a mephitic vapour that rose from the sea, commencing from the shore of Morfa Bychan, near Cricceth, and extending in every direction for several miles, carrying devastation and dismay wherever it came. It set fire to several hay ricks, appeared like a blue lambent flame, and so infected the herbage, that numbers of the cattle died from its effects; and yet men could go into it without receiving any injury. It generally appeared in the night, and continued its devastations for eight months. The occasion of this singular phenomenon has never been satisfactorily accounted for by any of our scientific men.

The vicinity of Harlech abounds with numerous monu-

mental remains, more particularly such as have been esteemed referable to the Bardic system, or Druidical religion; but as most of them are some distance from the high road, they require a conductor to point out the places where they are to be met with. A few miles south of Harlech, at the ebb of the tide, may be seen a part of a long stone wall, which runs into the sea. It extends for nearly twenty miles, and is about twenty-four feet thick. This astonishing work is called Sarn Badrig, or St. Patrick's Causeway. Sarn-y-Bwlch runs from a point N.W. of Harlech, and is supposed to meet the end of this. The space between these, formed some centuries ago, a habitable hundred of Merionethshire.

It is supposed that the walls were built to keep out the sea; the irruption of which is recorded in the triads of Wales. There are several lakes in this neighbourhood.

Cwm Bychan,

Is situated in a narrow grassy dell, and though the valley is not a mile in length, yet it is encompassed with scenery as black and dreary as imagination can conceive; and may bid defiance to the pencil of a Salvator Rosa to delineate.

A new church has been erected at Harlech. The Blue Lion is a most excellent inn, where cars and guides may be had to conduct the tourist to the different objects of attraction in the neighbourhood.

Angling Stations.

Distances from Harlech:

Llanfihangel in Dwyryd... 5 | Llanbedr in Bychan ... 3

Lakes.

Llyn-y-Fedw	Llyn Cwm Bychan
Llyn Eidaw	Llyn Trewyn
Llyn Glyn	

Quitting Harlech we pass through the village to

LLANBEDR,

Where a company from London has lately opened a slate quarry.

ANCIENT PORCH TO CORS-Y-GEDOL, MERIONETHSHIRE.

Drws Ardudwy,

Or the pass of Ardudwy, was anciently fortified, and at times occupied by contending chieftains. In the neighbourhood are two upright, uninscribed stones, called "Meini gwyr Ardudwy," or the stones of the heroes of Ardudwy.

A little further on we pass two antique lodges, forming an entrance to a long avenue of a mile in length, up hill, leading to

CORS-Y-GEDOL,

One of the old baronial mansions of the principality, and the property of the Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn. The house is built in the Elizabethan style, and approached through a porch leading to a court usually attached to most houses of distinction. The accompanying wood cut will give an idea of this ancient place.

Cors-y-Gedol is noted in British history as being a place of hospitality, and the asylum of ancient British MSS., particularly the works of the poets, who were very lavish with their enconiums on the owners of this mansion :—

"Gwr oedd fwyn, gwir iddo fawl,
A gadwai Gors-y-Gedawl;
Marchog ardderchog ei ddydd,
A mawr enaid Meirionydd!"

The mansion is now the residence Bell of Lloyd, Esq. Little appertains to the house, except the noble wood with which it is environed; and the splendid view of the surrounding country, and an extensive prospect of Cardigan Bay. We now proceed along the road skirting the sea, until we reach

BARMOUTH,

Or as the Welsh designate it Haber-maw, is situated partly on the sands and partly on the declivity of a great rock, at the mouth of the river Maw. This town is said to resemble that of Gibraltar, the houses being piled up the rock, and one above another, in such a manner that the doors of one range are level with the chimneys of that beneath: access is obtained by steps cut out of the hill. The dwellings in the upper part are much incommoded by the smoke of the others, particularly when the wind blows from off the sea.

The houses in the street are built on the sandy flat, and persons walking over the lower part of the town have to wade through a considerable depth of sand, which, in very high winds is driven about in such a manner that the doors and windows of some of the habitations have been closed up with it, and the inhabitants confined until released by their neighbours.

Notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, Barmouth is much frequented in the bathing season, and the Cors-y-Gedol Arms is generally overflowing with respectable company. There are several good lodging houses, which afford additional accommodation.

Barmouth is the only haven in the county. The port is small but convenient, having a small pier for increasing the depth of water in the harbour, and facilitating the lading and unlading of cargoes. The vessels are confined to the coasting trade. There was formerly a good trade carried on here in webs, flannels, and stockings. Mr. Pennant observes, prior to the year 1781, that upwards of £40,000 were exported in the course of one year! The principal trade now is the importation of coal, shopkeepers' goods from Liverpool and elsewhere, for the consumption of Barmouth and Dolgelly.

Several good vessels have lately been built here. The beach forms a most excellent walk; the wide river Mawddach winds delightfully among the mountains, having many elegant promontories on its margin, which rise to a considerable height on each side, some clad with dense wood, some exhibiting naked rocks, and others covered with the purple heath-flower. There are boats at Barmouth for the purpose of conveying tourists by water within a short distance of Dolgelley; those who are fond of water will find this excursion very interesting, and the scenery exceedingly varied and picturesque.

During the summer months Mr. Barnett, the spirited landlord of the hotel, runs a coach to and from Chester, upon alternate days.

Quitting Barmouth we proceed onward to Dolgelly; the distance is ten miles; which perhaps is as delightful a ride as any in the kingdom. The river forms an arm of the sea, and when the estuary is full of water, the scenes which present themselves are truly picturesque. In the composition of the different views, scarcely anything can be conceived

wanting; every requisite for fine landscape, mountain and valley, rocks and woods, meadows and water, are here grouped and arranged in the most beautiful order. In the back ground, towering above the mountains, which seem like advanced guards, soars in clouds the mighty bifurcated Cader Idris. The road runs along the shelf of one vast mountain that impends over it for two miles, when it winds among the hills at a small distance from the river, which from different openings and eminences appears partly hidden by intervening mountains, and often assumes the appearance of a beautiful lake.

After passing the village of Llanelltyd, we cross the river over a very fine bridge, close to which, on a gentle eminence, is situated the old mansion of

HENGWRT,

Formerly the residence of Mr. Vaughan, the celebrated antiquarian, author of several works, and contemporary with Camden. He collected a vast number of Welsh MSS. relative to the history and antiquity of his country, which are still carefully preserved here by its present owner Col. Vaughan, of Rug.—A mile further will take us to the town of

DOLGELLY.

Bala	18	Machynlleth.....	16
Barmouth	10	Maentwrog	18
Chester	57	Towyn	16

This town is situated in a fertile vale, between the rivers Aran and Wnion, and surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, which are well wooded to the very summits.

Formerly considerable trade was carried on here in webs, coarse cloths, and flannels. The principal markets for these goods was at Shrewsbury, but of late years there is not so much doing, and they are purchased by agents on the spot.

This town is very irregular, but there are several good houses and shops built within the last few years. A traveller sitting over his wine was asked to describe Dolgelly, when taking up a handful of nutshells, and placing the cork on its end, he threw the shells carelessly around it, saying at the same time "there is the plan of Dolgelley: the cork representing the church, and the shells the small houses."

The church is a neat structure, but has nothing peculiarly attracting; it is pewless: the only seats are mere forms! The county gaol is a strong edifice, and is situated at a short distance. Being a county town the assizes are held here alternately with Bala. The county-hall is a very neat, modern, and convenient building. In the grand jury room is a portrait of the late Sir Robert Vaughan, Bart., by Sir Martin Shee.

The whole of the vale in which Dolgelly is situated, is remarkable for its beautiful views, and picturesque landscapes. It has been observed, that there is no place in the principality where so many pleasing and interesting excursions may be made, and where nature bears so rich, varied, and grand an aspect as Dolgelly. Tourists sometimes make this a kind of central station for embracing opportunities of investigation.

Those who are fond of the sport of angling will find this an excellent station.

Llanfachraeth.....	3½	Llyn Gader	1½
Pont Dolgefilian....	8	Llyn Geiriw	5
Dol-y-Gamwedd	3½	Tal-y Llyn.....	8
Llyn Cregwnan	4		

The tourist will find the Golden Lion a very excellent inn. Mrs. Walker is very obliging, and strives to makes her visitors comfortable. Another inducement to tourists is that there is always a good harper here. The Angel and the Ship are also two good inns.

Here formerly lived an eccentric old man, not unknown to many of those who have visited this place; he filled the office of guide to Cader Idris with as much credit to himself as pleasure to the stranger whom he convoyed. Mr. Pugh, in his "Cambria Depicta," has given a portrait of him from life, seated upon his pony, conducting a party up the mountain. The following ludicrous description conveys a pretty accurate idea of the little fellow:—

"Robert Edwards, second son of the celebrated tanner, William Edwards, ap Gryffydd, ap Morgan, ap David, ab Owen, ap Llewelyn, ap Cadwalader, great, great, great grandson of an illegitimate daughter of an illustrious hero (no less famed for his irresistible prowess when mildly approaching under the velvet standard of the lovely Venus, than when sternly advancing with the terrible banners of

the bloody Mars) Sir Rice ap Thomas!!! by Anne, alias Catherine, daughter of Howel ap Jenkyn, of Ynys-y-Maengwyn; who was the thirtieth in descent from Cadwgan, a lineal descendant of Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, Prince of Powys. Since the day of his nativity, full two and eighty times hath the sun rolled to his summer solstice! (He was 82 in March, 1805). Fifty years was he the host of the Hen and Chickens ale house, Pen-y-bont, twenty of which he was apparitor to the late Right Rev. Father in God, John, Lord Bishop of Bangor, and his predecessors: by chance made a glover; by genius a fly dresser and angler. He is now, by the all divine assistance, conductor to and over the most tremendous mountain Cader Idris:—to the stupendous cataracts of Caen and Mowddach; and to the enchanting cascades of Dolymynllyn, with all their beautiful romantic scenery; guide-general and magnificent expounder of all the natural and artificial curiosities of North Wales; professor of grand and bombastic lexicographical words; knight of the most anomalous, whimsical (yet perhaps happy) order of hair-brained inexplicables.

"Mark, traveller, what rarely meets thy view
Thy guide, a giddy boy of eighty-two!"

As this celebrated character, with all his titles of honour and appointments, is gone to his long home, we will endeavour to furnish the tourist with a sort of substitute, but as we do not possess the twentieth part of his abilities, the tourist of course will excuse all imperfections, and take the will for the deed.

The labour of the tourist, if an appreciator of the sublime, would be well repaid by going a few miles on the new road to Machynllaith, where he may be gratified with a sight of some of the grandest and wildest specimens of uncultivated nature in the kingdom; here bold projecting rocks of an immense height hang in terrific jeopardy over the road, and seem supported only by the hand that made them, while the awful evidences of decay lie scattered round in huge fragments of thousands of tons in weight.

About one mile from Llanylltyd, in the neighbourhood of Dolgelly, is

Cymmer Abbey.

It is situated in a verdant bottom, near the banks of the river Mawdd. The ruins exhibit a fine specimen of its

former grandeur, but by whom erected seems to be undecided. It belonged to the Cistercian order, and was probably founded by some of the descendants of Owen Gwynedd, about the year 1200. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and at the revolution was valued at £51 13s. 4d.

From Dolgelly a guide may be procured to conduct the traveller to the neighbouring cataracts, the principal of which is called

Pistyll-y-Cain.

This after heavy rains is truly magnificent, falling down a vast rock of at least a hundred and fifty feet in height. At the foot of the fall lie large portions of the detached rock, scattered about in every direction, and the whole thickly wooded with luxuriant oak and beech trees.

"Between two meeting hills it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through."

Rhaiadr Du,

Or as some call it, Dolmelyn Llyn Fall, is situated in the grounds of W. A. Maddock, Esq. In this place the water falls with a thundering noise down two rock, about sixty feet high, to a small deep basin, from whence it dashes itself along the rugged channel to the river Mawddach. In the immediate neighbourhood, is

Caerynwch,

The seat of Richard Richards, Esq., M.P. for the county, and the celebrated old mansion of

Nannau Park,

The elegant mansion of Sir Robert Williams Vaughan, Bart., who maintains unimpaired the hospitality of olden times. It is about two miles distant from Dolgelly, and on the ascent all the way. It is said to be the highest mansion in great Britain, being 702 feet above the level of the sea. The estate is covered with fine wood, and the park is remarkable for its excellent venison.

The Ascent to Cader Idris.

The following ascent was made by Mr. Pugh, author of the "Cambria Depicta." "The morning opening finely," says

Mr. P., "I ascended Cader Idris alone, taking the lower Towyn road for three miles; then turning towards the mountain, through some pretty woody enclosures, I gained the open space under its side, and making my way over what is called the 'saddle,' got upon a wide extensive plain, when by a gentle rise of near a mile, I reached the summit of the highest peak. Nothing could be more favourable than the clear, beautiful, unbounded weather which I experienced. The views from hence all round are inconceivably fine. Northward is Snowdon—

—— "On whose barren breast,
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,"

Standing up above his compeers and shewing a noble breadth of front, that seems to overawe and command respect from them all. Eastward are the fertile plains of Shropshire, and the interjacent mountains of Montgomeryshire: southward is

"Huge Plinlymmon, from whose endless source,
Three famous streams sustain their flexuous course."*

Between are the picturesque companions of Cader Idris, exposing to view their torn and distracted sides; and in the extremity of the western horizon,

"Hibernia skirts the azure main."

The lakes upon the mountain go by the several names of Llyn-y-Cae, Llyn-y-Gader, &c. The crater here, containing the lake of Llin-y-Cae, is a dismal hollow, and the semi-conic rock above it, with other corresponding ones near, furnish a scene of horror, which if we can conceive it once to have emitted fire, as it has every appearance of a volcano, well assimilates with the ancient Tophet, the immolating pile of the Israelites. The east end of this mountain is, by far, the most picturesque, possessing a number of noble and terrific cliffs, which might be taken either singly, or in a mass, and form excellent pictures.

Strangers should not be contented with a bare view of the peak, for they would find much gratification in descending to the south-western and eastern sides: but particularly the pro-

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* Severn, Wye, and Rhydiol.

fessor of the arts should descend the south-eastern side into the romantic pass which leads to Towyn. This is narrow for a considerable way, and shows nature in her savage dress; denuded rocks appearing in diversified shapes, some pointing upwards, others projecting into the pass in noble masses, as if menacing the stranger with instant destruction. One of these precipices is called Llam y Lladron, or the Thieves' Leap. Tradition says that thieves were punished here in the same manner as criminals met their fate from the Tarpeian rock in Rome.

Near the little pool of Llyn-tri-Granenyn, are some large blocks of stone which, the people say, the giant Idris finding troublesome, flung out of his shoes at the bottom, where they now lie. Returning up the mountain, considerably below the crater, and setting myself once more upon the peak, to take a farewell view of the noble surrounding prospects, I came down right under this peak by Llwybir Madyn, or the Fox's Path, to Llyn-y-Gader, the Pool of the Keep, or the Chair of Idris. This path, nearly perpendicular, is about quarter of a mile to the bottom. Few strangers choosing to try it, it is seldom attempted but by the shepherds; it is however perfectly safe: the treading upon the loose soil and stones renders it somewhat troublesome, but not dangerous. The pool below is a fine piece of water, which with the stupendous impending cliffs above it, makes as fine a subject for contemplation as it does for the skill of the painter. Cader Idris is the seat or observatory of Idris, a noted astronomer of ancient times. He is also called Idris gawr, or Idris the giant; who with Gwin ab Hudd, and Gwdion ab Don, are celebrated as the most excellent and sublime astronomers of Britain. When Idris flourished is not exactly known. The highest point of this mountain is 2850 feet above the green at Dolgelly.

From Dolgelly to Bala the road continues through a wild and hilly country, but the majestic features of the larger mountains will be left behind. A stranger to the manners of this country will be surprised at the industry and economy presented to his view at every turn of the road; every one he meets, whether man, woman, or child, being engaged in the manufacture of stockings: even the drivers of carts and waggons would consider much valuable time lost, if they had not their knitting needles at work, while pursuing their other occupations. Although there are but few habitations

on the way, yet the road, by winding round the foot of every hill, presents such surprising scenes, as readily compensates that deficiency.

Drws-y-nant

Is half way between the two places, and is the only house affording entertainment after leaving Dolgelly. In the neighbourhood of this place is a farm-house, so peculiarly situated that the rain which falls on the west side of the roof runs into Cardigan Bay, entering the sea at Barmouth, while that falling on the eastern side finds its way into the Irish channel, at the mouth of Chester river. After passing the hill just mentioned, a few miles will bring us within sight of the fine lake at Bala.

Llyn Tegid.

This beautiful sheet of water is about four miles in length and one in breadth; the depth in some places being one hundred and forty feet. The pool after heavy rains will sometimes rise eight or nine feet in as many hours, and in very stormy weather, the wind conducted between the hills, to the surface of the lake, raises the waves in a manner that seems to threaten the town with destruction. The shores are finely diversified, exhibiting in every point of view a rich display of cultivated lands and verdant meadows, interspersed with several gentlemen's seats.

About the middle of the lake, on the Llanycil side, is situated the summer residence of the worthy owner, called

Glan Llyn.

This is a handsome modern villa, erected by the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., who occasionally brought a few friends to enjoy the pastime of fishing, and at the proper season, that of grouse shooting. There are two or three pleasure boats kept on the lake; but the whole being private property, they are kept for the amusement of the owner, or those to whom he may permit their use.

At the north-east corner of the pool is a bridge, over which is a road that surrounds the whole. This is also the spot from which the Dee issues, from whence it flows through the fine Vale of Llangollen, in Denbighshire, and parts of Shropshire into Cheshire, also through Chester, and from thence to the Irish sea, making a broad estuary which separates Cheshire from Flintshire.

This lake was formerly the property of the monks of the Abbey of Basingwerk; for Owen Brogyntyn made a grant to God, St. Mary, and the monks of that house, of "a certain lake in Penthlin, called Thlyntegid, or Pemblemeere, and all the pasture of the saide lande of Penthlin." This was witnessed by Reiner, who was Bishop of St. Asaph, from 1186 to 1224, and by Ithel Owen, chaplain.

Proceeding onward we pass the village of Llanycil, a church dedicated to St. Beuno, and on the opposite side of the lake, Llangower dedicated to St. Gwawr, the mother of the Cambrian Bard, Llywarch Hen. Beneath flows Avon Gwawr, the only feed of the lake on that side. In the neighbourhood is the ancient seat of

Caergai,

Placed on an eminence. Camden says it was a castle, built by one Caius, a Roman. The Britons ascribe it to Gai, foster-brother to King Arthur. It probably was Roman, for multitudes of coins have been found in the neighbourhood, and it is certain that it has been a fortress to defend this pass. The next town we arrive at is

BALA.

This town, in the parish of Llanycil, consists of two wide streets, and a few smaller ones at right angles. The houses are but indifferent, although there are several highly respectable mansions in the neighbourhood. The autumn assizes for the county of Merioneth are held here, and, to the honour of the Welsh, be it recorded, that the assizes are frequently held without a criminal to try. The principal trade carried on is that of knitting stockings, Welsh wigs, gloves, &c., which, as before mentioned, is pursued by all ranks and ages, and the dealers in those articles attend on market days, when all who have goods to dispose of are sure to find a sale, with a fair price to remunerate their industry. At the end of the town is a mound of earth called Tommen-y-Bala, which, in fine weather, is generally peopled with knitters, who sit there to enjoy the benefit of the fresh air, and the pleasures of conversation. Mr. Pennant supposes this to have been a Roman fortification, and observes, there was a chain of such small castellets erected by that people to keep the Britons in subjection.

From the summit a fine view is obtained of the surrounding alpine scenery; on the right appears the two Arrenigs, Fawr and Fach; beyond them soars the lofty Arans, with their two heads, Aran y Mawddu and Aran Penllyn; and in the distance rises Cader Idris with pre-eminent grandeur!

"So pleased at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last."

During the summer season, this place is the general rendezvous of gentlemen who resort here for the purpose of grouse shooting amongst the surrounding heath-clad hills, and fishing in the celebrated lake of Llyntegid, which abounds in great varieties of the scaly tribe. A good angler may have as fine a day's sport here as in any place in the principality. Lord Littleton gave Bala a certain kind of celebrity for the beauty of its women, observing, "that he saw some of the prettiest girls here he ever beheld."

The women in this district wear hats, which to a stranger gives them a novel appearance: they and their children are everlastingly employed in knitting, even as they walk along. Bala was the residence of the Rev. Thos. Charles, the original founder of the Bible Society, and one of the most illustrious and useful characters the principality ever produced. The records of history do not supply us with an account of any other individual who has done so much as he has done for the good of his country. When he commenced his labours not one in twenty of the common people could read. He established Sunday schools in various parts of Wales, in which the Welsh language was taught, the teachers of which he himself had instructed. The Sunday teaching has ever since been carried on throughout the whole length and breadth of the principality with great zeal and considerable success. Mr. Charles commenced a printing establishment at Bala, by means of which he supplied his schools with elementary books, and the people in general with works on religious subjects; thus materially improving their minds and morals. His Geiriadur, or Biblical Dictionary, in four octavo volumes, is deservedly esteemed, and has been more read than any other theological work that ever issued from the Welsh press. It raised the tone and increased the usefulness of a large class of

preachers, and gave permanency to wholesome and sound doctrine in our country. By the zeal and influence of Mr. Charles, the people of Wales were largely supplied with the word of God. After a life of great activity, and unexampled usefulness, he expired in 1814, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, leaving a character unsullied, and a name which is never mentioned by his countrymen but with deep veneration.

Out of compliment to Mr. Charles, Bala was chosen as the head quarters for the assembly of the meeting of the Welsh Calvinists'

GREAT ASSOCIATION;

Where nearly all the preachers in North and South Wales, connected with the Calvinistic body of Methodists, meet annually, to arrange matters of discipline and other business connected with the preaching of the gospel. The vast multitude of people that meet on these occasions are astonishing; on an average there is seldom less than twenty thousand people listening at one time, with intense anxiety to the gospel truths, uttered by some of the most popular preachers selected for that interesting occasion. Two training colleges have lately been established at Bala, for the purpose of educating and preparing young men for the ministry:—One is connected with the body of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, and conducted by the Rev. Lewis Edwards, A.M., and the Rev. David Charles, B.A. The other is connected with the Welsh Dissenting body, and conducted by the Rev. Michael Jones.—The distances from Bala to the adjacent towns are as follow:—

Corwen	12	Ffestiniog	19
Llangollen	22	Dolgelley	17

The White Lion and the Bull Inn are very good establishments, where every accommodation, civility and comfort will be found. Quitting this place for Corwen, the tourist, for the sake of fine scenery, is recommended to take the lower road along the matchless

VALE OF EDEIRNION,

Through which the river Dee rolls along, winding its way, passing through verdant meads and beneath foliage of various hues and beauties. In this vale is Rhiwaedog, or the Bloody Brow, noted for the battle between Llywarch

Hen and the Saxons, in which he lost Cynddelw, the last of his numerous sons. A spot not far from hence is called Pabell Llywarch Hen, or the tent of that monarch; it is supposed to have been the place where he rested the night after the battle, and where he finished that pathetic elegy in which he laments the loss of all his sons. In it he directs the last of his sons to defend the brow of that hill, indifferent to the fate of the only survivor:—

"* Cynddelw cadw dithau y rhiw,
Ar y ddel yma heddyw,
Cudab am un mab nid gwiw."

"Cynddelw defend thou the brow of yonder hill, let the event of the day be what it will: when there is but one son left it is vain to be over fond of him." On the left of this vale is the village of

LLANDDERVEL.

The church is dedicated to St. Derfel Gadarn, it was remarkable for a huge wooden image of the saint. Proceed to

LLANDRILLO,

A village with a church dedicated to St. Trillo. It is seated on the torrent Ceidio, at the mouth of a great glen, which extends upwards of two miles, embosomed in the Berwyn mountains, and leads to the noted pass through them, called Milltir Gerrig, into the county of Montgomery. The valley here acquires new beauties, and is exceedingly romantic. The scenery is worthy of the pencil of a Salvator, and a young artist would find here a fit place to study the manner of that great painter of rugged nature.—Passing the mansion of Rug, on the left, the seat of Col. Vaughan, which place is memorable for the treacherous surprisal of Gryffydd ap Conan, King of Wales, soon after his victory at Carno, in the year 1077, we reach

CORWEN.

Llangollen	10	Bala	12
Ruthin	12	Chester	33
Denbigh	20	Holyhead	67

This town is situated on a rising ground on the northern

* J. D. Rhys's Grammar, 1592.

bank of the Dee. The church is a neat cruciform structure, in a highly romantic situation, immediately under a vast rocky cliff.

Corwen is considered famous in Cambrian history, as being the rendezvous where the Welsh assembled under their valiant leader Owen Gwynedd, against Henry the Second, and for being the encampment of Owen Glyndwr against Henry the Fourth. In both instances the kings of England were obliged to retreat with great dishonour.

Fronting Corwen, says our annals, is a British port called Caer Drwyn; it is a circular wall on the summit of a steep hill, about a mile in circumference, with the remains of a circular fortress within, now in ruins. Mr. Pennant supposes it to have been one of those strongholds where the Welsh placed their women, children, cattle, &c., as a safeguard; and considered one of that chain of posts that began at Dyserth, and ended at Cynwyd: yet from this place having no supply of water, I should rather suppose it to be one of the temporary entrenched camps where they halted for a night or two, till they were able to regain sufficient strength to recommence their warfare.

Owen Gwynedd is supposed by Littleton to have occupied this post while Henry the Second was encamped on the opposite side of the vale. The king had assembled all his choice forces on the Berwyn, and strongly entrenched them by felling the woods and taking every possible precaution against ambush and surprise. Both armies for a considerable time, lay in sight of each other; but the Welsh being well acquainted with the country, with their light troops cut off the king's supply of forage and ammunition, and so harrassed him, by skirmishing, that the monarch was compelled to withdraw to England in chagrin and disgrace.

This place was afterwards the rendezvous and retreat of Owen Glyndwr, where he made a stand against Henry the Fourth, who gave some of Owen Glyndwr's land to Lord Grey de Ruthin, and insulted Owen by omitting to summon him as a baron to attend his court. A pretence, as weak as it was wicked, was set up to alienate the remainder of his patrimony. This unjustifiable measure of usurpation kindled the wrath of Owen, who was a person of great abilities and interest; his descent was in direct line from Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales. Owen resorted to desperate measures; he withdrew his allegiance from a power

he considered unlawful, and which, hitherto, had only been exercised to rob him and his friends, and oppress his country.

We have no space to insert the whole history of Owen's victorious career; suffice it to say that our gallant hero over-ran North Wales, and on the 21st of September, 1400, was publicly proclaimed Prince of Wales. The insurrection now became general, and the Welsh, with the exception of those under the influence of the royal garrisons, entirely threw off the English yoke. So formidable indeed was their rebellion considered by the English, that the king thought it necessary to march against Owen in person; but after endeavouring to dislodge him from his fortress among the mountains, and losing the flower of his army in the attempt; he returned to London again in chagrin and disgrace. Taking advantage of this interval, Owen over-ran South Wales; took many of the castles, garrisoning some, dismantling others, and destroying by fire and sword every thing that opposed the execution of his design.

About this time, 1402, a singular comet, or blazing star, made its appearance, which was a fine subject for the bards to expatiate upon. This was interpreted as a favourable omen to the cause of Glyndwr; and such a phenomenon, aided by the fancy of the poets, inspired the Welsh people with valour and bravery. The late Mrs. Hemans has written a beautiful song on this subject, a verse of which we insert:

"Saw ye the blazing star!
The heaven's look down on freedom's war,
And lights her torch on high;
Bright on the dragon's crest
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,
When warriors meet to die.
Let earth's pale tyrants read despair,
And vengeance in its flame,
Hail ye, my bards, the omen fair,
Of conquest and of fame,
And swell the rushing mountain air,
With songs to Glyndwr's name."

The king having recruited his army, and filled his treasury by contributions, once more took the field against Glyndwr; but with no better success: Owen's magic still prevailed. The weather proved so tempestuous that

a rapid and shameful retreat was the only alternative; and retreat he did with a loss of fifty of his carriages. Shakespear puts the following ostentatious words into Glyndwr's mouth, in consequence of Henry's repeated defeats:

"Three times hath Harry Bolingbroke made head
Against my pow'r; thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy bottom'd Severn have I sent
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back."

The place of encampment may still be traced by a rampart of earth between the church of Corwen, and the village of Cynwyd.

Owen Glyndwr's dagger is still preserved at Rug, the seat of Col. Vaughan. The blade is seventeen inches long, mounted with silver. Upon the Berwyn mountains, behind the church, is a place called

GLYNDWR'S SEAT,

From whence is a most charming prospect. The rich and delightful vale of Corwen expands to view, with the Dee flowing in the centre. Here might Glyndwr view nearly forty square miles of his own land.

The principal inn at Corwen is very properly called Glyndwr's hotel; it is an excellent establishment on the great Holyhead road. The road from here to Cernioge, Bettws-y-Coed, Capel Curig, through Nant Francon to Bangor, is considered the finest in the kingdom for the sublimity and variety of its scenery.

The road from Corwen to Llangollen is on a terrace elevated above the Dee, presenting at every turn new scenes of richness and romantic beauty; the river meandering through the valley, between banks cloathed with all the luxuriance of rich cultivation and foliage. As we approached Llangollen, in an opening on the left, appear the remains of

VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY,

In one of the most beautiful secluded situations in the kingdom. It is reared in the centre of a small verdant meadow, on the bosom of a hill. The church was built cruciform, in several styles of architecture, and furnishes a specimen of ornamental gothic of the thirteenth century. The whole of the interior is overgrown with tall trees,

which, contrasted with the mouldering ruins, forms an interesting subject for the pencil of the artist.

"The sacred taper's lights are gone;
Grey moss has clad the altar stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceased to toll.
The long ribb'd aisles are burst and sunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk;
Departed is the pious monk,
God's blessing on his soul."

A little further on are seen the romantic ruins of

Castell Dinas Bran:

A few scattered walls are all that now remains of this celebrated fortress. It is recorded as one of the primitive castles of Wales, and from its height, 910 feet above the bridge, and also its situation, it appears to have been impregnable. Its aspect is highly picturesque, and from its conspicuous pre-eminence appears in several points of view as a striking object in the surrounding scenery.

By whom this fortress was erected is uncertain, but it is with great probability attributed to Gruffydd ap Madoc, who resided here, and was deeply interested in the politics of Henry the Third. It is remarkable, considering the great perpendicular height of the hill, that two wells within the castle walls are never known to be deficient of water.

A little higher up the valley, and about quarter of a mile from Valle Crucis, is the remains of a pillar, called the

Pillar of Eliesig,

Supposed to be the most ancient British inscribed pillar now existing. It remained entire until the time of the civil wars, when it was broken by ignorant fanatics, who thought every substance approximating to the form of a cross should be destroyed, however curious, valuable, or antique. This stone, when complete, was twenty feet in height, but is now reduced to little more than half the size.

That it was a sepulchral monument admits of no doubt, as a few years since the tumulus on which it stands was opened, and the relics of bones were found placed in a manner customary at a very early period.

It was inscribed with letters that were in use in the sixth century. These were copied by a great antiquary, by whom the pillar was ascertained to cover the remains of Elieseg, father of Brochmail, Prince of Powis, who was killed at the battle of Chester, in the year 607.

LLANGOLLEN

Chester	23	Oswestry	12
Chirk	7	Ruabon	6
Corwen	10	Ruthin	15
London	183	Wrexham	12

Is a small market town, that, exclusive of its situation, contains nothing particularly interesting, except its bridge over the river Dee, and a remarkably neat church, the roof of which is a fine specimen of antique carving, removed from the chapel of Valle Crucis Abbey. The town is situated in a delightful vale, through which the river rolls and dashes over cataracts at almost every ten yards; and is beautifully diversified with meads, woodlands, and hills, interspersed with houses. The vale of Llangollen appears to hold a kind of rivalry with those of Clwyd and Ffestiniog: each having their advocates in favour of some predominating feature of picturesque beauty. One cannot go sixty yards without observing some alteration in the grounds, forming fresh views; and let the painter stroll where he pleases, he is certain of meeting many objects that must inevitably give him the highest satisfaction. No place abounds more with varied rides and solemn walks. From this central place a tourist may visit Owen Glyndwr's house, and the fine vallies of the Dee, to its source beyond the great Llyn Tegid, or pass the mountain to the Vale of Clwyd, and also Pont Cyssylltiau, and Chirk Castle.

PLAS NEWYDD,

The antique, and indeed the unique cottage, of the late lamented Lady Eleanor Butler, and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, is situated on a small knoll surrounded by lofty trees and beautiful grounds. These two ladies came to this neighbourhood in 1778, and being struck with the scenery, they made it their philosophical retirement from the frivolities of the fashionable world. They built this romantic cottage and decorated it with a palisade, ornamented with antique and grotesque figures, carved in oak, in a most peculiar and pleasing style. Plas Newydd is now the property and re-

sidence of two other maiden ladies, Miss Lolly and Miss Andrew, who seem to tread in the paths and emulate the retirement of their predecessors.

Llangollen is a great resort for tourists during the season, and the pure air and mild temperature causes a number of families to adopt this neighbourhood as a permanent residence. The Hand and the King's Head hotels, are excellent houses, and capable of accommodating their numerous visitors. The Holyhead and London mail passes through here twice a day.

There is excellent fishing throughout the whole of the vale of Llangollen. Salmon, trout, and grayling, abound in the Dee. The favorite flies are the blue dun, the coch y bondy, the iron blue, the pale blue, and the wren-tail.

Angling Stations:

The Dee from Corwen to Llangollen; also from Llangollen to Overton. At three miles distant we come to the celebrated

Pont Cyssylltiau.

This grand aqueduct is built of Portland stone, and the effect which it produces from whatever point it is viewed, is highly pleasing; it is a structure which cannot be seen without admiration. It has the following inscription on one of the centre pillars: "The nobility and gentry of the adjacent counties, having united their efforts, with the great commercial interests of this county, in creating an intercourse and union between England and Wales, by a navigable communication of the three rivers, Severn, Dee, and Mersey, for the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade, caused the first stone of this aqueduct to be laid on the 25th of July, 1795; when Richard Myddelton, of Chirk Castle, Esq., M.P., one of the original patrons of the Ellesmere Canal, was lord of the manor; in the reign of George the Third, when the arts and sciences flourished under his patronage, and the conduct of civil life was improved by his example."

There is a stone bridge of two arches close to it, which is quite eclipsed by its stupendous height and magnitude. In it we recognized the ancient water conveyances of Rome; which, though superior in point of length; were inferior in other respects. Its direction is north and south, crossing the Dee, at a right angle, and uniting as it were, both

sides of the vale. It forms, connected as it is, with the surrounding scenery, a noble and a magnificent picture, but to view it to the best advantage, the stranger must ascend the acclivities on either side of it, from whence he will be highly pleased with a scene in which there is every concomitant that can please the lover of nature and art.

The length of the bridge is 988 feet, and exhibits nineteen arches, each forty-five feet in span. The summit has a water trough of cast iron, 1009 feet in length, and in breadth 11 feet 8 inches. The elegant piers lessen upwards gradually, from 17 feet width, and 21 feet depth at the base, to 7 feet width, and 12 feet depth at the top. These piers are 116 feet high from the river, and from their ending to the greatest height 20 feet, making the elevation 126 feet, which renders it necessary for a person to have a steady head and a stout heart to walk over it, especially if the wind is high. The whole undertaking is said to have cost upwards of £47,000. Proceeding along the great Holyhead road for about two miles, we reach the noble mansion of

Chirk Castle.

" I entered first, at Chirke, right o'er a brooke,
Where staying still, on countrey well to looke;
A castle fayre, appeerde to syght of eye,
Whose walls were greate, and towers both large and hye.

Full underneeth the same, doth Keiriog run,
A raging brooke, when raine or snowe is greate;
It was some prince, that first this house begun,
It shewes farre of, to be so brave a seate."

Churchyard.

This castle is proudly situated on an eminence, and commands one of the finest views imaginable. It is the seat of Col. Myddelton Biddulph, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Denbigh.

The gateway in front, through a thick massy tower, gives entrance to a quadrangular court-yard, consisting of an area of a hundred and sixty feet long, by one hundred broad, round which are ranged the different apartments; and the eastern side is ornamented by a handsome colonnaded piazza. The picture gallery, one hundred feet long, and twenty-two wide, comprisesa large collection of paintings, principally portraits: many of which are well executed; and

from being works of celebrated masters, as well as handmaids to biography, are highly valuable.

Among the landscapes is a marino piece, which is usually pointed out to excite risibility: the painter, a foreign artist, having introduced by *licentia pictoria*, the sea studded with ships, into a professed representation of an inland waterfall! The painter, we believe, had instructions from one of the family to introduce "sheep grazing," but being a foreigner, took it to be "ships sailing," which being well done were suffered to remain.

The mansion is built, as its name implies, in the old castellated style, with round towers and embrasures, and was originally erected about the year 1013. The front is 250 feet long; on the top of the battlements are walks sufficiently wide for two persons to walk upon. The view is most enchanting, and embraces no less than seventeen counties.

During the civil wars, it was besieged by the parliamentary forces, and suffered considerable injury, having been battered by Cromwell's cannon, but was repaired immediately afterwards at the expense of eighty thousand pounds.

This neighbourhood abounds with the remains of ancient British fortifications, particularly that vast embankment called Offa's Dyke, thrown up as a boundary between the Saxons and Britons in 763.

During the desperate struggle of Cambria to recover her independence, the vicinity of Chirk Castle, in the year 1164, was the theatre of perhaps the most sanguinary battle ever fought between the English and the Welsh. The success of Rhys, Prince of South Wales, against the Flemings and Normans, encouraged the princes and chieftains of North Wales to make another bold attempt to shake of the galling yoke of Henry the Second's tyranny; and stimulated them to hope that similar good fortune would crown their endeavours.

As soon as the time of the year for action had arrived, David, the son of Owen, Prince of North Wales, fell upon Flintshire, which at that time pertained to the King of England, and carrying all the people and cattle with him, brought them to Dyffryn Clwyd, otherwise Ruthin land. King Henry the Second understanding this, gathered together his forces, and with all speed marched to defend his territory. Being come to Rhuddlan he encamped there

three days, but quickly perceived he could do no great matter, by reason that his army was not sufficiently numerous, and therefore he thought it more advisable to return back to England, and to augment his forces, before he should attempt anything againt the Welsh.

Accordingly he levied the most chosen men throughout all his dominions of England, Normandy, Anjou, Gascoin, and Guienne; beside succours from Flanders and Brittany; and then set forward for North Wales, purposing to destroy without mercy every living thing he could possibly meet with, and being advanced as far as Oswestry, he encamped there.

On the other side, Prince Owen, and his brother Cadwaladr, and all the strength of North Wales; Prince Rhys, with those of South Wales; Owen Cyfeiliog and Madawc ap Meredith, with all the power of Powis; and the two sons of Madawc ap Ednerth, with the people living betwixt the rivers Severn and Wye, met together, and pitched their camp at Corwen, in Edeyrnion, intending unanimously to defend their country against the King of England, whose forces at that time were upwards of 37,000 men: a number sufficiently numerous to annihilate the Welsh, already reduced to a comparatively small number. King Henry understanding that the enemy was so near, was very desirous to come to battle, and to that end he removed to the banks of the river Ceiriog, or as some call Crogen, causing all the wood thereabouts to be cut down for fear of an ambush lurking therein, and for a more clear prospect of the enemy. The English kept the open plains, and were afraid to be entrapped in the straight and narrow passages; and the Welsh, on the other hand, watched the advantage of the place, and observed the English so narrowly, that neither forage nor victuals could pass to the king's camp. Several skirmishes took place, in which the Welsh were generally victorious. Backed, as they usually were, by patriotism, fortitude, and rocks, they had on this occasion the friendly and timely aid of the elements, which augmented the misery of the English army. Torrents of rain, riotous rivers, and a precipitous country, were unusual difficulties to soldiers from flat and fertile regions. The immense rain that fell mightily disturbed their encampment, in so much that the soldiers could scarcely stand for the disadvantage of those slippery hills. Henry at last was forced to decamp; he

was completely defeated, and forced with difficulty to make a disastrous retreat, with very considerable loss of men and ammunition.

In revenge for the disappointment Henry met with on this occasion, he had recourse to a dastardly mode of retaliation: immediately on his return to England, he ordered twelve young men of the first families in Wales, whom he retained as hostages, to have their eyes plucked out.

"Obses ab Henrico cæcatus rege secundo."

Wynn states in his History of Wales, that in assailing a bridge the king was in no small danger of his life; one of the Welsh soldiers having aimed directly at him, and was like to pierce him through the body; had not Herbert de Clare, Constable of Colchester, who perceived the arrow coming, threw himself betwixt the king and it, though to the loss of his life. Many of the English slain on this dire occasion, were buried in Offa's Dyke, and the place, allusive to the event, still retains the appellation of "Adwy'r Beddau," or the Pass of the Graves.

About a mile from the castle is the pretty village of

CHIRK,

Which is built on the brow of a hill. The church contains a great many monuments of various degrees of excellence, principally of the Middleton family. The Chirk valley consists of very fertile meadows, watered by a brook, and bounded by wooded banks. At the upper end appears a magnificent stone

AQUEDUCT

Of ten arches, which serves to convey the Ellesmere canal over the valley, from bank to bank. Its length, including the abutments, is a hundred and ninety-six feet; its height, to the usual surface of the water, sixty-five feet. From hence the canal passes in a long tunnel, through an intervening hill, and when it again emerges, is carried across the vale of the Dee, over Pont cyssyllte.

RHUABON,

Chirk.....	4½	Wrexham.....	5½
Llangollen	7	Denbigh	28

Or Rhiwabon, is a pleasing village, situated on a small emi-

nence, and has several seats in the vicinity, belonging to gentlemen of fortune and family. The church is a handsome antique building, with a good organ, given by Sir W. Wynn, Bart. The monuments that are within, are principally to the memory of the members of the Wynstay family, and their superior workmanship and elegance claim the admiration of all who are interested in the sculpture and design. In the neighbourhood are numerous iron works and collieries. The British Iron Company has very extensive works at Acre Vair, in which several hundred men are constantly employed. There are several considerable coal works at Cefn Mawr, a large populous village on the northern bank of the Dee, near an elegant bridge thrown over the river, called New Bridge.

Mr. Allen's house, the Eagle or Wynstay Arms, is an excellent hotel, and well known to travellers. The market is held on Monday; and in the village a short distance from the inn is one of the entrances to

Wynstay Park.

This lodge of modern erection, forms a somewhat handsome gateway opening into a straight avenue, through an undulating park, nearly a mile in length, clothed with venerable oak and other stately timber of great height and bulk. At the extremity of the avenue is the hospitable mansion and residence of Sir W. Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., beautifully situated on a fine and extensive lawn, having a noble artificial sheet of water in front, and commanding a very interesting and delightful prospect of a fine valley, diversified with everything that can satisfy a cultivated mind; nor does the colouring given to it by Lord Lyttleton exceed reality. This spacious mansion is surrounded with a park which is twelve miles in circumference. There are handsome entrance lodges into it from various parts of the surrounding district. A short distance from the hall stands a handsome fluted column, erected after a design by the late Mr. Jno. Wyatt, to the memory of Sir Watkin's grandfather. The height of this column is one hundred feet, the capital ornamented with festooned wreaths of oak leaves, and at the angles with eagles finely moulded in bronze. The top is surrounded with an iron balustrade, to which there is an ascent from within the column by a flight of spiral steps, and having in the centre a circular

pedestal twelve feet high, on which is placed a massive vase of bronze, enriched with goats' heads.

In the grounds there is a tower erected by the late Sir Watkin, called the Waterloo Tower, to commemorate the glory of that celebrated battle. On the verge of the demesne is

Nant y Bella,

Or the Dingle of the Martin, through which the river Dee urges its rapid course along a narrow channel, richly fringed with impending woods. In this dingle there is a cenotaph erected after a design by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, by the late Sir Watkin to the memory of his brother officers and soldiers who were slain during the rebellion in Ireland in 1798; it stands on an eminence, and commands one of the finest views imaginable. The rich and verdant vale of Llangollen, the aqueduct crossing the Dee, the magnificent woody eminences shooting up in various alluring forms makes the view a perfect picture, and renders it more an Italian than a British scene.

The mansion is a stately pile of building, possessing from its elevation a striking character of unostentatious grandeur. The interior comprises several noble apartments, embellished with valuable paintings and family portraits, by the most celebrated masters, and several marble busts of statesmen, such as Lord Grenville, Wm. Pitt, &c., by first rate sculptors. Here also is preserved, in good condition, a fine library which is particularly rich in ancient British manuscripts, collected by the family for generations past. In the drawing room is an immense silver vase, or huge punch-bowl, which was presented to the late Sir Watkin by his countrymen, after his return from the battle of Waterloo. It is very massive, and large enough for an infant Bacchus to bathe in. The following englyn, by the bard of Nantglyn, is inserted on it:—

"Y fail arian am filwrio,—a roddwyd
I raddol fwyn gymro
Sir Watkin brigin ein bro,
Iw gyfarch ai hir gofio.

From here to Wrexham we pass several neat mansions particularly Erddig, the seat of Philip Yorke, Esq., whose

grandfather was the author of "The Royal Tribes of Wales," a work of merit and replete with information.

WREXHAM.

Ruthin.....	16	Chester	12
Mold.....	11	Llangollen	11½

Wrexham has a claim to remote antiquity, for it is noticed in the Saxon Chronicles, as being in that portion of Cambria, severed from it by Offa's Dyke, and enumerated among the towns of Mercia. Edward the First granted this town and lordship to Earl Warren, and Leland describes it in his tour as a place of trade, having some merchants and "good bokelar makers." It is considered the largest town in North Wales, though perhaps Carnarvon might with equal justice lay claim to the title. The principal street is of great width, and contains several well-built houses, and handsome shops, with the Town-hall at the upper end. Some of the smaller streets likewise contain respectable residences, and genteel families.

Wrexham church is accounted one of the wonders of Wales. The structure is of considerable magnitude, affords a rich display of the most elaborate gothic workmanship, in pinnacles, tracery, grotesque carving, and all the eccentricities admissible in that style of building. The interior of the church has a fine altar piece by Rubens, and boasts of some very curious monuments, amongst which is one of Hugh Bellot, successively Bishop of Chester and of Bangor. He died in 1596; and it is reported of him, that he had so great a veneration for the celibacy of the clergy, that he never permitted a female to inhabit or sleep in his house. But the most conspicuous monument is one executed by Rysbrac, to the memory of Mrs. Mary Middelton, who died April the 8th, 1747, It represents the entombed female bursting the bonds of death, at the sound of the last trumpet, when the rocks and tombs are in the act of splitting and rending asunder, to make way for the ascent of the beatified spirit, who is represented as a beautiful female, rising triumphantly from the coffin, the lid of which is split, and falling off, adding greatly to the general effect. This fine piece of sculpture has been drawn and engraved by an artist of the town, and does great credit to his abilities. The church was burnt down, in the year 1457, and in order to rebuild it, an indulgence of forty days, for five years, was

granted from Rome, to every contributor to so pious a work. It was about fifteen years in building, and it was glazed in 1472 with glass brought from Normandy ; but the steeple, which is 135 feet high, as appears by a date on it, was not finished till 1506.

The markets of Wrexham are well supplied, and numerously attended, from the great population caused by the iron works and collieries in the vicinity. It is worthy of remark that in a late war between the Russians and the Turks, both of the belligerents were furnished with cannon from the Bersham foundry. One of the annual fairs, that of the 23rd March, continues for a fortnight, and like those of Chester, is for the sale of all sorts of manufactured goods from Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, and other places.

The Eagles and the Red Lion are the best inns. The coaches from Chester pass to and from this place to Shrewsbury, Oswestry, and Welshpool. About two miles out of Wrexham, on the right is

Acton Park,

The seat of Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart. This was formerly the property of that notorious and cruel man, Judge Jeffreys, who was appointed Chief Justice of Chester, 1680. On the accession of James the Second, he was made Lord Chancellor, and took an active part in all the violent and sanguinary measures of that reign ; when James left the kingdom, Jeffreys, knowing what little room he had to expect favour, endeavoured to escape also, but was discovered in Wapping, disguised as a sailor, and committed to the tower, where he died on the 18th April, 1689, either from hard drinking, or a broken heart, and so was preserved from the infamy of a public execution. Four miles from Wrexham, on the left of the high road, a turning leads to

GRESFORD,

A village on the margin of a beautiful vale. The church is a fine building, something in style of that of Wrexham, but not so large, or rich in sculpture ; it contains several fine monuments, and the bells, for their uncommon melody and fineness of tone, are scarcely excelled by any in the kingdom. A short distance from hence, is

Marford Hill.

Here the attention of the traveller will be arrested by the expansive view that lies before him, extending over the vale

of Cheshire, with the river Dee winding its course through the long range of meadows on the right, and the city of Chester, with numerous other places in the distance; likewise the uncommon neatness of the cottages, which are all finished in the gothic style, with rusticated trellis work at their entrances. The uniformity of colouring bespeaks the correct taste and judgment of their proprietor. Within four miles of Chester, at Belgrave, an elegant castellated lodge leads into the park of

EATON HALL,

The princely residence of the Marquis of Westminster. The approach is by a vista of venerable oak and other trees, about two miles in length. To particularize the noble edifice would require more space than can be spared, the tourist will find a good account of it in the "Panorama of Chester." Access to this mansion is readily obtained, and the stranger will no doubt, avail himself of the opportunity of inspecting one of the most splendid, costly, and extensive modern erections in the kingdom. It may therefore suffice to observe that the whole of the villages, farm houses and cottages, for a considerable distance in every direction, announce their vicinity to an immense gothic pile: all as it were acknowledging themselves the offspring, and partaking of the colour and gothic character of their splendid parent.

We now enter the ancient City of Chester, having completed a tour of near 300 miles, without including the deviations from the main road, through the most romantic and splendidly picturesque scenery of North Wales. In conclusion we will take our leave in the emphatic strains of Mrs. Heman's in her "Farewell to Wales."

The voice of thy streams in my spirit I hear,
Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy halls, on thy hearths, on the pure mountain air,
On the strings of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand!
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
Whilst I leave thee, Oh land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat
Where'er a low hamlet smiles under thy skies;
For thy peasant hearth's burning, the stranger to greet,
For the soul that looks forth from thy children's kind eyes!
May the blessings, like sunshine, around thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

STEAM-PACKET COMPANION,

FROM LIVERPOOL

TO

THE MENAI BRIDGE,

DESCRIBING THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND OTHER INTERESTING OBJECTS ON THE WELSH COAST.

There may be brighter climes afar beneath more sunny skies,
But none, my native land, that I like unto thee should prize.
I dearly love the steep blue hills and the lakes that lie below,
Sleeping beneath the moon's pale beams, or rich with sunset's glow.
Beautiful art thou, land of my home, e'en to a stranger's glance;
Thy mountains are magnificent, thy castles breathe romance:
There is a charm in the "time-worn towers," a sadly pleasing spell,
In the roofless chambers where alone the owl and the ivy dwell.
Land of the bard, the harp, the song, land of my love and birth,
Oh be the "awen" still thine own, and thine the kindly hearth!

LIVERPOOL

Being the grand entrepôt for travellers, whether commercial or pleasure-seeking, we append a short description of the place, and the different points of debarkment on the coast of the principality. Though we have assumed that Chester is the more favourable spot for commencing the tour in Wales, convenience may render it necessary for a great number to avail themselves of the more direct means of at once arriving at the centre of the mountainous districts of Cambria.

Liverpool, now the second town in the kingdom, in point of magnitude and opulence, was, only a little more than a century and a half ago, described in the custom-house reports, as "a creek of the port of Chester." Its gradual increase, from a village of fishermen's huts, to its present colossal dimensions and grandeur, cannot be contemplated without astonishment; and is a convincing proof of what perseverance, industry, and enterprise may effect.

It has been stated that the amount of the estates of the corporation of this town, arising from the docks and building leases, is worth no less than three millions sterling, which enormous revenue is chiefly devoted to public improvements.

Several days may be agreeably employed by the stranger, if leisure permit, in inspecting the architecture and extensive buildings of this modern Venice. The limits of this "Companion," will, however, only permit of our directing his attention to the more prominent objects; guide-books may be procured in the town, which will give a more detailed description of its attractions. Perhaps the most wonderful feature of this place is the extraordinary extent of its docks, crowded with vessels from all the ports of the world. While in this quarter the stranger should avail himself of the opportunity of inspecting one of the American packets, which are celebrated for their excellent accommodation and the superbness of their decorations. The Exchange, famous for its bustling appearance at business hours, and the elegance of its proportions and architectural details, will gratify alike the artist and the mere curious observer. The monument erected to Nelson occupies the centre of the quadrangle, and is much admired. The Town-hall and its magnificent rooms are also open to his inspection. St. John's and the other markets speak at once of the opulence and large population of the place. The great Cemetery, the Botanic and Zoological Gardens, are unequalled out of the metropolis. The new Custom-house is unrivalled for its elevation and colossal appearance. The new College, lately completed, is an elegant and massive structure,

in the Gothic style : its interior arrangements are most complete and admirable. The Royal, the Liver, and the Amphi-Theatres afford ample recreation to the play-going public. The news-rooms, libraries, baths, &c. are numerous, and well supported. The Railway, Terminus is one of the most beautiful specimens of Corinthian façades. The Tunnel extending under the town is a wonderful specimen of ingenuity and modern skill. The ecclesiastical architecture is varied, and has many excellent specimens of the different styles : in short, the public buildings and institutions of Liverpool, whether devoted to religion, instruction, or benevolence, are unequalled in any city of the same extent, either in number or magnificence.

Having satisfied his curiosity, as far as leisure permitted, we would recommend the tourist to ascertain the precise hour and place of departure of the packets : the precision observed at this port renders such advice necessary. Generally, this information may be obtained at the different inns where the travellers stay, which are numerous and adapted to the means of all classes. Of their accommodations it would be superfluous to add a word ; their excellence is proverbial.

We will now suppose that the tourist and "Companion," have been introduced, and are in a mood to enjoy each other's conversation and the beauties of the intended voyage. The warning bell has rung ; our fellow-passengers hasten from the quay to the packet ; the steam issues in dense silver masses, and the paddles are already in motion.

> Now science, burning in her modern way,
> Impels the prow, and bids the paddles play.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY ON THE WELSH COAST.

> " Great source of light ! renew thy race benign—
> Refulgent on the vast creation shine !
> Roll through the blue expanse thy radiant way,
> And give the rambling muse a cloudless day."

We had not been many minutes on board the steamer, before we heard the blind Welsh harper playing, with great feeling, the morning-hymn of his country, "Toriad y dydd," "To God the dawn and the day," which, accompanied with his sonorous voice, had a fine effect. The day was remarkably fine, the sun shone with unusual fervour, and the atmosphere open and clear, so that we had a good view of all the surrounding scenery.

> "Bright soars the morn, in Summer's splendour drest,
> And throws o'er eastern skies her ruddy vest;
> Whose darting beams, with varied radiance gay,
> Gild the tall cliff, and on the ocean play."

After passing a forest of ships, of all shapes and sizes, the glory of our country—on the one side, and the wonderfully improved and increasing towns of Birkenhead and Seacombe, on the other, we round the rock at the projecting point of the Cheshire side, and immediately pass a strong fort, which government thought necessary to erect there some few years back, to protect the port of Liverpool. It is so situated, that from the course of the channel, the enemy could not pass this formidable fortress without bringing their vessels within reach of its guns. Passing the Telegraph or Signal Station on the Cheshire shore, and the Floating Light, we soon arrive opposite Hilbre Island, an insulated rock at the end of the promontory of Wirral, on the Cheshire shore, which was formerly covered with wood all the way to Chester; so that, according to a tradition handed down in the following couplet—

> "From Blacon Point to Hilbre,
> A squirrel might leap from tree to tree."

If the atmosphere is clear, the view up the river Dee is well worthy of notice. As far as the eye can see, will be perceived the very prominent and much admired ruin of Beeston Castle, Chester Cathedral, and other elevated towers; with the various vessels and boats passing and repassing on the Dee. On the left hand side of the mouth of the Dee, are the towns of Parkgate and Neston; the former is much resorted to as a bathing-place. On the right, is the borough town

of Flint, with the ruins of its ancient castle, celebrated as the place where Richard the Second was taken prisoner by Bolingbroke, his rival to the throne of these realms. Speaking of this place, Hall mentions it in his Chronicles thus :—" In this dolourous castell was deposed the unfortunate but inefficient monarch Richard the Second." [For particulars refer to the Index.] On this side of Flint, is seen the thickly populated village of Bagillt, with its lofty tapering chimneys, puffing forth volleys of smoke, and visible along the coast for a considerable distance. The next place is

MOSTYN QUAY,

Colliery, and foundry, where there is a good packet station, and whence the Taliesin steamer plies daily to and from Liverpool, which is a great accommodation to this part of the country. On the elevated ground above this place, is Mostyn Hall, the ancient seat of the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn, where Henry the Seventh, when Earl of Richmond, was surprised by a party sent in quest of him by Richard the Third. Henry was about to dine with the Lord of Mostyn, and had only just time to make his escape through a hole in the window, which is to this day called the King's Hole. Mostyn park is thickly covered with tall and majestic oaks, and has a picturesque appearance from the water.

As we were gazing upon the Welsh hills which had just made their appearance, this delightful prospect brought to our mind the sweet recollections of bygone days. The following lines by Southey occurred to us :—

" Lo ! yonder
My native mountains ! and how beautiful
They rest in the blaze of noon ! I was nurs'd amongst them :
They saw my sports in childhood !"

" Tra glwys i'w natur gleisiad,
Garur dwr goror ei Dad ! "

We had rounded the Point of Ayr, and were proceeding gaily, when our steersman announced the smoky indicator of a steamer in the distance, west-

ward, which on her nearing us, we found by the display of her beautiful green ensign, having the harp of the Emerald Isle in the centre, to be a Dubliner, for Liverpool. We hoisted our ensign of St. George in return, when the crews of both vessels saluted each other with a loud cheer.

Opposite to the Point of Ayr Light-house is Talacre, the elegant mansion and residence of Sir Pyers Mostyn, Bart. The village on the hill above is Gwespyr, a township in the parish of Llanasa. Further on is Golden Grove Summer-house and the telegraph station. About four miles distant, after passing the village of Gronant, Prestatyn, and Melidan, we come in view of the celebrated

Vale of Clwyd.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into air decays.—Thomson.

At this end of the vale is the fashionable town of

Rhyl,*

Which, from its importance as a bathing-place, is called the Brighton of Wales. On looking on the left side, may be perceived the far-famed works of the Talargoch mines, celebrated for many centuries for having produced on an average more lead ore than any other mine in Wales; also the remains of Dyserth Castle and the fine ruins of Rhuddlan Castle, built by Edward the First to curb the glowing patriotism of Cambrian courage. (See Index.) Edward the First kept three Christmasses at Rhuddlan Castle; and it is a fact not generally known, that his Queen Eleanor, exclusively of the young Prince Edward, born at Carnarvon, was delivered of a princess here in 1283. This shews that his entire household must have been transferred into Wales, at the time his policy was directed to complete the annexation of the principality of Wales to that of

* There are well-regulated packets plying between this delightful place and Liverpool.

England. In an ancient record in the tower of London, dated 1281-2, and translated by Samuel Lysons, Esq., is a curious roll of Edward's expenses when at Rhuddlan. It consists of four sheets, containing the particulars, under proper heads, of the sums of money paid for the maintenance of his household. The sum of the expenses in this roll is £1395 10s. 0d., which sum, with the expenses of the other roll of the Queen's household, is £2220 2s. 10½d. The roll is very curious, but too long to be inserted here. We append the following as a specimen of the various items it contains :—

Paid on the day of the Queen's churching in oblations to mass	£0	3	0
The Queen's gift to divers minstrels attending her churching	10	0	0
The Queen's gift to a female spy	0	1	0
A certain female spy, to purchase her a house as a spy	1	0	0
For the brethren at the hospital at Rhuddlan	0	1	1
For a certain player as a gift	0	1	0
For the celebration of mass for the soul of William de Bajor	0	1	10
For the messenger carrying letters to the king at London, to be sent to the court of Rome, for his expenses	0	1	0
Paid sundry bailiffs at the castle	0	4	10
For the carriage of 80 casks of wine from the water to the castle	0	22	0
For a cart bringing lances and cross bows from Ruthlan to Hope	0	1	4
For the carriage of £3000* from the king's wardrobe to the queen's wardrobe	0	10	5

* This £3000 was a part of the ransom of 50,000 marks paid by Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, to Edward the First, when in difficulties, according to a treaty passed at Conway in 1277. This is not the only time John Bull shewed his love of money, when he could grasp it. The late monstrous attempt to rob the poor Welsh Church of £6000 a year, to supply the great leviathan and opulent town of Manchester, which is rolling in wealth, with a bishop, is fresh in the memory of all.

For 600 turves to place about the queen's stew pond in the castle	0	1	0
Carriage of figs and raisins to Aberconway	0	0	1
Paid wages for 1060 archers at twopence, with 53 captains at fourpence, with 10 constables of cavalry at 12d. a day	68	8	6
Paid the same for 1040 archers, &c. &c.	67	4	0

After the death of Llewelyn, his brother David, the last prince of Wales, his wife, two sons and seven daughters, were brought prisoners to Rhuddlan Castle, where the king continued to reside.

David implored mercy from Edward; and for that purpose, solicited an interview, but the hard-hearted monarch denied him even a hearing. After remaining for some time a prisoner at this castle, he was sent to Shrewsbury, where a mock trial took place on the 13th of September, 1283, the king himself presiding in person. By this court, the prince was doomed to die as a traitor. A sense of interest, and the desire of pleasing their sovereign, influenced the decision of the judges, and silenced the claims of humanity and justice.—There was something singular in the sentence pronounced against him by John de Vaux, the chief justice of England. He was condemned to five different kinds of punishment: to be drawn at the tails of horses through the streets of Shrewsbury, to the place of execution, because he was a traitor to the king; to be hanged, for having murdered Fulk Trigald and others, in the castle of Hawarden; his heart* and bowels to be burnt, because those murders had been

* There is a tradition extant, that when David's heart was thrown into the fire, one of Edward the First's courtiers was ordered to superintend this part of the sentence. He took his sword and turned it in the fire; the heart being much swollen with heat, caused it to explode, and it flew with great force from the fire, and struck the courtier in the eye, which blinded him for life. Thus, David, as it were, even in death, had the last blow, and resented the cruelties and injuries to which in life he had been subjected. The following couplet by one of our bards commemorates the event:—

"Cof o'r golwyth Amwythig
O'r tan a fwriai naid dig," &c.

perpetrated on Palm Sunday; his head to be cut off; his body to be quartered; and to be hung in four different parts of the kingdom. This sentence, cruel in the extreme, the rigor of which had refined into novelty, was executed on David in all its severity. To feast still more the eyes of the people, his head was sent to the tower of London, and being fixed on a pole, was placed opposite that of his brother Llewelyn.* Every generous idea and delicate sentiment seems to have been extinguished in national hatred, and in the frenzy of joy which had seized on the English.

How striking is the contrast formed by the conduct of Edward towards the unfortunate David, when compared with the mild and noble behaviour of the Emperor Claudius to the brave yet unsuccessful Caractacus, the celebrated Silurian and Ordovicean chief, or, as Tacitus says, he described himself, "*plurium gentium imperator*," who was taken and carried prisoner to Rome about the year 50, after having bravely defended his country against the Roman power for nine years. The eloquence and dignified deportment of Caradoc, or Caractacus, (vide Tacitus, lib. 13) so affected the congenial Claudius, that he was liberated, and permitted to return with his family to Britain, leaving his father Brân as hostage.†

Anglicised thus :—

His heart from the fire with fury did jump,
And gave the foul courtier a glorious good thump!
Let this be a lesson, to the foe that would fry
The heart of another—to take care of his eye!

* This was done to fulfil a prophecy current among the natives of Wales, which stated that "a prince of their own people should be crowned in London. His head was tauntingly surrounded by a crown of paper gilt!

† It is a curious circumstance, recorded in the genealogy of Jestyn ab Gwrgant, Prince of Glamorgan, 29th in descent from Caractacus, though not mentioned in ecclesiastical history, that Bran, thence called Bran Fendigaid, or the Blessed, introduced christianity into these islands, on his return from Rome; but the Romish clergy thought proper to suppress the truth, in favour of their absurd but productive, legend of Joseph of Arimathea.

" Here, brave Caradoc ! the recording muse,
Thy virtues, conflicts, and thy fall, reviews,
Thy manly eloquence, thy adverse fate,
The act that made a Claudius *truly great.*
Thine, liberal Roman ! be the hero's fame,
And Britain's muse still venerates thy name :
Pours, with a grateful flow, this verse to thee,
That bade, with generous voice, thy foe be free.
Far different, Edward, are thy hated deeds—
The smile vindictive, when thy rival bleeds ;
Even now the muse can hear the traitor's voice
Renew the shout, and alien hosts rejoice."—LLWYD.

The remaining vestiges of the castle are mere ruins, a shadow compared with its original magnificence: a true picture of all terrestrial things. Instead of being the pride and rendezvous of the haughty Edward and his revelling chieftains—

" 'Tis *now* the jackdaw's bleak abode,
'Tis *now* the apartment of the toad ;
And *there* the fox securely feeds,
And *there* the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds."

Two miles further on, is the venerable and majestic Cathedral of St. Asaph. On the right is seen Pengwern Hall, the hospitable seat of Lord Mostyn ; Bodlewyddan, the modern castellated mansion of Sir John Hay Williams, Bart. ; and Kinmel Park, the classic and stately residence of Lord Dinorben. The town of Abergele, with its elevated white steeple, now becomes visible : above which is Gwyrch Castle, the seat of Lloyd Bamford Hesketh, Esq. At the end of the park is Tan yr Ogo, and the lime-stone quarries.—(See Index.)

We now requested that the ancient Welsh air, " *Serch Hudol,*" should be played, which so enraptured one of the passengers who had been living some years in England, and was taking a tour through his native country, that he joined the harp with his sonorous voice, and sang the following verses to the great gratification of the company :—

" Er bod fy nghorph mewn hufen byd,
Yn rhodio hyd y gwledydd,
Yn cael pleser mor a thir,

Ni chaf yn wir, mor llonydd ;
Myned adre 'i mi sy 'raid ;
Mae'r enaid, yn Merionydd ! ”

Although in pleasure's maze I'm lost,
And range new joys to find ;
Command what seas and land can boast,
Uneasy 's still my mind :
To my dear Cambria I'll return,
My soul for which doth pant and burn !

The late celebrated Dr. Burney, the great historian of music, said with some illiberality, that this air was too alluring to be a native of any other country but Italy. The doctor, no doubt, was ignorant of the English meaning of the name of the tune, “ *Serch Hudol*,” “ Love's alluring.”—The next object we see is

PENMAEN-RHÔS.

This rock juts into the sea between Llanddulas and Colwyn, and is celebrated as being the spot where Richard the Second was treacherously inveigled by the duplicity of the Earl of Northumberland, who went to Conway to meet Richard, under the pretence of arranging matters between him and his rival to the throne, the Duke of Lancaster. Stowe gives an interesting account of this transaction. He says that the Earl of Northumberland swore at high mass at Conway, that he would not betray the king. The earl posted the king forward from Conway on horseback ; but the king prayed the earl to go before, and prepare dinner at Rhuddlan Castle. The earl rode a space until he came to his people in ambush under the rock, whom he praised for having obeyed his orders. The king passing the water, rode some miles before he came to the rock ; and when he saw the ambushers, he was sore afraid, knowing well that he was betrayed by the earl, for he was in a place where he could not escape ; the sea beating on the one side, and the rock keeping him in on the other ; and if he fled back, they would have caught him ere he could reach Conway. When the king descended the rock, the earl came, and kneeling down, excused the matter ; saying,

he had caused those people to come to guard his person; but the king, who had only six and twenty in his retinue, told the earl that fewer would have served, and that it was contrary to his oath, for he had promised to have but five in his company. The king then said that he would go back to Conway; but the earl answered that "now sith he had him, he would lead him to the Duke of Lancaster, as he had promised ten days since." And so he caused bread and wine to be brought and offered to the king, who durst not refuse it. And after leaping on horseback, the earl directed the king onwards to Rhuddlan Castle, and afterwards to Flint Castle, to which place the reader is referred for the remainder of this treacherous and unfeeling transaction.

We now approach a huge object which had been visible for the last thirty miles, and continually kept in sight before us. After passing Rhiwfelin rock, which is generally called

The Little Ormes Head,

We enter the splendid bay of Llandudno, which forms a beautiful semicircle, with the two huge rocky promontories jutting out at each extremity into the sea, and protecting, as it were, the insulated waves which appear hastening to greet the Cambrian shore. The Gloddaeth wood and the distant mountains form an excellent background to this beautiful landscape. The next object is

The Great Ormes Head.

This high and grand promontory, projecting from the main land into the ocean, first appears as a huge rocky mountain, rising from the depth of the sea; and from its rugged and hoary appearance, it becomes much more stupendous as it is approached, and particularly so when a strong north-west wind prevails, when it seems to threaten the mariner, with its impending head, to dash him in pieces. The channel lies close to the rock, and is several fathoms deep. Those who wish a nearer approach, should speak to

the captain, who will steer the vessel close enough to inspect its brow-beaten face. The western extremity is a vast precipice, the haunt of various sea-fowls in the breeding season. The gulls possess the lowest part; above them, the razor-bills and guillimots have their quarters; over them, croak the cormorants. The herons occupy the highest regions; while scattered in different parts are the puffins and black guillimots. The peregrine falcon builds in those rocks. This species, in the days of falconry, was so esteemed, that the great Lord Burleigh, one of Queen Elizabeth's ministers, sent a letter of thanks to an ancestor of the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn, for a present of a cast of hawks from this place. When passing this rock, let off a fowling piece, which is the usual salute to the inhabitants of the cliffs. After this regular notice, they will rise in such numbers as to appear like clouds above you, at the same time filling the air with a loud and most dissonant mixture of notes and horrible squalls; some of them strongly imitative of the human voice; so much so, that some friends of the writer, a few years back, could not be convinced to the contrary, when in a boat enjoying an aquatic excursion close to the rocks. The boat was leaking at the time, and the party were obliged incessantly to take their turns in using the bailing-can and other vessels, to keep the water down. In this dilemma, these creatures laughed with such glee, that it was difficult to discern the difference from the laugh of the human voice. The aerial uproar occasioned by the sea-fowl was responded to and repeated by the echo from the rock, which had a striking effect.

At this time, an inquisitive passenger began to inquire who that *Mr. Orme* could be, who could think of living on such a huge hill? A bassooner, that was next but one to him, said he had just concluded, for he had stidied jogrifee, that the estuary of the Conway went round the hill, and that it was originally called the gulf of Orme; in which the inquirer tacitly acquiesced.

Immediately after passing Ormes Head, the beautiful river and vale of Conway opened upon us, when a

short glimpse of the castle and grand suspension bridge was afforded. On the left side of the river Conway are seen the ruins of Gannock, or Deganwy Castle, where King John was encamped for some time, and where, by the policy of Prince Llewelyn, who got between him and England, he cut off the resources and supplies of his army. Henry the Third fared even worse on the same spot. That monarch was here with his army in 1245. One of his courtiers, then in his camp, most pathetically describes the miseries of the English armies. In a letter written to his friends, dated September, 1245, he states: "The king with his army lieth at Gannock, fortifying of that strong castell. We lie in our tents, thereby *watching*, *fasting*, *praying*, and *freezing* with cold! We watch for fear of the Welshmen, who are wont to invade us and come upon us by night-time. We fast for want of meat, for the halfpenny loaf is worth fivepence. We pray to God to sende us home againe speedily. We starve for cold, wanting our winter garments, having no more but a thin linnen cloth betwyxt us and the wind."—See Mathew of Westminster, f. 294.

After passing Conway, the first object of attraction is

Penmaen Mawr.

"Tremendous Penmaen! here old Ocean braves,"
And soars, insulting, o'er subjected waves,
Where erst, on pendant paths, 'twixt sea and skies,
Scar'd Wonder oft has open'd *all* her eyes,
And wary Fear, beneath the frightful steep,
Has taught the cautious traveller to creep."

This is the terminating point of the Caernarvonshire mountains, which stand 1550 feet above the level of the sea.

On the summit of this immense protruding mass, the antiquary will find himself among the ruins of an extensive, though irregular, British fortification, which, from its situation, must have been impregnable, and, famine excepted, invincible.

The remains of other warlike works of our ancestors sink into insignificance when compared with this

near the summit of Penmaen-Mawr. It is surrounded by a strong treble wall; within each wall are the foundation sites of more than one hundred round towers, each about eighteen feet diameter within; the walls six feet thick. The entrance, which is steep and rocky, ascends by many turnings. One hundred men might defend it against 5000. Within the walls is ample room for 20,000 men! It was an immense stronghold, and the great shelter of the Welsh during the invasion of their country, before and subsequent to the incursions of Edward the First.

I have contemplated, says the author of Beaumaris Bay, the forbidding front of this immense heap, and considered it as the old friend of my countrymen on many trying occasions, when the great mass of the population of Arvon, with their cattle, and dearest moveables, were within its limits. In one instance, a detachment passing close to were scared, for they said that the Welshmen rained rocks upon them.

If our last Llewelyn had trusted more to the region of rock, for as the psalmist says, "the strength of the hills was his also," than to his own prowess, he might have remained unconquered; but he descended with his army to the plains, and was ruined. We are borne out in this remark from the long and noble resistance made by the ancient Britons in their fastnesses, when they opposed the Roman legions, and in later periods when they

"Shook the Saxon throne."

The rocks are themselves fortresses, particularly an inaccessible one like this; where a small army placed to advantage might defy a nation's strength.

On the old road, which may still be traced by the attentive observer, a great number of accidents are said to have happened; some of them fatal, others, escapes little short of miraculous.

In 1772, John Sylvester undertook to accomplish what had hitherto been looked upon as impracticable; but his perseverance and abilities, and a parliamentary aid, at once generous and judicious, has produced a

road that will be the admiration of future ages: the noblest terrace in the British isles. This road has since been further improved, so far as the nature of the place will admit, under the able superintendence of the late Mr. Telford. The great mail-road between Conway and Bangor is seen clearly from this point, skirting the high mountain rock; but from this place neither the road nor the rock appear so elevated as they are in reality, owing to their being several miles distant, and no intermediate object interposing by which to calculate magnitude. Penmaen-mawr became the subject of general conversation among the passengers. We shall add a simple idea of an African mind, when passing on the magnificent terrace, or rather "*rockace,*" that winds across its breast. A gentleman, a native of the county, who had resided some years in the West Indies, brought with him home a black servant, who said, "Massa, massa, dis be oud countree." "Why, Bob?" "Bare all—all bone." On our leaving this scene of wonders, our lame fiddler said, "I have heard of this Pinmin More before, when passing an evening at the Dancing Bear, near the Dry Dock, Liverpool."—A respectable clergyman, in years, inquired of the band whether they could play "The March of the Men of Harlech?" "O yes," said a trumpeter, "we performed it at the installation of Lord Grenville, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, when the whole company were astonished and delighted, having never heard it before." It was now struck up, and five times repeated, which so pleased the venerable vicar, that he put down a crown on the drum-head. This grateful boon so delighted the men of *crotchets* and *quavers*, that they played it again, and gave him a cheer; adding, that his name should go round the *big jug* that evening in coroo da *(cwrw da)*, and three times three.

After passing Penmaen-bach, or the lesser Penmaen, we sailed opposite the neat and admired village of

ABER,

One of the temporary residences of our princes, nearly

equidistant from two others, Aberffraw in Mona, and Maes-Mynan, in Flintshire. Leland, in speaking of this place, says, "In the wood in the parish of Aber, Llewelyn ab Iorweth had a house on a hill, part of which now standeth." It is a most delightful spot, having on the right the wide opening of the Irish Channel, before it Beaumaris, and its wooded environs, and to the left the turrets of Penrhyn.

A singular tradition connected with this place is thus rendered into verse, by the late Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham :—

To a tragical incident let us remove,
Of deception and conquest, destruction and love.
At Aber resided a prince of high state,
His moat is yet standing, Llewelyn the Great.
In his wars with the English, success was his doom,†
He took a knight prisoner, and kept him at home.
A friendship succeeded, companions they were,
Whatever the prince eat, the knight had a share :
The captive had beauty, the princess knew this ;
She wish'd his embraces, he longed for a kiss.
When sentiments harmonize, 'tis but a door,
Which quickly will open, and introduce more.
If private embraces ensued, I profess
I'll give no opinion, but leave you to guess.
Although the prince wanted to have him in sight,
And the princess wished more to possess the dear knight,
Yet a ransom was sent, and the knight must return,
Though the prince should regret, and the lovers should mourn.
Soon after they parted some acts came to light
Between the fair princess and late captured knight.
Llewelyn a letter determined to send,
To invite back to Aber his late worthy friend.
Arriving, the dungeon must hide him from day,
'Till a gallows was built in full view by the way ;
Where, on a small eminence, down in the dell,
Six score yards from the castle, I know the spot well,
The valiant knight suffered ! What heart would not move !
The victim of treach'ry, the victim of love.
While hanging, the prince to his lady applied,
Then on towards the window he took her aside,
And while a sarcastical smile you'd discover,
Asked " what she would give for a sight of her lover ?"

Pennant quotes from Dugdale, that the above knight was William de Breos, a potent baron in the reign of Henry the Third. We examined the mound where

† At the siege of Montgomery.

Llewelyn's castle stood: it is elevated about twenty-four feet, tapers, and is about sixty feet in diameter. The vestiges of a moat and its feeder from the river are also yet visible. The following couplets are well known to all in the vicinity:—

"Diccyn doccyn gwraig Llewelyn,
Beth a roed am weled Gwilim?"
"Cymru, Lloegr, a Llewelyn,
I gid a rown, am weled Gwilim."

"Lovely princess, says Llewelyn,
What will you give to see your Willim?"
"All Wales and England, and Llewelyn,
I'd give to see my dearest Willim."

On a mountain, about four miles south of Llewelyn's castle, and in a field called Cae Gwilim Ddu, is an artificial cave, where William de Breos was interred.

This melancholy incident happened in 1229. Llewelyn died in 1240. His son afterwards married de Breos's daughter.

The fair and frail princess was Joan Plantagenet, daughter of King John. Except in the misunderstanding caused by the supposed amour with the unfortunate de Breos, she is said to have lived upon friendly terms with her husband, was an amiable woman, interposed her good offices with her father, King John, and effected peace between him and her husband; particularly when the latter was encamped upon a mountain, joining Ogwen Pool, called Carnedd Llewelyn, from which he saw his country in ruins and Bangor in flames, which John had kindled.

At her request, she was interred in the monastery of the Dominican Friars, at Llanfaes, near Beaumaris, and died in 1237. Llewelyn erected a monument over her, where she lay at rest two hundred and ninety-three years, till Henry the Eighth, who may justly be said to have murdered the living and sold the dead, disposed of this house to one of his courtiers, when the church was converted into a barn, which still remains. Joan was ejected out of her little tenement: her coffin of stone was placed in a small brook, and for 250 years used as a watering trough by the farmers.

The coffin is now carefully preserved, and may be seen in the park at Baron Hill.

We now approach Priestholme, or

PUFFIN ISLAND,

which divides the channel, called the Sound, from the eastern extremity of Anglesea.

> Again see Priestholme rear its rocky sides,
> And swell serenely from surrounding tides;
> Firm to the billowy rage its front display,
> And form a road to Wyger's friendly bay.

Its British name is "Ynys Seiriol," from the residence of St. Seiriol upon it in the sixth century. It is above a mile in length, and is inhabited by wild rabbits and puffins, which congregate here in vast numbers.

> The murmuring puffins to their shelter crowd—
> The living surface—and the feather'd cloud:
> The ambient waters—and the general scream—
> For *norel* nature seems to *them* a dream.

These birds appear annually in the beginning of April, and lay but one egg, which is hatched by the male and female sitting in turns: about the middle of August, they re-emigrate. During their stay, a great number of the young are taken and pickled in small casks, which, together with barreled oysters, forms a source of traffic and emolument. If, on passing this island, a gun is fired, the birds will rise in great clouds, as at the Ormes Head.

The sides of the isle are one continued precipice, and inaccessible except at the west end, and there with difficulty. The hazardous method practised here, and at the Ormes Head, of gathering the rock samphire, *crithmum maritum*, suspended over the cliffs in a rope, Shakespeare might well describe as a fearful trade!

> "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
> Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down,
> Hangs one who gathers samphire. Dreadful trade!"

The many accidents which have occurred in this bay have induced the Corporation of Trinity House to

erect a light-house on the south-western point of the island, at a part called Trwyn Du, or Black Point. It is a splendid work of art, in the bell form, and contains more courses of masonry under sea-water mark, than the celebrated Eddystone Lighthouse. The light is thrown out to sea by means of a strong reflector erected on the opposite or Anglesea coast. It is worthy of attention, and tourists will find a pleasant sail to this place and Puffin Island, either from Beaumaris or Bangor.

We are now in the celebrated Bay of Beaumaris, respecting which and the surrounding scenery, we refer the reader to the index. Right ahead is the town and its ancient castle, with its flag unfurled, which "braved alike the battle and the breeze." At the back of these is Baron Hill, the beautifully situated modern mansion of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart. M.P. The park is clothed with verdure and with wood. On the left is Penrhyn Castle, and its elevated towers; the princely hotel, called Penrhyn Arms; Penrhyn Port, where vessels of many nations resort with their gay flags playing in the breeze.

The inhabitants of Beaumaris are seen flocking to the green, to greet us ashore, the band playing "Ar hyd y nos," the passengers joining in the chorus, which was loudly responded to by the spectators on the shore. The packet stopped for a few minutes, to land those inclined to stay in that beautiful and attractive town.

> "Sons of the world, from busy towns and care,
> Here greet Hygeia in untainted air;
> Catch from her smiles the vivifying flame,
> And grateful boast a renovated frame."

We then moved majestically on to Garth Point, to disembark those who prefer to walk from thence to Bangor. Again we start for our destination, moving triumphantly along the straits of Menai, the band playing, what all true Britons delight to hear, "God save the Queen." The scenery on both sides of the Menai is delightful, and is decorated with many gentlemen's seats. Craig y don, the seat of T. P. Williams, Esq. is beautifully situated, and adapted to his wishes, where the waters of the Menai straits bear his cutters to his door. We are now close to

The Grand Suspension Bridge.

This huge monument of human art is gazed at with astonishment; and while the observer is lost with wonder, the packet is moored to anchor.

Whatever may be the condition of Scotland or of Ireland, or the bond of union between them, neither of them is united so indissolubly to the destinies of her English neighbour as Wales. The proudest ancient monuments of English architecture are in Wales, existing in those gigantic citadels which throw into the shade all the feudal glories of the Rhine, and realize the fictions of romance. The greatest modern effort of mechanical art is in Wales, of which our American visitors are in the habit of observing, "To see the Menai Bridge alone, is worth a longer voyage!"

This bridge not only unites the counties of Caernarvon and Anglesea, joining the mother country and Wales to Mona, thus "seeming to entice the infant island o'er the main," but is also the grand connecting link between Great Britain and Ireland. Every patriot heart will join with us in the aspiration, that the union which now exists may be as indissoluble as the rocks in which the bolts of the massive chains of this bridge are fastened, and never-ending as the ocean which ebbs and flows beneath, and circumscribes the isles!

"The shamrock of Erin so brilliant and green,
Entwined with the leek and the thistle has been;
Oh! may they for ever a safeguard compose,
To shelter from danger old England's young rose.
And grant that Great Britain for ever may be
The terror of tyrants, the friend of the free!
Mewn llwyddiant a llawder byw byth y bo hi."†

Having previously selected your luggage, you now propose to land. Cars, omnibusses, and coaches, are in waiting, to convey you either to Bangor or Caernarvon: and those who feel disposed to remain at the bridge will find good accommodation at the inns here. The voyage from Liverpool to the Menai Bridge, which is performed in about five hours, is now generally acknowledged to be the cheapest, and most delightful trip out of Liverpool: and we hope that our humble attempt to furnish the stranger with some account of

† In success and in plenty for ever may they remain.

the scenery of the Welsh coast, will not be among the least interesting part of the voyage.

Conclusion.

We now leave the tourist to the enjoyment of those reflections which his wanderings amidst the most remarkable scenes and places of our native land, will ever excite in the minds of those who are capable of appreciating either nature's beauties, or can learn a lesson from the mutations of times and nations. He will behold the land where the aborigines of this island sought and found a refuge; he will trace the fields where our great ancestors warred successively against Roman, Saxon, and Norman power; and stand amidst the ruined walls of those fortresses which were intended by the "powers that were," to hold in subjection the oppressed patriarchs of the land, if not to extirpate both language and people: but which are now only monuments of the impotency of human will, and prove more strongly than all histories, that neither

> "Stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
> Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
> Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

In the prophetic language of Taliesin, notwithstanding the mutations which surrounding nations have been subjected to,

> Their God they still worship.
> Their language remains,
> Though the children of strangers,
> Dwell on their green plains:
> Yet the Mother of Mountains still clasps to her breast
> Of her offspring the eldest, the bravest, the best.

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